

THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1847.

No. III.

EXECUTIVE USURPATIONS.\*

THE fathers of our Constitution hoped that our national existence would glide on like a quiet stream, fertilizing the valleys through which it flowed, and reflecting from its bosom the image of Liberty robed in law. This hope has been in a great measure realized. Our quiet has been seldom distracted by the clang of arms. The Indian has sometimes moved on our border; the Tripolitan pirate has been made to feel and fear the vengeance he provoked; and we have successfully vindicated against the arrogant claimant of the sovereignty of the seas, the rights which our ancestors wrested from her grasp. But the prevailing tenor of our course has been peaceful. Disturbed by no longings for our neighbors' lands, we have been content sedulously to cultivate and rear the tender shoots of popular liberty, so auspiciously planted in our midst. We have been careful to dig around them, and to hedge them in by many defences, lest they might be touched with too rude a hand by those to whose care they were committed; and we have been quick to mark the growth of every power inimical to their existence.

A national prejudice pointed to the head of the Republic as the source of danger; and the testimony of history may be invoked in its support.

The fears of an earlier age criticised with over-scrupulous nicety a proclamation of neutrality; the alien and sedition laws were ascribed to the aspirations of Executive ambition, though more probably the offspring of the terror inspired by the portentous aspect and events of the times; and the claim of another President to appoint a plenipotentiary to the Panama Mission was resisted as the manifestation of an encroaching spirit.

But these vague apprehensions were soon realized in more substantial dangers. A man who had doubtless "deserved well of the Republic," was elevated to its highest honor with an éclat, perhaps second only to the father of his country; and strong in the favor of the people, he proclaimed himself the representative of their sovereignty. By sweeping from office his political opponents he consolidated a power with which he afterwards, not without success, assailed the citadel of the Constitution. His weapon proved, he wielded it to wrest from

\* A special message of the President of the United States, to the House of Representatives. Dec. 22, 1846.

its legal guardianship the public treasure ; while, supported by an obsequious populace, he thundered anathemas against an insubordinate Senate, and obliterated from its journal the record of his condemnation. His patronage transmitted his retainers and his principles to his successor, who, with a different nature and a different kind of capacities, somewhat ludicrously strove to ape the imperative strides of his master. The nation bore with the lion ; but it revolted against the delegated authority of the fox.

A sad and humiliating interregnum of vacillation and folly, extravagant pretension and feeble action disgusted the friends of constitutional liberty ; the puppet of a faction, obnoxious to none by reason of his insignificance, finally united the suffrages of his distracted party ; and the nursery rhyme of the lion and the unicorn fighting for a crown, will best exemplify and portray the result.

Happily seated above his peers, this person hastens to display the superiority of fortune over merit, by announcing his accession to "this distinguished consideration," at an earlier age than the most eminent of his predecessors. The diffidence of his ability to discharge the duties of his high station, which he so modestly expressed and his supporters so keenly felt, has been amply justified by the event, and has redounded equally to the honor of his frankness and his penetration.\*

Endowed with no beneficent genius to bless his kind, yet feverishly anxious to signalize the fleeting years of his power, and duly admonished of the coming of that official night when no man can work, he has shown an activity in evil-doing far beyond the expectations of his bitterest foes.

Strong in the confidence which ignorance inspires, he essayed in the unproved arms of diplomacy to measure passes with Great Britain, for an uncultivable "wholeness of wilderness" which abler administrations, if patriotic enough to desire, had not been skillful enough to win. From no trouble of conscience, as having at the risk of bloodshed asserted a claim but partially founded in equity, but simply from discovering that he had mistaken his vocation, he turned to invoke the aid of the coarser and more familiar weapons of popular passions and

national hatred, to take by force what he failed to obtain by art. The sturdy firmness of the Senate saved the country from this great iniquity ; and it soon became apparent that "clear and unquestionable" were used in a Pickwickian sense and by no means hindered the President from being content with a *half of the whole of Oregon*.

Was it from mere chagrin at being so headed off and baffled, that he turned again to vent his spleen with more safety on a feeblor foe ? Was he animated with the hope of blending the purple glories of war with the paler lustre of diplomatic honors ? Did he think to obliterate the memory of his defeat in the North, by expanding with violence and bloodshed the limits of our Republic over the territory of our southern sister ? Or were there impulses in his breast of a still more unpatriotic spirit, of a darker policy, of a more criminal ambition ?

Texas held to the Nueces, but claimed to the Rio del Norte, against the equal claim and the actual possession of Mexico ; and while Congress had declared the limits of Texas a matter for negotiation, the President, eluding its restraint by not asking its leave, determined to seize on the disputed territory to the uttermost limits which negotiation could possibly give, and planted his cannon at a point whence they shortly after battered a Mexican town. The collision which this position rendered inevitable, was begun by our troops. The insane cry of American blood shed on American soil, extorted from Congress an act whose false recital laid to the charge of Mexico the war the President had begun : and under its authority he hastened to execute his schemes of conquest.

A general with a thousand men hastened through a thousand miles of forest to Santa Fé ; a sloop-of-war appeared off Monterey, and a detachment of marines marched to the City of Angels ; a pusillanimous governor of Mexico fled ; and without the firing of a gun, *in virtue of these acts*, California and New Mexico, ten degrees square, and peopled by 100,000 inhabitants, were treated as conquered territory. The conquering commanders, in July and August, at Monterey, the City of Angels and Santa Fé, issued their proclamations, whose similarity sufficiently refers them to a common origin. They concur in declaring the de-

\* See Inaugural Address.

partments of California and New Mexico, in their full limits, to *belong* to the United States; in promising the inhabitants perfect security of freedom and property; in assuring them of the intention of the United States to *provide them with free governments*, similar to its other territories. Stockton calls on the people to elect their magistrates, and proclaims himself *protector* till the definitive establishment of the promised government; while Kearney continues the existing officers, but tenders the oath of allegiance, claims the inhabitants as *citizens* of the United States, and denounces the *penalties of treason* against those in arms against his authority.

In each territory, regular governments are in full and undisturbed operation, organized under the forms, though hardly imbued with the spirit, of American liberty. The Organic Law, purporting to have been ordained by the government of the United States for the territory of New Mexico, merits a closer examination by its elaborate minuteness of detail, and that final and permanent aspect which belies the temporary character it assumes on its face. In it we recognize the lineaments of our venerable Constitution, and smile to see the forms of liberty imposed as a boon by the despotism of a conqueror.

A governor supported by his secretaries of war and the treasury; supreme and inferior tribunals for the interpretation of the law; a legislative body, constituted with all the forms of an upper and a lower chamber, the terms of whose members respectively continue for four and two years; constitute the apparatus of a government which has sprung up in the wilderness like the prophet's gourd, its officers supported by competent salaries, and its powers unlimited, save by the sole condition that it can enact no law inconsistent with those of the United States; and the whole is authenticated as "done" by virtue of authority conferred on its author by the *Government of the United States*.

Congress has certainly authorized no such proceedings; we must then look for the authority whence they emanated, to the President and his cabinet.

These governments are claimed by the Administration to have gone quietly into operation. We hear, in fact, of no effec-

tual popular resistance; and the murmurs of discontent die away in the distance, long ere they could reach us.

We must assume, then, that the people of California and New Mexico have accepted the terms offered by the proclamations—and that awed by our arms, or won by our blandishments, they have submitted to a force which they found it vain, or which they felt disinclined to resist. It is, therefore, a conquered territory, received into the allegiance and protection of the conqueror; and as such, the President in his message regards it.

The legal results of this state of things have been the subject of embittered controversy, though there would seem little difficulty in defining the rights and regulations which the law of nations derives from the conquest, submission and acceptance of a hostile province.

The presence of our victorious eagles, when resistance has subsided into submission, seems clearly to carry with it the national sovereignty. For allegiance is the correlative of sovereignty, which is the right to command obedience, and involves duty of protection. Where that can no longer be afforded, obedience can no longer be exacted; and, consequently, allegiance can no longer exist. To demand obedience of people beyond the sphere of protection, and in the power of the enemy, would be to expect the vanquished to subdue the victor, and the weak to subvert the law which subjects him to the strong. By the military occupation of a province and the submission of the inhabitants, though the war rage in other parts of the empire, *here it has ceased*; "by the *surrender*, the inhabitants pass under a temporary allegiance to the conquering government."<sup>\*</sup> It follows the power to enforce obedience, and the duty to afford protection. The war is considered just on both sides; might is taken for the index rather than the source of right; and the power to compel obedience is held to prove the right to require it. Conquest may be the mother of legitimate government; but its portentous offspring is unshackled despotism. This result is more easily acquiesced in by the reason, when the submission is in pursuance of a proclamation, a manifesto, or a capitulation, and these fall within the acknowledged province of a mere military commander.† From that time they be-

\* 4 Wheat R. 254, Wheat. Int. Law, 256-259.

† Wheat. Int. Law, pt. iii. c. ii. § 2.

come subjects of the conquering power, and are "bound by such laws, and such only as it may recognize or impose; for when there is no protection, or allegiance, or sovereignty, there can be no claim to obedience."

But the allegiance which conquest confers, is only and confessedly temporary.\* Though it divest the vanquished of his title to the province, it bestows only an inchoate and imperfect right on the victor. He may proclaim or annul what laws he sees fit, but their force is limited and contingent. In a word, his rights are absolute during the war or the occupancy, but entirely dependent for ultimate validity on the final result. The origin of the right is now manifest in its effects—it is a right of occupancy resting on force, conferring temporary allegiance and power—but that power liable to be obliterated in all its effects by the final settlement;—*conquest confers the right, which the peace only confirms.*

But though conquest and submission give such ample powers, no further change is effected than the alteration of the political condition of the people, and the laws which relate to their political rights. With the fabric of their former government fall the privileges it conferred. The relations of the citizens to their former political functionaries, or rulers, are dissolved, and the rights flowing from them are cut off at the fountain, but those of the citizens to each other, their civil rights and personal immunities, and the general laws of the land survive the deluge of conquest, and operate unimpaired till abrogated by the foreign power. The existing laws are recognized by silence; they continue unless repealed; for conquest itself does not repeal them, else the bonds of civil society would be severed, and anarchy and riot rule the hour.† Our domestic expositions of the law of nations, then, concur in declaring that conquest, submission, and firm possession transfer a title to all the powers of sovereignty to "the new power of the State," inchoate, however, till peace makes it "firm and stable;" but till then all the attributes of sovereignty are vested in the new sovereign, unlimited in extent, though defeasible in quality, and liable to be annulled by the doctrine of *post lumen*; yet the change of sovereignty by conquest, while it destroys the political law,

leaves in full force the civil law, till changed by some positive act of the new sovereign. Foreign jurists reiterate these principles, and we inherit them with our European civilization.

In despotic countries no question can arise respecting the branch to which these high powers appertain. In England the prerogative, drawn from precedents of the Tudors and Plantagenets, vests the conquests of the nation, and the power to rule them in the King; and this is not the first jewel of the crown to which our Presidents have turned a furtive but long-lingering glance. Mr. Polk, dazzled by its splendor or betrayed by his ignorance, has arrogated to himself the highest prerogatives of sovereignty. He has invested his subordinate officers with the robes of the Dictator and the Protector—he has by his mere will prescribed laws to prostrate and submissive provinces, and reared on the ruins of the fabric of Mexican empire an elaborate structure of civil government, replete with all the attributes of power wrested or stolen from the constitutional guardianship of Congress.

We are aware how much "aid and comfort" the enemy may draw from a knowledge of the bounds of Presidential power; but high considerations of public duty forbid us to be silent. We would gladly disarm our remarks of all edge of severity. Charity cannot fail to plead the early age at which he received this distinguished consideration, the *res dura, et regni novitas*, to a mind originally of no very expanded compass, and contracted by long converse with the lower departments of the law: and the amiable diffidence with which he assumed his early honors will strongly incline us to tender the apostolic consoling extenuation, "And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it." But that "an evil disposition makes up for youngness in years"—*malitia supplet etatem* is a venerable maxim; attempted concealment reveals the consciousness of guilt; and we cannot but suspect that some glimpse of the enormity of his usurpations has ere this shed its ray in the dark and empty chambers of his mind. We freely impeach him before the American people of high crimes and misdemeanors against their liberties and honor; and no supple evasions or agonizing contortions will avail him to escape his doom, or

\* 10 Stat. Pap. 132. 1 Pet. R. 542.

† 1 Bl. Com. 107, Cowp. R. 209, 1 Pet. R. 542.



to tear from his shoulders this shirt of Nessus.

The Constitution confers on the Government of the United States the capacity of sustaining all the relations of peace or war usually appertaining to civilized nations. In respect to other nations, it makes this nation a unit: it associates it to the great republic of European and American states; and in so doing it vests it with the powers and subjects it to the control of the law of nations, the unwritten wisdom of the civilized world. By this Constitution an act of Congress may place the United States at war with a foreign state; and that act vests the nation with all the belligerent rights of acquisition, aggression or defence which the laws of nations recognize. However immoral or aggressive, they are covered by a technical validity which exempts them from the charge and the punishment of illegality.

The right to acquire territory by conquest is one of the results of war; and the Constitution, by vesting the government it created with the power of waging war and concluding treaties, may be deemed to have bestowed the right of acquiring territory *by conquest as well as by cession*.<sup>\*</sup> The conquered province becomes by the mere *fact of conquest a possession of the state*; the allegiance of its inhabitants is changed. By the conquest of New Mexico and California, and their submission under the terms of the proclamations of Kearney and Stockton, they became dependencies of the United States, and the rights of government were thereby transferred to this nation, defeasibly it is true, but still so long as they continue absolute, uncontrollable and without limit. These rights vest in the nation; and the inhabitants of the newly acquired province become the subjects of the *conquering sovereign*, whether its powers are wielded by a monarch or exercised through the forms of a republic. To such an extent is the title to the territory and the allegiance *passed by the conquest*, that the cessation of hostilities with Mexico, without stipulating the return of these departments, would remove the contingent and defeasible quality of our title and leave it absolute. No new or special cession would be required; for the title has passed, subject to being defeated by two contingencies,

reconquest, or surrender at the end of the war: and if neither occur, the acts of the Government are valid from the date of the proclamations. The effect of peace or of a treaty is then, not to pass a title but to confirm a defeasible one already vested.

But in accordance with the principles before explained, though these territories are at the absolute disposal and subject to the legislation of the United States, till its authorized organs have announced their dissent, the pre-existing law continues to define and secure the rights of the inhabitants. They become laws of the United States—for they must be the laws of some sovereign power else they would be without a sanction—they must emanate from some authority by which they may be enforced. Territory thus acquired, says the Supreme Court, and Judge Story, is not entitled to self-government, nor is it subject to the jurisdiction of any state. It must therefore be under the dominion of the Union, or it would be without any government at all. The power to govern is involved in the capacity to acquire territory by conquest or treaty: it must enure to the body for whom and by whom the acquisition is made; and till such territory become a state, it is liable to be *governed by Congress* under the clause of the Constitution which authorizes it to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States.<sup>†</sup>

If then the departments of California and New Mexico are conquered, they are *territories of the United States*; their inhabitants from the acceptance of their submission in pursuance of the proclamations of Stockton and Kearney ceased to be alien enemies and became subjects of the United States: and in that light they are to be universally regarded.<sup>‡</sup> They are bound to submit to the laws of Congress—but they are free to resist the self-created deputies of the President. If by their submission, they are bound by a temporary allegiance to obey the laws of the United States, to which they have surrendered, where does the President derive his power to subject them to laws, and rules, and officers not of the United States? Could he govern, by powers derived from the plenitude of his *inherent power*, a territory ceded to us for a term of years, or as a temporary security, or

<sup>\*</sup> 1 Pet. R. 542.

<sup>†</sup> Vattel by Chitty, 388 (n. 170).

<sup>‡</sup> 1 Pet. R. 542-543. 3 Story Com. on Const. 193-194.

§ 4 Wheat. R. 254.

upon a contingent title liable to be defeated by the happening of any event? Could he be permitted to plead the necessity of government to the preservation of order, or the anarchy that would follow its withdrawal? He did not dare to venture on such an assumption of authority over Oregon. But conquest is not less valid and effectual to confer a title whether it be temporary or perpetual: and after submission of the inhabitants, he can no more establish or alter a civil government in the latter case than in the former. The mere mode of acquiring title cannot expand or contract the limits of the Constitution.

His powers cannot vary with the mode of acquisition; for the result of each is the same; by either a title is vested in the Union, and from that instant the agency and authority of the President cease.

Nor do the words "military occupancy," which denote the mode in which conquered territory is held during the war, indicate an intermediate state, when peace and war amicably intermingle and hold undivided empire—a debateable ground, where war still reigns, only softened and shorn of its terrors by the *concessions of the President*. These words express not the measure, or quantity, or nature of the conqueror's right—not the relation of the territory and its inhabitants to him—but the *tenure* by which it is held, the termination to which it is liable, the relation of the conqueror's rights to the ultimate suspended sovereignty of the former possessor. When the subdued province has thrown away its arms and sought and received acceptance from its conqueror, and obedience takes the place of defiance, the *allegiance* of the people is changed—the sovereignty is conditionally changed by act of law, and the people sustain the relation of subjects, not of enemies, to the conqueror.

Clear as this is upon general principles, the watchful vigilance of the framers of the Constitution has not left so important a point undefended save by the erring artillery of reason. The jealousy of executive power, especially when war has armed it with unwonted might, which has dictated so many particular enumerations, gravely devised as protests against usurpation, as exclusions of a conclusion, has blended with the power to declare war the power to control, dispose of, and govern its acquisitions.

When we find the Constitution giving

Congress the power "to make rules concerning captures on land and water," we may safely conclude that every possible acquisition of war was to be subject to its authority. "Prize" is property captured on the seas; "booty" is property captured on the land; "conquest" is the capture of a town or a province. "Captures" certainly has a larger meaning than any one of these terms, and may, perhaps, without any strained construction, be deemed to be generic, and embrace all the acquisitions of war. But even if it should be held that "captures," as employed in the Constitution, does not strictly embrace conquered territory, still this careful provision in that elaborate instrument, to meet the case of all other and lesser acquisitions, is enough to make it clear to demonstration, that it could not have been its purpose to give up conquered provinces, and their inhabitants, if any such there should be, to the arbitrary control and government of the President—and this especially in the face of so plain a provision in the same instrument as that which makes it the duty of Congress to make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territories of the United States.

Even were this power strictly and philosophically an executive power, as clearly as it is in its nature a legislative power, still, if it is vested in Congress, this would necessarily operate to withdraw it from the President. If authority to make all needful rules and regulations concerning the territory of the United States, involves the power to establish governments over them, power to make rules concerning captures must include a right to govern such captures as are susceptible of being governed, and as the law of nations subjects to the rule of the conquering sovereignty.

If this interpretation admitted of a doubt, the evils and absurdities of a contrary supposition suffice to turn the scale in its favor. Is it not absurd to suppose that the members of the Convention of 1787, so imbued with prophetic fears of presidential encroachment, so bent on binding by impassable limits the vaulting ambition which haunts the abodes of executive power and inspires their inmates with purposes of mischief, should have been careful by express limitation to *vest in Congress, and so forbid to the President, the making of rules respecting the capture of ships, the seizure of goods, or the division of prize money*—the mere

tithes of mint, anise and cummin among the weightier matters of war—and yet clothe him with dictatorial power to govern with unbridled hand vast and populous provinces which the arms of the nation might subject to the republic. Would they have placed him beyond the control of Congress, endowed with ample means of patronage and sources of revenue which might add to his ambitious designs the sinews of strength till, possessed of all the essential attributes of a monarch, he might scorn the evanescent dignity of an elective presidency, and in some day of national corruption and division strive, at least, with the power wrested from the enemies of the republic, to prostrate her liberties in the dust.

True, the hands which now tremble under the weighty mace of war inspire no dread; but bolder and greater, perhaps even more unscrupulous men, may gain the Presidential heights. The example of Mr. Polk may teach them to make war without the sanction of Congress; they may learn from Napoleon to make their conquests the ramparts of their usurpations; and some future age may behold another Cæsar, armed with the power of the provinces, again march against the capital of the republic. These results appear far off, impracticable, idle, because we are as yet a nation, if not consolidated, yet fresh, united, and with a real love of free institutions; but those who are well read in the history of nations, and know how inevitable are the days of corruption and weakness, will seriously reflect on these beginnings of things. They will remember that *opportunity and means* are the breeders of bold attempts; and that in great civil crimes the attempt is often more ruinous to a country than triumphant success.

No support can be derived from the executive power of the President for the prerogatives claimed by his friends. The English kings may prescribe by proclamation laws for their conquests; but we are at a loss to trace this flower of their prerogative among the powers of our Constitution. The President represents executive authority of the Union; but he can wield only such particular executive powers as the Constitution enumerates; and certainly the government of conquests, temporary or permanent, is not among *them*. He may superintend the execution of the laws; but the laws must first exist; Congress must have placed

the means at his disposal; and it is not by virtue of his inherent authority, but under acts of Congress, that he can employ the militia to repel invasions, suppress insurrections, or to aid the civil arm, and support the power of the courts. He may order prosecutions where Congress has prescribed the penalty and provided a tribunal: but he can neither erect the one nor declare the other—though the land be overrun with anarchy. So, when Congress shall establish courts in California and New Mexico, he may then enforce the existing laws; but now he can validly try no offence, still less can he repeal the existing law or add to its code.

As commander-in-chief, he is entitled to direct the practical operations of the army; but, unless by the special authority of Congress, he cannot determine or select the objects to whose accomplishment it shall be directed. If Congress direct the army not to pass the line, the fleet to blockade the Mexican ports, or send an expedition against the enemy's capital, the President is bound to effectuate these instructions. He has no discretion, save as to the mode of executing his orders. But the command of the national armies gives no right to govern the national conquests; for when his foes have submitted, his mission is accomplished. He is a mere military officer.

Congress may declare war, and direct the President to prosecute it with the national forces. This delegates to him, for the time being, the choice of the objects towards which the forces shall be directed. He may maintain the defensive, or cut off the commerce of the foe, or exclude it by blockade, or he may wield the national force to conquer the capital or a province. He may, by all lawful violence, crush the powers of hostile resistance, and sweep opposition from the face of the earth; and when a province is conquered, *he may accept the submission and surrender of the people; but beyond this he cannot go*. At this point the inhabitants become subjects—they owe allegiance to a higher power, *his master and theirs*. He, doubtless, retains the right to crush resistance as rebellion, and to repel invasion; but he cannot change the civil rights or laws. He can erect no civil court, because it is not a *belligerent right*, nor any military tribunal, because the people are *liege subjects, within the protection and peace of the United States*.

He is the agent of the nation to acquire the territory, to enforce its right of conquest, just as he is the agent of the nation in the negotiation of a treaty for the cession of a territory; but with the conquest and submission his powers cease, as they do with the signature of the treaty. The title is technically passed, the territory is ours; it remains for Congress to prescribe the rules and regulations for its government, permanently or temporarily, as the case may be. But the President, in no capacity, can establish any government, nor any branch of one; for the *summa imperii* are not his to give. He can change no law of descent, he can decide no title, he can condemn no prize; still less can he issue writs for a legislative body empowered to change every law of the land.

When, by the cession, the tribunals of Louisiana were dissolved, and the allegiance of its people changed, Jefferson dreamed of no residuary power higher than the Constitution, vesting him with power to secure the quiet of the ceded territory. "With the wisdom of Congress," he says, "it remains to take those ulterior measures which may be necessary for the *immediate occupation and temporary government* of the country, &c." And again: "It is for your consideration, whether you will not forthwith make such *temporary* provision for the preservation, in the mean while, of *order and tranquillity* in the country, as the case may require."\* He was yet in the darkness of primeval ignorance as to the powers of the President; the inner light of modern democracy had not then illuminated the Constitution, and, to the eye of the faithful, crowded its blanks with words of power.

It was not yet considered by our political Gnostics, that the Constitution might be a salutary aid in leading the weak or groveling minds of Federalists and Whigs to ascertain and conform to the will of the majority as the supreme law of the republic; but that to the disciples of the higher wisdom, whose intuition gazed face to face with the supreme sovereignty, and is penetrated with its spirit, the restrictions of the Constitution are fetters to the free, its guidance useless and impertinent as a light-house to the mariner in the blaze of the sun. The President had not yet been consecrated Hierophant of this mysterious faith, with power to interpret its oracles and declare the rule of faith and practice.

If President Polk has indulged any such free fancies, we would bring him down from such lofty contemplations to the bar of public reason. His ideas of his constitutional powers are quite magnificent, and every way worthy of one who was destined to add so many provinces to their sway: but he will be tried by a much narrower and more stringent rule. A comparison of the annual and the special message, and a critical scrutiny of the official papers which accompany the latter, and the acts of the officers under their authority, may enable us to appreciate the share of the President in their proceedings, and to reveal some instructive truths.

The annual message informs us, that by the laws of nations a conquered territory is subject to be governed by the conqueror during his military possession. The old *civil government* being necessarily *superseded*, it is the right and the duty of the conqueror to secure this conquest, and to provide for the maintenance of civil order and the rights of the inhabitants. This right has been exercised, and this duty performed, by our military and naval commanders, by the establishment of temporary governments in some of the conquered provinces in Mexico, assimilating them, as far as practicable, to the free institutions of our own country. The President is careful to assure us of the submission of the people to these temporary governments, *established from necessity, and according to the laws of war*; and we are startled by the proposal to erect fortifications to secure our possession and authority.

The President then *knew* that provinces had been conquered, that the people had submitted, and our possession was so firm and stable as to justify the erection of permanent fortifications, and the conquest so complete as to justify the conqueror in giving laws and governments to the conquered. But this involves a change of *allegiance*, that is the duty of obedience. The relation of subject and sovereign has been transferred and acquired; and though the President seems to have, by no means, a clear apprehension of the relations of the inhabitants to the conquering power, it is clear that they have passed from the condition of *enemies* to that of temporary subjects; their relations are changed from a hostile to a friendly and civic character. Over these people, subjects of the United States, he claims the power to legislate;

\* State papers.



to wield all the legislative powers which conquest and submission confer: for he says the conquest superseded the former government and conferred a right on the conqueror to provide a substitute; and *this right*, that is the full right of the conqueror, has been exercised by his officers. These governments are not such as the previous one—but are conformed to *our free institutions*. He has, then, assumed legislative powers, and exercised them to repeal existing laws and substitute for them other laws conforming to our own. He does not designate the precise changes, but he asserts *the right to make the change*; and if he may make one, he may alter the whole code—and to this extent does his most arrogant claim extend. If he may change existing laws to conform them to our own, he may change them to conform them to those of Russia. An assumption of a right to repeal or impose a single law, involves a claim to despotic power—for there exists no possible limit. But if the view before presented of the provisions of the Constitution be correct, how gross is the outrage, how daring the usurpation which these proceedings involve! He quietly assumes *himself to be the conqueror*, and entitled to wield all his powers. Inquiry was made, attention aroused, and the President responded to a call of the House in his message of December 22d, and its accompanying documents. The previous discussion was not wasted on his excellency. His reply is much less open and candid than his annual message. It was drawn with oracular ambiguity; its sentences dance before the eye, in shadowy outline and unsubstantial form, which defy the powers of criticism to fix their meaning. He tells no more than he can help—he admits responsibility for nothing, but screens himself by sacrificing his officers, and pretends to palliate their indiscretion by complimenting their zeal. He returns his instructions—but accompanied with his gloss. They were given to regulate the rights of belligerents; engaged in “*actual war*” over the territory in possession of our troops by military conquest. Nothing more could be given, and these were temporary and dependent on the right acquired by conquest, authorized as belligerent rights, executed by military men—mere ameliorations of martial law. Of Kearney’s Organic Law, purporting to be *ordained by authority of government*, he only states that such *parts* as purport to establish a permanent

territorial government, and to confer political rights which can only be *permanently* enjoyed by citizens, he has not approved. He nowhere discards the whole law as an insane usurpation; but is careful to give us the assurance that such organized regulations as are established for the security of the conquests, the preservation of order, and for protection of the rights of the inhabitants, will be approved. Certainly he is entitled to our thanks for this definite criterion of right and wrong, and his wisdom, which could place this frail defence between his annual message and the instructions which follow it—the upper and the nether mill-stone—is worthy of our grateful admiration. *Before*, all was done by virtue of the conqueror’s right to govern the conquest, to secure the *civil* rights of the inhabitants, to provide a substitute for its civil government, torn away by the sword, and all these objects were to be attained by an apparatus conformed as nearly as possible to our free institutions—*Now*, all is military law, belligerent rights; officers have shifted their judicial and gubernatorial titles and robes for the epaulet and uniform, and the grim face of war is made to writhe with a hideous grin in the vain effort to imitate the soft lineaments and sunny smile of peace!! But what say the instructions? Marcy directs Kearney to “establish temporary *civil* governments” in California and New Mexico, if conquered, “*abolishing all arbitrary distinctions that may exist*” as far as it may be done with *safety*. To continue the existing officers is *advised*; and he is directed to assure the people of the design of the government to give them a free government without delay; and what relates to the civil government is left to *his discretion*. In another letter, the senior officer is appointed *civil governor* of the province of California; and he is referred to Marcy’s letter as a guide to the *civil governor*, and “after establishing a temporary civil government” he is permitted to return. Mr. Bancroft informs Com. Sloat that “it is the object of the United States, under its rights as a belligerent nation, to possess itself *entirely* of Upper California;” he is expected to be in full possession of California, in the event of peace, on the principle of *uti possidetis*. “This will bring with it the necessity of a civil administration; such a government should be established under your *protection*”—and the wishes of the people are to be respected

in selection of officers—"without being actuated by any ambitious spirit of conquest." Stockton is peremptorily forbidden to relinquish possession of California; and he is instructed by Mr. Mason "to prepare the people to love our institutions" if the treaty of peace shall give us California. Shubrick is directed to make his relations as friendly as possible with the people of Upper California; and under our flag the people are to have *liberty of self-government*, subject to the general occupation of the United States!!\* We may venture, in the absence of any distinct designation of what has been approved, to collate the instructions with the performance, and to contrast the annual with the special message; and in the performance of this humiliating task we will try to repress our disgust at the hollow falsehood and hypocrisy, the unblushing and greedy rapacity, the spirit of territorial aggrandizement, to be sated by the dismemberment of a neighboring republic, the enormity of which is only set off in a clearer light by the mockery of moderation, the false professions of peaceful desires, the disclaimers of an encroaching spirit, which pervade these instruments; to say nothing of the ungenerous meanness of thrusting officers out on distant and delicate duty, with general but positive instructions, and all doubts as to the intentions and wishes of the authors cleared up by the spirit that breathes over the whole, redolent with conquest, and then when called in question for acts within the scope of the instructions, charitably ascribing their excesses—if any exist—not to the *spirit and intent of the instructions*—but to their indiscreet zeal in the public service!

What, then, have these commanders done beyond the scope and spirit of their instructions? After everything is thrown out which the President specifies as objectionable in the organic law, he leaves a thoroughly organized government in full operation, endowed with every essential power, only temporary in duration. He does not object to a legislature which may alter the laws—only it must be temporary—that is, co-existent with our occupancy. The courts may take cognizance of life and death, of character and property; and the governor may see its judgments executed, and pay the expenses from the revenue. He is instructed to establish a civil government, and that

imports legislative, judicial and executive departments. He is directed to abolish arbitrary distinctions, and that imports a legislative act. The newly established institutions are to conform to our own, and that implies the legislative power of changing what is incompatible. The people are to be consulted in the selection of officers, and that may fairly sanction election. If nothing more were authorized than the erection of courts for the trial of civil and criminal offences, with the trial by jury, which we know are daily dealing justice or injustice to the people of those territories, he has widely overleaped the bounds of our Constitution and grasped at one of the highest and most peculiar prerogatives of the English monarchs, the right to erect courts of justice. The judgments of these courts must at least be permanent, or they are nothing. We can understand a temporary court but not a temporary judgment. If men are ousted of their land, if contracts are wrongly construed and payment or performance compelled in pursuance, are they temporary? And shall we not be treated to a temporary execution of a capital sentence, where the clerical judge now dispensing justice in California, in his judicial character having condemned a man to death, may resume the spiritual functions and change the final *pax et misericordia* that assures the departing soul of a speedy return after a temporary absence.

The distinction between temporary and permanent is idle. We do not complain of the establishment of permanent governments where they should have been temporary, but of usurping a right to erect *any of any kind*.

The President assumes in his annual message, and in his instructions, a power to increase the right which conquest gives to the conquering sovereign to establish civil governments—he fixes no limits to his claim, nor has he disclaimed this assumption in his special message. He still clutches the thing while he changes the name. He follows the true presidential precedents, never to relinquish a usurpation. He calls what has been done a belligerent right—a mitigation of military law, a duty imposed by the conquest on the conqueror. We respectfully would suggest that the *acquisition* was the exercise of a belligerent right; but the government is no more a

\* See 1 Pet. R. before cited.

belligerent right than the government of a ceded territory would be an exercise of the treaty power. In each the government springs from the sovereignty acquired by the conquest or the treaty. A right or an obligation to govern an *enemy's country*, to provide for the administration of his laws and the protection of his subjects, may well be pronounced a solecism in the science of international law, quite worthy of one who calls civil government a belligerent right, and prates of "conquering peace." The President may, perhaps, be excused for being a little incoherent, in consideration of the perplexing affairs he is called to manage; but we think the confusion is of a very grave character when he assumes to be the conqueror of Mexico, and vested with all the rights of the conquering sovereign. *Is he the conqueror*—or is he the mere instrument used to effect it, as much so as the meanest soldier in his camp? Is the sovereignty of the United States to be pressed into so petty a form?

To call civil government a mere mitigation of military power is a novel use of language, intelligible perhaps to the sublimed mind which invented it, under pressure of a great necessity to escape a difficulty. Military law, in any sense applicable here, is merely the law of the sword; for he cannot mean the rules and articles which govern our military and naval forces. In any other sense, it is pure despotism. Civil government may as readily be conceived of as a mitigation of military law, as day a mitigation of night. They are as compatible as the joint and simultaneous reign of light and darkness.

Civil government—at least when conformed at all to our institutions—is the rule of law. Administered by tribunals, and through forms known and established, it respects rights and enforces them; it has a moral element, and abides, or professes to abide, by it. It speaks the language of reason, armed with authority, and puts force far in the background—not as a source or mode of government, but as a sanction to law, a support to reason, against the refractory, to the ministers of civil government when civil power is overmatched and defied; and the edge of the sword is invoked to restore, not to sway, the balance of justice. It is a goodly tree, that spreads its branches for the shelter and refreshment of the nation. Military government is not, so far as we are informed, a recognized form of government—but it is power wielding a

sword, and representing the dictates of a will. It bows to no reason, it acknowledges no law, it follows no course of procedure, it regards no rule of decision. It drives headlong at the impulse of passion, and varies with the whirl of caprice. It laughs at restraint, and truculently defies control. It scatters mankind in terror at its presence, and blasts the province over whose fields it spreads its blight. It is war in disguise, slumbering but not extinct, and liable at any moment to new and terrible outbreaks. It may prevail in a hostile province, it may frown over a sacked city, but it can have no place in a conquered territory, which has been proclaimed to belong to the United States, where the people submit, and their allegiance, permanent or temporary, is accepted. It can form no element in a polity assimilated to ours: but that such a blending of incongruous principles is thought possible by those who now administer our government, may throw a sinister light on their views of its nature and powers.

It is a source of some consolation that these outrages emanate from a personage like Mr. Polk, whose name as yet carries with it comparatively little force. Had Washington been their author, (pardon, illustrious shade! the hypothesis,) had Madison or Adams, Jefferson or Monroe, given their sanction, they might have set a fatal precedent. Had even Jackson lent them the support of his services and the countenance of his name, the gratitude of a large part of the people might have warped their judgment, and inclined them to overlook the presumption and the folly, rather than assail the man they revered. But these deeds of shame, extenuated by no illustrious services, surrounded by no misty halo of deluding eloquence, but brought out in bold relief by the poverty and effrontery of the apology urged in their defence, fill up the measure of their author's iniquities. The President, Phaeton-like, has assumed, with his rash and unknowing hand, to guide the fiery steeds of War, and in his wild and erratic course he would dry up realms to deserts, unless arrested in mid course by the bolt of the people's indignation. It must crush him and scatter his party, which, bound together by no living principle, is now but an aggregate of selfish cliques, severed from the organic whole which they once composed, and only existing by favor of that law of reptile being by which, though cut into a thousand

parts, it is permitted to prolong its loathsome life till the setting of the sun.

But this administration was begun, and continues, and will be ended in sin. Not content with dealing domestic stabs at the Constitution, it has blotched and blackened the national character in the eyes of the people of the world.

"Without being animated by any ambitious spirit of conquest," it has been its fortune, it has been its misfortune, to rob our only republican neighbor and friend of her fairest provinces, and to proclaim itself the enemy of mankind by waging war for the conquest of peace.

Texas lay quietly as a part of the Mexican Republic, a stranger to thoughts of empire, when American emigrants, with the connivance, or at the instigation, of General Jackson, roused the passion for independence, and made the day of San Jacinto a nation's birth-day. A thin veil of coyness covered without concealing the ardor with which we longed for the family alliance we rejected; but the apparent repugnance subsided at the instance of well-acted opportunity; and the union was consummated, with what regard to forms we will not now inquire. The original boundary of Texas and her present possession extended along the Nueces—her claim went to the Rio Grande; and Congress endeavored to soothe the jealous and excited feelings of Mexico by declaring it a fit subject for negotiation. But Mr. Polk, while Mexico was willing to receive a commissioner to treat respecting the boundary, after meanly trying to decoy Gen. Taylor into a voluntary advance, peremptorily ordered him to occupy the extreme limits of the disputed territory; and that no circumstance of aggravation and insult might be wanting, his guns were planted within full range of a Mexican city. He stands condemned by the protest of our own government which, forty years before, denounced a similar movement on disputed territory as marking a sanguinary spirit, as a most ungracious and unwarrantable deed. Yet unabashed by this precedent, he hastens to proclaim the triumph of his acts in the shedding of "American blood on *American soil*," and secures from Congress the license to plunder, in the recognition of the existence of war by the act of Mexico. A handful of men appear at the capitals of two Mexican departments covering ten degrees from north to south and as many from east to west, and with-

out firing a gun, proclaim in the presence of the forest and the mountain, and the roving Indian, that these departments, in their full extent, belong to the United States by right of conquest. Governments are immediately constituted. A colony, with every implement that civilization has invented for the aid of industry, sailed from New York to occupy the yet unconquered territory; appropriations are asked to secure it by fortifications; and a Senator in his place, supposing others to be *even such as himself*, with great simplicity surmises, that no one will be satisfied with less than California and New Mexico!

That war confers a technical validity on the acts of both—that the conqueror may govern the conquered territory, and treat it in all respects as his own, may all be very true; but it is equally true that the usage of the world is not to exercise those rights, except so far as regulations of revenue and police are concerned; and that such proclamations as our commanders have issued, and the erection of complicated systems of civil government, defended by permanent fortifications and supplied with armed colonists as citizens, are regarded among civilized nations as the clearest proof of an aggressive ambition, which Europe would be in arms to resist within her borders, if the universal voice of abhorrence, which everywhere would greet it, failed to arrest its progress.

By these deeds the stain of blood and ambition are upon us. The robbers of earth stretch forth their hands in fellowship. The vulgar herd of tyrants salute us with a smile; and exult that she, who was fair among the nations, in her purity and uprightness, has covered with scandal the cause of republican liberty, and made it a bye-word for hypocrisy, a proverb for shameless rapacity. Our voice can no more be lifted in execration of the oppressions which we ambitiously imitate, and with precocious maturity surpass, at our first essay. For since the French republic proclaimed the rights of man at the head of her legions, and the champion of an idea made war in the name of peace, and enslaved reluctant millions in the name and for the cause of liberty, organizing her principles into governments wherever her camps were pitched, no more wholesale, barefaced robbery has been committed among nations. Those powers which watch the world like birds of prey, that they may



the pre-  
mountain,  
depart-  
y to the  
t. Gov-  
stituted.  
nt that  
aid of  
occupy  
appropri-  
rtifica-  
suppos-  
lf, with  
no one  
ifornia

validity  
queror  
ry, and  
a, may  
ly true  
to ex-  
regu-  
e con-  
ations  
and the  
f civil  
nt for-  
ed col-  
among  
roof of  
urope  
n her  
abhor-  
et it,

d and  
ers of  
ellow-  
s sa-  
t she,  
n her  
with  
erty,  
crisy,  
Our  
ation  
ously  
urity  
e the  
ts of  
l the  
the  
ctant  
se of  
into  
were  
aced  
na-  
the  
may

devour the helpless, do not prey on their own kind. If England, whose single eye is ever fixed on gain, and carefully selects the fattest first, for her annual morsel of Indian territory, now swallows Scinde, then Gwalior, and then makes an ineffectual gulp at Afghanistan, they are pagan princes who are destroyed, and her calculating rapacity is careful to requite the loss of anarchic independence by the blessings of civilized government. If the Muscovite rob his southern neighbor, he retaliates on the *Turk* centuries of oppression to himself and his creed, and disguises his aggression under the garb of sympathy for the Servian. Mr. Polk has made us the cannibal of nations, and at his bidding we devour our sister republic, the last on whom we could rely to aid us in the defence of our common liberty against the military monarchies of Europe. Our hand is on her neck; our knee is on her prostrate bosom; *she* may invoke *their* aid to rescue her from our grasp.

Having conquered the good opinion of the world, the President was not less successful in "conquering peace." His greedy and grasping prosecution of the war has made the Mexican tremble for the integrity of his independence and his faith. He shrinks from the pollution of his sanctuaries by the footsteps of an heretical foe, and steels himself by the remembrance that his ancestors warred for seven hundred years against the Moor, often defeated, but never subdued, and finally fixing the yoke on the neck of the conqueror. He smiles at the mention of a march to the "Palace of the Montezumas," and pointing to its vacant site, sternly remembers how his Indian ancestors met the foe, nor yielded anything save smouldering and levelled ruins to refresh the invader after his toil, and at the thought all the Aztec obduracy hardens on his brow. He is not dispirited by any disparity of power—for his mountain passes are armies and fortresses, and he dwells on the recollection how the mother country met a greater than the present aggressor, and humbled him by the untrained arms of her peasantry.

Aghast at the increasing difficulties of the task he had undertaken, the President looked about for some plausible pretext to justify his aggression. But painfully aware of the flimsy and transparent texture of the veil he attempted to throw over his misdeeds, he has been driven to

the reiteration of the stereotyped falsehood of the existence of war by the act of Mexico. Not a message can allude to the war, not a bill provide men or money for its prosecution, not a resolution can tender the national thanks to her heroic sons, without being garnished with this magic spell, and compelled to recite the grievous aggressions of our foe, and to chaunt in solemn recitative doxologies to our long-suffering, righteousness and reluctant self-defence!

But why this long recital of grievances, just liquidated by treaty? If they were the cause of war why did he dare to make it? If Mexico assailed us, why this impertinent recital? Who needs to justify self-defence? Who—but him who in violation of the fundamental law, has created that necessity? But his attempted defence is not merely impertinent—it is more than that—it is impudent.

We know not how it may feel, to be obliged to wield the lance with a wounded hand: nor do we know the degree of the sense of delicacy vouchsafed to the President and his advisers, nor how insensible they may be to difficulties of a delicate position. But had we been honored with the President's confidence, and admitted to that mysterious consultation when so many leaves of too precious morality were forever lost to the world, we should have advised the extension of the mutilation a little farther. Had we, as one of his cabinet, been compelled to devise arguments for usurpation, and excuses for outrage, we should have racked our ingenuity for other topics than those of national neglect of pecuniary obligations. No such grounds of defence of the war on Mexico, could we have ventured to advise the President, even in his greatest extremity, to adopt. We should have shrunk from the Arch-Fiend's mockery of hinting to the President, even in the most remote manner, that the war might be justified or extenuated by the failure of Mexico to pay her installments of the stipulated indemnity; lest he should remember that *his election was carried by* States, which pledged their faith to foreign capitalists—and on its security had realized millions in stupendous works of internal improvements for the development of their resources, and then found themselves unable to pay the interest on their loans, without "*inconveniencing their citizens,*"—leaving widows and orphans, clergymen and men of letters—who had trustingly conduced in promises guar-

antied by republican faith—to die in penury.

Nay, more: we should have hinted at the probability that the American people might be incredulous of the sincerity of his new-born fervor in vindication of the duties of common honesty—that they would surmise the existence of better reasons in the back-ground—that such a defence from Mr. Polk, of all men in the world, would be regarded as a bitter mockery of their discernment, when they reflected that fifty years ago—ere Mexico was rocked in her revolutionary cradle—our citizens were robbed by that very French Republic of whose example we are now so emulous—that our government confiscated their claims to indemnity to buy itself off from an onerous treaty, and shutting up in its archives the proof that it had taken their private property for public use without compensation, turned a deaf ear to the continual claim of its outraged and unredressed citizens—now pretending the necessities of the treasury, then the pressure of the public business, as the causes of its delay—and that, when wearied out by their importunities, and awakened to a sense of its obligations, Congress revived and refreshed the

fainting hopes of the sufferers by the passage of an act of tardy and inadequate justice—this President, who now would visit with fire and sword, and dismemberment, a year's delinquency of our impoverished and distracted sister—this zealot of honesty, breathing out slaughter against unfortunate debtors—*refused, by his veto*, to permit Congress to pay an honest debt, *because*, though frequently asked and always able, it had hitherto *failed to pay what it confessed to be due!*

But we will no longer delve in these moral ulcers—*ab hoc scabie teneamus ungues.*

These deeds will be visited in indignation and ruin on the heads of their authors. It is matter of serious regret that the nation can only be aroused to inflict retribution by calling from the recesses of Executive offices, such detestable evidences of hypocrisy, corrupt ambition, and recklessness of bloodshed, as these messages and instructions which poison the moral atmosphere by their publication. But a spring tide will before long lift its waves over the high places of the land far and wide, and purge the seats of power at once of their corruptions and of the birds of prey which haunt them.

## AUTUMN SNOW.

ALL day the streaming roofs and swimming ground

Have shed, or drank, the plenteous autumn rains;

All day the heavy-laden skies have frowned,

And weary eyes have dozed with slumberous sound,

While gazing idly at the sullen plains—

Or, waked to watch the thousand vivid stains

That dye the far-off frost-enkindled woods,

And fire the way-side trees, whose foliage drips,

Like bathing birds with crimson feather-tips.

Lo! suddenly a whiter darkness broods,

And floating snow succeeds the plashing floods:

The monstrous flakes seem large as wafted ships—

Or, like a white-winged angel throng they fall;—

Alas! how can we mortals entertain ye all!

## THE DESTINY OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial pride of Americans, few have yet attained any due sense of the magnificence of their country and the splendor of their national destiny. Indeed, the ridiculous vanity with which foreign tourists justly charge us, gathering their testimony from Fourth of July orations, or from patriotic resolutions passed at public meetings, is ascribable to the absence of that noble pride which a more intelligent and considerate acquaintance with our position among the nations of the earth would inspire. There is more to sober than to intoxicate, to awe than to addle, in a true estimate of ourselves and our country. Our vanity springs from the contemplation of what we have done, or what we are, and is often based upon comparisons which nothing but our own ignorance renders possible or flattering. We glory in the wars we have waged with the most powerful nation on the face of the earth, and confound the victory which a broad ocean, separating us from our foe, and a territory unconquerable chiefly in its extent, gave us, with our own valor and general superiority. The rapid growth of our population seems to us a merit of our own. Every providential advantage in our position we appropriate as the result of our own intentions and labors. We attribute our institutions wholly to the sagacity of our Fathers, and the maintenance of them to the wisdom of their Sons. Our national importance seems to us to have been wrought out by our own right arms. And there is a very amusing feeling throughout the nation, that Americans are a different order of beings from others; that one American soldier is at least equal to four Mexicans, three French or two Englishmen; a vanity which, in common with other and worse weaknesses, has involved us in the present war, and lately came near plunging us into a war with Great Britain. Ours is the only nation that resents criticism of its literature, politics or manners as a crime. The West found an ample occasion of an English war in the witticisms and caricatures of Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope. Charles Dickens' Notes on America excited as much national indignation as a cabinet insult.

The *entente cordiale* between us and the mother country is as much endangered by Punch's squibs against Repudiation, as by claims to the exclusive navigation of the St. Johns or the Columbia. This absurd sensitiveness betrays the awkwardness and conceit of the *nouveau-riche*, the jealousy of the man who is not quite certain he has ceased to be a boy, the eager desire for recognition of one not quite sure of his social standing, and the disposition which the bully, who suspects his own courage, has to pick a quarrel with every coward. If we understood better our real claims to the respect and confidence of the world; if we appreciated the greatness, not which we have achieved, but which has been thrust upon us by Destiny; if we valued ourselves upon our real advantage and upon a greatness not dependent upon contrast or admitting comparison, but of a totally different kind from any the world has yet seen, we should cease to be vain and become self-respectful. We should take our eyes off from ourselves and direct them towards Heaven. We should humbly acknowledge how little we have done for ourselves and how much Providence has done for us, and instead of glorying in the past should bestow our admiration on the wondrous future that Heaven is opening before us. But as yet, whether because we are too actively employed as the instruments of Providence to stand back and behold the work in which we are engaged, or because standing too nigh to take in the proportions of the structure on some part of which we are each laboring, it is unquestionably true that at this very moment there is a higher and juster appreciation and estimate of America abroad than at home. We have received a deeper and nobler criticism from foreigners than from our own philosophers and politicians. De Tocqueville has written of us in a higher strain, and with a bolder and grander prophecy than any even of our own poets or patriots. Few of our own countrymen who have not been abroad, have as yet taken a comprehensive view of our circumstances, or have "risen to the height of that great argument" which conducts our people to their sublime destiny. It

is rare for any American to look back upon his native shores from the cliffs of Albion or the peaks of the Alps, without perceiving that he has left behind him the land of promise; that he has been ignorantly dwelling in the most favored region on God's earth, among institutions compared with which any others are intolerable, and where alone the hopes of humanity have an unclouded horizon, or the progress of the race an open field.

There is no nation on the face of the earth or in the records of history, if we except the Jews, whose origin, circumstances and progress have been so purely providential as ours; none which owes so little to itself and so much to the Ruler of its destiny. It is impossible not to trace in its brief but wonderful career the unfolding of a plan too vast, and requiring too much antecedent calculation and extraordinary concurrence of events, to be ascribed to any other than infinite wisdom. The concealment of this whole continent in the mysterious remoteness of the ocean during so many centuries, while our race were trying the many necessary experiments of civilization in the old world; its discovery at the precise period when the social and political theories and policies of Europe had evidently exhausted themselves, and when other and most potent instruments of civilization destined to revolutionize the whole order of society—the mariner's compass and the printing press—were just coming into use; the peculiar complexion of events in England which decided the character and views of the colonists who shaped the political destinies of this country; all indicate a consummate and glorious plan involving the interest not of a nation, but of the race. And this is the peculiarity of our existence; that unlike any other, the people are not one nation among the other nations of the earth, but a people made up of all nations, the heirs of the united blood and experience of all, equally regarded by all as their own child, to whom the hopes of the race are intrusted, and who is sent to seek and to push the fortunes of the family in a new and fresh field of enterprise. "The new world" is a phrase which from familiarity has lost its emphasis. But it contains in it an idea of the most pregnant and momentous character. "The new world," was to the nations of decrepit, exhausted Europe—its soil full of the roots of social and political prejudices fatal to the

culture of human rights—a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. It was a *new world*, a world as new as if the race had been translated to another planet, where man might begin over again the experiment of civil society with the benefit of a long experience, and without the obstacle of conventional or traditional associations and customs. This new world properly belonged to the race and not to any portion of it. It was a world, not a country; a continent, not an island, a peninsula, or a region which a river or a chain of mountains could bound. It owed its being to the united efforts of the greatest powers on earth. Spain discovered it, France explored it, England gave it language and laws; and every nation has sent rivers of its blood to run in the great stream which now bears the most precious hopes of the race on its bosom. The Macedonian empire merged in its brief but brilliant existence, Greek, Syrian, Persian and Egyptian, but its conquests were never assimilated to each other, and its unity was an aggregate not a sum. The Roman empire left to every nation it conquered, its language, its religion and its customs; it took away nothing but its independence and gave little but its own protection. But into the soil of America has trickled drop by drop the blood of every European nation. Commingled inseparably, the divided children of the old world are the united family of the new. For the first time the chief nations of the earth are blended in a common fate, in which their individuality is wholly lost. American blood is neither English nor Irish, nor French, nor Spanish, nor German, nor Swiss. But it is all these in large proportions of each, and every day the purely Anglo-Saxon stock is losing its predominance. We rejoice that England so far prevailed over the early fortunes of the new world, as to give its language, its religion and its laws and customs to those colonies before which all the rest have succumbed or must finally bend. But we rejoice also that the new world has been open to the emigration of all lands, and that it now shelters in its bosom the representatives of every European soil. Nay, we firmly believe that the Anglo-Saxon stock is to be greatly improved by intermixture with other races, and that it is a providential purpose that it should here be brought into contact and become ultimately merged in a new race compounded of the richness of



every olden people. But at any rate, be it for better or worse, the new world was not destined to be a mere extension of British rule, or Saxon blood, or of the characteristic customs and prejudices of any one people. It was to be the home of delegates from the race. And here we have indeed a new world, inhabited by a new race. And this astonishing heterogeneity of races, perfectly blended into one, is one of the most interesting and peculiar features in our condition, as it is one of the marks of the universal or general interest which appertains to our destiny.

Consider in the next place, in connection with our political institutions, providential origin and circumstances, the grandeur both in extent and features of the territory inherited by this new race. Let us place ourselves at the Capitol, and from the balcony overhanging that commanding height survey the land. The landscape within reach of the outward eye is magnificent and infinitely suggestive to the visionary orb within. The broad river, the ample plain, the distant mountains, the unfinished, wide-spread city well represent and characterize the country and the people to which they belong. No spot tells like this the whole story of our recent origin, our incredible or unexampled progress, our magnificent and half-realized hopes. This city at our feet, of only thirty thousand inhabitants, occupies the room of a Metropolis of millions. These broad avenues are designed to accommodate that tide of population which our vast territories shall ultimately roll through the capitol of the country! These noble public edifices, many of them worthy of towering over the most magnificent city on the globe, but now rising amid mean and temporary dwellings, do but anticipate and foreshadow the splendid future they befit, while they afford by vivid contrast the liveliest conception of our present incomplete but promising and vigorous youth.

And here as we stand almost in the presence of the representatives of every State and district and important town in our vast country, it requires very little force of imagination to crowd the horizon out till it compasses the enormous area of this great and free land of our birth. In the far North-East we see our boundary line shining with the recent lustre of peaceful diplomacy and enlightened patriotism. That noble chain of inland seas, stretching from East to West, itself

secured as our northern line by the sagacity and firmness of the elder Adams, fitly completes what the treaty of Washington begins. We follow the river at our feet to its mouth, and the broad Atlantic, bulwark of the new world against the institutions, manners and customs of an effete civilization, washes for fifteen hundred miles our eastern coast white with cities, into whose ports is filing the commerce of the world. On the South, those rich and peaceful purchases, Florida and Louisiana—kingdoms of themselves anywhere else—by which our country has possessed itself of the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and the vast territory of Texas—that unlooked for and not wholly welcome accession—reveal themselves to our straining eyes. And, finally, in the West, passing the broad streams and endless prairies far beyond that Mediterranean river that once seemed made to divide nations and stay the course of empire, far across deserts and mountains, through almost inaccessible passes, the gleam of the Pacific ocean tells us we have reached the occidental boundary of our country.

And this broad continent, this new world, with lakes like oceans and rivers like seas, penetrated to the heart with bays and gulfs; this region comprising every clime and furnishing the products of all—the furs of the north and the fruits of the tropics—the bread stuffs of temperate zones—the woollens of cold, and the cottons of warm climates—stretching from one great ocean of the globe to the other, and from the frozen serpent almost to the equator—this vast area with natural divisions to indicate it as the home of many nations, is, by the Providence of God, one country, speaking one language, rejoicing in one common Constitution, honoring the same great national names, celebrating the same great national events. It is one nation. And it is a free nation. It possesses an ideal form of government, the dream of ancient heroes no longer a vision of the night; the prophetic visionary song of poets become the prosaic language of matter-of-fact men. It is without hereditary rulers, without a legalized aristocracy. It is self-governed. It is a land of equal rights. It is a stable republic.

And what a marvelous and providential history has it had! The hemisphere itself has been discovered only three and a half centuries, less than one-fifth of the period which has elapsed since the origin

of Christianity. Two centuries only have passed since our territory was reached by two distant bands of colonists, one led by the spirit of chivalrous adventure and commercial enterprise, the other by the love of religious liberty and political freedom; but both from the land of Hampden and Pym. But three-score and ten years—the life of one man—have sped, since this people, a handful of men, breaking loose from the most powerful nation on the face of the globe at the peril of everything held dear, proclaimed its independence, and after maintaining two wars with the parent country, the Queen of the Seas, is now become the third power on the earth, with a population little short of twenty millions, with resources of manufactures and agriculture which render it substantially independent of foreign commerce in war, although able and glad to compete with the commerce of the world in peace.

It is in no indulgence of national vanity that we repeat this history, whatever the appearance may be. There are stains enough upon our skirts to humble the pride of any patriotic American, stains that look darker here than anywhere else. But whatever our wrongs or follies or ill deserts, no lover of his race, no friend of Christianity, no one who waits upon God's providence and believes in a divine government, can fail to see that the great Ruler of events has shaped the natural features, the general history and the political institutions of our country, into a wonderful theatre of mercy and love, and fitted it for a great display of his power; nor can we hesitate to announce the preparation here for a glorious and unexampled triumph of the principles of justice, humanity and religion. Could the colossal statue of Columbus that flanks the rear entrance to the Capitol, have momentary vision granted to its stony orbs; could the pictured company on the walls of the Rotunda, that listen at Delft-Haven to the prayer of Robinson, have but for a moment the reality and life they seem to possess; could the more than Roman majesty that clothes the father of his country, rise from its marble chair—and these fit representatives of the three great bands that under Providence have made us what we are, the Discoverers, the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Revolutionary heroes, be gathered with us on this noble gallery and stretch their eyes where ours go over the land as

it is and into the open secret of the Future as it must be, would not he who came expressly to erect the cross on heathen soil and to gain new victories for Christ, and the Puritans who sought religious liberty in the wilderness, and the patriots who fought for religious and political freedom—the discoverers, the settlers, and the founders of our country—unite in declaring this the land of promise and themselves men of destiny, who had been engaged in a work greater than they knew, unconsciously laboring under a Heaven-directed plan—entering successively into each other's labors without estimating the inheritance, and committing their own to other hands without understanding the responsibility they had shared or devolved? Would they not see, and should not we see, something more than the well-being of a particular people; something too momentous and solemn for national exultation, in the history and prospects of this our country? Aye. Their thoughts would be of the prospects of the human race thus opening before them. More understandingly than we, would they call this the *new* world; the world beginning over again, with the riches, the experience, the literature, the morality and religion of the old world—but on a virgin soil, sustaining free institutions and enjoying perfect toleration—with a people covering a quarter of the globe, speaking one language, bound together by common interests, professing one common religion—yet in the dew of youth, but already full of wealth, health, power and prosperity! Would they not say and with sober truth, this work is not of man? It is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes! Alas, we are not astonished at what may astonish angels! So wonted are we to our privileges and our inherited rights, and so broadly separated from the nations that are bereft of them, that we appreciate not our peculiar happiness!

Have we often considered the wonderful and providential aptitude of our country for deriving the greatest and most indispensable advantages from the most brilliant discoveries of modern times in science and art? May we not feel that steam in its applications as a motive power was discovered with express reference to our enormous rivers and lakes? It has greatly aided other nations, but it has re-created ours. Was not the railroad expressly invented to hold together in its vast iron clefts our broad and

otherwise unbound country, threatening to fall to pieces by its own weight? Its ponderous trains flying like great shuttles across our land, weave into one seamless web the many-colored interests and varied sentiments and affections of our scattered countrymen. Let its fiery horse, with a continent for his pasture, speed as swiftly as he can; where there is land to sustain his hoof, he cannot take us off our own soil, or away from the sound of our native tongue! Is not the lightning-winged telegraph, that puts a girdle of intelligence round the earth in the eighth of a second, a providential angel whose mission is peculiar to our own land—an all but omnipotent spirit whose business it is to facilitate the intercourse of a nation whose territories stretch into different climates, and are divided by chains of mountains, and which yet depends for its united existence upon agreement of sentiment, frequency of intercourse, concurrence of sympathies and central unity of operations? If the providence of God, choosing out a theatre for the ultimate triumph of his earthly purposes toward our race, had selected this land after having long, and until the fullness of time, kept it back from civilized possession, would not the whole world have recognized the justice and expediency of the choice? And what gifts could Heaven have bestowed to make up for the disadvantages apparently inseparable from other and more important blessings—as it were, to reconcile in our favor physical incompatibilities—the benefits of vast area with none of its evils—its varied climates, products and spaciousness, without its separation, conflict of interests, or jealous diversity of sentiments—than the inventions of the last quarter of a century—the Steamboat, the Locomotive, and the Magnetic Telegraph? In what other nation are these actually indispensable or invaluable? And the date of these benefactions has been as providential as the bequest itself!

There is a growing feeling that the interests of the New World, and the prospects of humanity on this continent are largely dependent upon the preservation of the union of the United States. And in nothing has the Providence over us been more strikingly illustrated than in the unexpected bonds of stability which have disclosed themselves in the history of events. If the rapidity of our growth, the increase of our territory, the early

and fierce agitation of the most exciting questions had been foreseen, it certainly would not have been credited that the Union of these States would have continued beyond a half century! The bare spread of territory would have been considered a sufficient cause of separation, to say nothing of the difference of interests and the apparent independence of each great section of the country of every other. But what an astonishing and inextricable mutual dependence has revealed itself, till this time increasing with the increase of causes of dissociation or severance; the centripetal ever counteracting the centrifugal forces, and in the very nick of time asserting new energy, until we are almost forced to believe the integrity of the Union a providential decree! Philosophers at one date alarmed the world by announcing disturbances in the solar system which must ultimately involve the earth, with its sister planets, in a common ruin. But a profounder science has detected the correcting influence, and demonstrated the stability of the solar universe. We have a confidence that an analogy to this will be found in the history of the American Union, which has thus far gloriously disappointed the predictions of foreign observers, and found unexpected correctives for those perturbations which threatened to destroy it. De Tocqueville has enumerated with his usual brilliancy most of the bonds which unite us, as well as the elements of discord and separation, and has expressed his apprehension that our rapid increase and unexampled prosperity would terminate in disunion. But he certainly misapprehended many symptoms from which he augured dissolution. He underrated the power of the central government, which he thought was growing weaker every day. Experience has shown, on the contrary, that the jealousy of centralization had reached its head about the very time he based his prophesy upon the supposition of its regular increase. There can be no question that the spirit in which nullification arose is very much abated; that the constitutional objections pleaded against internal improvements by the Federal Government are very much quieted; that the Senate has grown in authority and dignity; that local prejudices have been allayed and sectional ambition much rebuked. The last five years, the very period during which the most alarming extension of country has been witnessed,

have, notwithstanding all, done more to strengthen the central power than any period since the war of 1812. There is a steady growth of nationality among our people, a feeling that the States are merged in the Nation, and owe their power, importance and dignity in the eyes of the world to the Union and the General Government. The more frequent our intercourse with foreign powers, and the more plainly we see ourselves recognized as a great power by the other nations of the world, the greater must be our disposition to maintain the national existence, to which we owe our importance. Painful as the suspense was which attended the discussion of the North-Eastern boundary, and the Oregon question, who can doubt that those difficulties, and the treaties that resulted from them, by bringing our nation into direct comparison in diplomacy, in spirit, and in generosity, with Great Britain, did a great deal to strengthen our bonds at home, which are never weak, except when through prosperity we become forgetful of their value? The growing disposition abroad, to think and speak of us as one people, will, doubtless, increase the disposition at home to continue such. Add to this, that the importance of the real subjects of dispute or jealousy is daily lessening.

There is, probably, no subject which has jeopardized the union of these States so much as slavery. But the principal danger was at the outset of the discussion. The firmness and constitutional fidelity which the North and West have shown in regard to that institution, have quieted the apprehensions of the South. It has become perfectly plain, that no intention exists, anywhere in this country, to violate the chartered rights of the South. The policy agreed to by the North and West, is one in which the South itself concurs, if we may judge the matter by the course of their Coryphæus, Mr. Calhoun, viz. to abide by the compromises of the Constitution. Every indication exists, that abolition excitement has reached its head, and is exploding in every kind of extravagance and ultraism, until the calm and wise heads and hearts of the country are utterly alienated from all co-operation with it. Soon the economic view of the question, is to become the absorbing one, and the moment South-

ern intelligence takes *this* question into its own hands, healthier and more dispassionate views will be entertained on the subject at large, and the bands of union among the States will, we are persuaded, be drawn closer than ever. Every one must see that the cotton, sugar, and tobacco staples are every day losing their relative and preponderating importance among the exports of the country. It is perfectly plain, that the exports of the grain-growing regions—large portions of which belong to the middle and southern states—from this time forward must render the country less dependent, for credit in foreign markets, upon the more particular products of the South. This very month brings us fifteen millions in exchange from England, in return for our flour and meal. The Indian corn crop—a great Southern and Western staple—is already half as valuable as the cotton crop. The maple sugars of Vermont, New York and Ohio, exercise not a great but a decided influence upon the demand for Southern sugars. Tobacco, as is well known, is not more than half as valuable as it was, as the crop rapidly exhausts the lands producing it, which are then chiefly turned to the production of corn. These causes combined, must make the South less peculiar in its interests, less separate in its position, more inclined to compromise or co-operate with the other portions of the Union. Even now, a certain degree of attention to manufactures in Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee, shows that the entire reliance upon these staples is no longer practicable; and the Memphis Convention indicates clearly enough that the jealousy of Northern interests, the thorough anti-tariff policy, the anti-internal improvement war, are no longer to be uncompromisingly maintained. From these general and various considerations, we infer that disunion is not likely to proceed from the discussion of slavery, or from conflict of interests. To industrial change, bringing about a great community of labor and production, do we confidently look for the gradual dissipation of all sectional prejudices, in every part of the Union, and the growth in their stead of a lasting community of interest and regard.

Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, in one of the most pregnant speeches\* ever made on the floor of Congress, laid down some

\* House of Representatives, U. S. Feb. 11, 1845. The bill to admit the States of Iowa and Florida into the Union being under consideration in committee of the whole.



very remarkable and incontrovertible principles in respect to the stability of the Union. We know that his speech left a very deep impression upon the minds of thinking men, in all parts of the Union, whatever may have been the immediate response to a discourse so broad in its foundations, and grand in its proportions, as to require a distant and deliberate view. It was his object to demonstrate the safety and importance of allowing the West her due share of influence in the general councils of the nation. It is well known that when the Confederacy in 1780, was solicitous to obtain from the States, concessions of Western territory, it held out the promise that this territory should, under the conditions of the Constitution, be framed into independent States, "not less than one hundred, or more than one hundred and fifty miles square." Virginia, consequently, ceded all her territory west of the Ohio to the Federal Government, upon this promise, or condition. Now, the effect of this legislation would have been to create at least fourteen States west of the Ohio, to say nothing of Kentucky and Tennessee, giving to the country, beyond the Alleghanies, a majority of States in the Confederacy. This arrangement was made at a time, when the peopling of the great western valley went on so slowly, and when the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi was so difficult and little valued, that no jealousy existed of the Western power. But when the difficulties arose between Spain and the United States, as to the navigation of the Mississippi, the discussion brought its importance into public notice. Railroads, canals, and national roads had not then leveled the Alleghanies, and they were naturally regarded as interposing an everlasting barrier between the eastern Atlantic slope and the western valley. An opinion naturally sprung up, that the interests of the two regions would be for ever divided, and then it burst upon the Federal Government, that it had made such provisions that the balance of power would inevitably lie in the Western scale, where they had never dreamed of placing it. To obviate this, with the consent of Virginia, Congress, by the celebrated ordinance of 1787, which abolished slavery in the territory north-west of the Ohio, provided that it should be divided into not less than *three*, nor more than *five* States, thus restoring the balance to

the eastern division of the country. This jealousy and injustice—for the States thus laid out, both in territory and in population, are ten times the usual size of the New England States, and twice or thrice the size of the Middle and Southern States with two or three exceptions—grew out of the supposed permanent opposition of interests between the Atlantic States and the Western division of the country. But, as Mr. Vinton has shown, experience has proved that no such conflict, or even diversity of interests exists.

De Tocqueville had already remarked that the Alleghanies interposed no serious barrier between the East and West, for the mountains are themselves cultivable, and contain some of the richest slopes and most beautiful valleys in the world, and so far from dividing whole regions, do not even separate States, often lying, as in Virginia and Pennsylvania, in the very heart of a single sovereignty. Besides, at the North the fertile territory of New York offered an unbroken plain connecting the East and the West; and the lakes, by a blessed foresight secured as our northern boundary, form of themselves, with small interruptions, a great natural highway between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, in his celebrated report to the New York Assembly, has exhibited in the most graphic lines and with an enthusiasm as near poetical as the strictest mathematics would allow, the astonishing provisions which nature has made for a system of internal improvements, uniting the East and the West in the most cordial and indissoluble bonds. But Mr. Vinton has gone still further, and proved that the Alleghanies, so far from dividing, positively unite us; that they interpose just obstacle enough to form a strong party-wall holding up both sides; that the strength and union and intimacy of the East and West depend upon their distance from each other, the difference of their soil, the unlikeness of their interests and their reciprocal obligations. He has demonstrated that the balance of power is nowhere to be so safely placed as in the West; for the West has a greater stake and a more obvious interest in the union than the East, and quite as much as the South. It is perfectly plain that "that great fertile valley of the upper waters of the Mississippi, which spreads out from the sources of the Monongahela and Alle-

ghany rivers, to the head waters of the Missouri will always contain the heart and seat of the population of the Union." Of course it ought to have and will have the chief political power, and therefore it is a great question whether it is safe that the balance of power in this Union should lie there. Mr. Vinton, we repeat, has demonstrated this safety. He has shown, that the West is completely and forever dependent upon the markets of the Atlantic on the one hand and on the market of New Orleans on the other, so that it is impossible she should ever "inflict an injury upon the North or the South without feeling the full and fatal recoil of the blow she strikes." The East has understood this practically; as the Erie canal, the Western railroad, the Pennsylvania lines of internal connection with the Ohio river sufficiently attest. And the resolutions passed at the Memphis Convention show that Southern abstractions vanish before the touch of sober interests. Mr. Calhoun, wisely, if not consistently, teaches that the Mississippi river is an inland ocean, and as much entitled to the care of the general government as Lake Erie or the Chesapeake Bay; and he lays out a system of railways uniting the Mississippi with Savannah and Charleston, which rival the roads of Massachusetts in complexity of members and unity of result, to which he invites the patronage of government to the extent of a surrender of every other section of land, wherever the roads run through its territory, besides a remission of duties on railroad iron, equivalent to a bounty of \$2,000 a mile.\*

It is evident, then, that the prosperity of the West is bound up with the prosperity of the East and of the South. She must have a free, a regular, a constant and an increasing trade with the Atlantic, either by New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico, or through the lakes and the railroads across the country to the sea-board. There never was an hour when she could have fully felt how wholly dependent she is upon the East and her commerce until the present, when the starving population of Ireland, of France, of Scotland, are crying for her bread-stuffs, and when Eastern ships can alone bring the West and her foreign customers together. The home market she finds, too, is constantly increasing in import-

ance, and the West is therefore deeply interested in so far maintaining the system of manufactures by which the East thrives, as to allow the Northern Atlantic States to depend even more than they now do upon the Western granary. The West cannot intelligently suffer the Protective tariff to be destroyed by Southern prejudice; for every Eastern factory is her customer and puts a portion of its gains into her treasury. The home market is the sure market. The failure of foreign crops may give a temporary extra importance to what is always of much importance, the Transatlantic market; but a population regularly and increasingly dependent for its food upon the West is a more valuable customer. And the West must see this too clearly to adopt the ultra Free-trade notions of the South, which begins to flinch itself, as is apparent from the Memphis Convention.

If we add to this the evident mediatorial position of the West in respect to slavery, its half-way post in regard to all questions that divide the North and South, both in manners, sympathies, tastes, climate, democratic temper, and general civilization, we shall see a wonderful adaptation in its condition to allay the causes of mutual jealousy or hostility between other portions of the confederacy and to hold them for its own sake, if for no other reason, in peace and concord. For these reasons it would appear safe and desirable that the balance of power should pass to the West; and no danger to the Union is to be apprehended from the sudden and rapid growth of population and power in the valley of the Mississippi.

At this time greater apprehensions are doubtless felt for the permanency of the Union, from the spirit of conquest which seems to have seized our government, than from all other causes. The annexation of Texas seemed to be a disturbance of the mutual dependence of the parts of the country on each other. But, hating the extension it gave to slavery it did not really add a centrifugal territory to the Union, seeing that its connection with and dependence upon us, is much more direct and natural than with Mexico, from which it is divided by deserts and mountains. If that accession had not involved us in an unjust war and made it probable that the Southern

\* Opening Speech on taking the Chair of the South-western Convention, Nov. 13, 1845.

Question will be again agitated, we should be reconciled to it. We think the purchase of California would not be an unwise investment, for the sake of its ports alone—for its soil every day grows leaner and leaner as we acquire more reliable information in regard to it. But we have no apprehensions that the boundary of the United States will extend, for some generations, below the Nueces. If we owned territory there we could do nothing with it. Our population will have no tendency to run over in that direction until it has filled up many much more inviting and convenient territories. It is plain enough that the Administration are now looking out for a creditable opportunity of withdrawing our forces and of getting out of the Mexican scrape with as little more waste of powder and treasury notes as possible. We consider the aggressive war to be over in that direction, and are every day looking for the result of secret negotiations ending in peace. It is plain that the South has no interest in pressing the war. The North is wholly opposed to it. The West has nothing but a sort of 54° 40' excitement to work off in fight. The party is sick of it, and it is difficult to see what can induce or support the Administration in carrying it on. It can make no capital out of it. It has not been able to make a party question out of the supplies. The victors have been Whig generals. The treasury needs nursing. Mr. Polk is the object of universal abuse on both sides of the water and from all parties, and we are therefore convinced that the war must be brought to a close, not speedily to be resumed in that direction. We have very little fear, therefore, that an extension of our territory South by conquest, is to trouble us for a long time to come. It is as sure as the coming of time, that our people is destined to spill over on to Mexican soil as soon as the habitable portions of the West are filled up. Mr. Crittenden, in one of his happiest efforts in the Senate, ridiculed the idea, which the French Chambers with true French abstractionizing were then discussing—of the importance of preserving the balance of power by strengthening the antagonistic or anti-United States powers on this continent—by quoting the former advice which the Minister of

Foreign Affairs had given to Louis XV., to form an alliance with the Cherokees, in order to head our progress over the Alleghany Mountains! He well asked, what was to head the peaceful inevitable spread of a population which fifty years would change from twenty to a hundred millions? It is calculated, we believe, that the advance of the tide of population upon the Western frontier is at the rate of seventeen miles annually. It becomes a simple calculation, how soon, at this rate, we shall reach the Pacific ocean. And long before that time our cup must run over in the southern direction. That Mexico will ultimately fall a political prey, not to force, but to a superior population, insensibly oozing into her territories, changing her customs, and out-living, out-trading, exterminating her weaker blood, we regard with as much certainty, as we do the final extinction of the Indian races, to which the mass of the Mexican population seem very little superior; and we have no reason to doubt that this country will not have doubled its three centuries of existence, before South America will speak the English tongue and submit to the civilization, laws and religion of the Anglo-Saxon race. We, as a great civilized and Christian nation, have only to use all endeavors to have this tide of population regular and peaceful in its course—with no violence, or spirit of conquest; its sure progress we cannot help.

Such are some of the reasons for believing that the dissolution of the Union is less probable now than at any previous date of our existence, and thus that the only evil which seemed to cloud the glorious destiny before our race in this New World is not impending.

We have many things to say respecting the operation of the Institutions for which we have ventured to predict permanency, and on which for general reasons we set so lofty a value. The influence of the Democratic sentiment upon our social condition and our personal character is a theme rich in suggestions. We hope to meet our readers, at such intervals as convenience requires, upon this ground, to consider together whatever is new, peculiar, or important, for good or evil, in our national existence and social state.

## TO OBLIVION.

O uttermost Realm of the receding Past !  
 O clime, devoid of fragrancy and bloom ;  
 Thy mountains, with swart shadows overcast,  
     Lift up their pinnacles into skies of gloom,  
     Silent and vague and vast :  
     Thy forests hoar,  
 No storms with brave, majestic strains awaken ;  
 The waters slumber on the desolate shore  
 Of thy Dead Sea of Doom, forevermore  
 By the uplifting winds of earth and heaven forsaken.

No sun makes light thy dreary solitude  
 With frequent day ; no moons increase and wane ;  
 No stars ascend in the long nights that brood  
     Over thy motionless sea, and desert plain,  
     And petrifying wood :  
     There is no sound,  
 Even of the rustling of Night's cloud-like pinions :  
 For on the mountains, 'mid the gloom profound,  
 Sits awful Silence, like a monarch crown'd,  
 Enthroned forlornly o'er thy desolate dominions.

Far down in undiscoverable caves,  
 Within thy sea, th' heroic and the wise  
 Of the forgotten ages have their graves ;  
     There lie the wrecks of years and centuries,  
     Becalmed upon its waves :  
 No oracle, from thine abysses springing  
     Tells of the power and pride,  
     And beauty deified,  
     Which the sealed waters do forever hide :  
 No prophet crieth there, no Bard inspired is singing.

There fallen Error sleeps entombed for aye,  
 There underneath the pyramid of things  
 Moulder the throneless Tyrannies whose sway,  
     Scarce broken, haunts with feuds of slaves and kings  
     The shadowy East to-day :  
     There the enslaver,  
 And conqueror in peace and silence slumber,  
     From the mad dream, the thirst and the endeavor—  
     The idols without number  
 Of their ambition passed—and disenthralled forever.

Perchance, in thy serene and soundless deeps  
 The word of some inspired prophet slumbers ;  
 Perchance, thy stern, unyielding silence keeps  
     The lofty numbers,  
 Of some high Bard whose artful genius taught  
 Men to make musical their endless Thought---



Whose name, once by the nations loved and cherished,  
 A beacon in the sky of Time afar,  
     Like some descending star,  
 Upon thine echoless air hath fall'n and wholly perished.

O land of infinite mystery and wonder!  
 O clime, devoid of fragrancy and bloom!  
 No lightnings rend thy low-hung clouds asunder  
     And pierce the night of gloom,  
     Upon thy mountains evermore abiding:  
     No miracles dividing  
 The waters of thy stagnate sea, surrender  
     The forms of old from their forgetful doom,  
     No living fires thy void expanse illumine  
 With brightness like the glow of earth's primeval splendor!

What memories of glory and delight,  
 What myriad forms of undreamed loveliness,  
 Have died before our scarce awakened sight,  
 And lie enshrouded in thy dreamless Night,  
     We cannot know nor guess—  
     Nor prophesy  
 What types of Beauty next—what hues Elysian,  
 That make the real Present far outvie  
     The ideal Future's hope-illumined sky—  
 Will vanish evermore from our enchanted vision.

All forms that enter thy unknown domain,  
 All thou hast won of heroism and grace,  
 And beauty, from the vast ancestral Train  
     Of Ages back into thy boundless space  
     Shall charm us not again:  
     Alas! unwise—  
 Of its true Present our brief life beguiling—  
     We seek the phantom Past, that straightway flies  
     Into thy realm, nor with our tearful eyes,  
 The orient Future see, upon our sorrows smiling.

We are but voyagers weary, borne  
 Resistless to thine all-embracing deep;  
 It may be ours bewildered and forlorn  
 To breathe the prayer of Ajax for the dawn,  
     While fruitless watch we keep,  
 Patient to see the gloom-dispelling morn  
 With shining feet the mountain-peaks ascending:  
     It may be ours to search thy vague sky over,  
     Faint, breathless, to discover  
 Some Bow of Promise still above thy waters bending.

O whence this weakness? Whence this dumb despairing?  
 This shrinking from the battle-fields of life?  
 Lo! all true Being is in bravely sharing  
     The peril of the strife!

No more, O restless Heart! in idle sorrow,  
 Lose all thou hast  
 Believing in the Future thou canst borrow  
 Of the unyielding, unreturning Past!  
 Rather with all-persuasive deeds hold fast  
 The Present, which is thine, and fear not for the morrow.

Nor void of Beauty and of endless good,  
 Shall be our earth, O long enshadowed clime!  
 For it doth bear a noble Brotherhood  
 Of heroes who inherit lives sublime;  
 Whose lofty forms shall battle unsubdued  
 The elements of Time!  
 Whose names engraven, with the stars shall stand  
 In lines of luminous light,  
 Above the dim horizon of thy Land  
 Of outer Night!  
 Around whose lives there is an infinite glory—  
 Whose households and whose graves shall be a shrine—  
 Whose memories shall be deathless and divine  
 In after-poesy and art and classic story.  
*South Attleborough, Mass.*

I.

---

## LETTERS ON THE IROQUOIS,

BY SKENANDOAH :

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT GALLATIN, LL.D., PRESIDENT NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### LETTER IV.

Equality of the Nations—Special Privileges Explained—National Epithets—The Tuscaroras not admitted into an alliance fully equal.

It is apparent from the examination of such evidences as can be discovered, that the several Iroquois nations occupied positions of entire equality in the League, in rights, privileges, and obligations. Such special immunities as were granted to either, must be put down to the chances of location, and to the numerical differences at the institution of the Confederacy; since they neither indicate an intention to establish an unequal alliance, nor exhibit the exercise of privileges, by either nation, inconsistent with the principle of political equality, on which the confederation was founded.

The sources of information, from which this conclusion is drawn, are to be found in the mass of Iroquois traditions, and in the structure of the Confederacy

itself. Those traditions which reach beyond the formation of the League, are vague and unreliable, while all such as refer to its establishment assume a connected and distinctive form. It follows that confidence may be reposed in such inferences as are derived from these traditions, and corroborated by the internal structure of the government, and by the institutions of the Hodénosaunee.

There were provisions apparently vesting in certain nations superior authority, which it is desirable to introduce and explain. The most prominent was the unequal distribution of sachemships, indicating an unequal distribution of power: the Onondagas, for example, having fourteen sachems, while the Mohawks were entitled to but nine. It is true, *ceteris*

*paribus*, that a larger body of sachems would exercise greater influence in general counsel; but it will appear, when the mode of deciding questions is considered, that it gave no increase of power, for each nation had an equal voice, and a negative upon the others.

By another organic provision, the custody of the "Council Brand," and also of the "Wampum," in which the laws of the Confederacy "had been talked," was given by hereditary grant to the Onondagas. This is sufficiently explained by their central position, which made the council-fire in the Onondaga valley, in effect, the seat of government of the League. It was equally a convenience to all, and does not necessarily involve a preference enforced by superior power.

The Tadodahóh was likewise among the Onondaga sachems. Upon this point, it has heretofore been stated, that the higher degree of consideration attached to this title resulted exclusively from the exalted estimation in which the original Tadodahóh was held, on account of his martial prowess and achievements.

An apparent inequality between the nations of the League is also observable in the award of the two highest military chieftains to the Senecas. It will be sufficient, on this difficult feature in the system of the Iroquois to note, that when they constructed their political edifice, the Long-House, with its door opening upon the west, they admitted the supposition that all hostile onsets were to be expected from that direction; and on placing the Senecas as a perpetual shield before its western portal, these war-captains were granted, as among the means needful for its protection.

The Mohawks were receivers of tribute for subjugated nations. This hereditary privilege must be placed upon the same footing with the preceding. It may, perhaps, indicate that the nations upon their borders were in subjection.

Unequal terms in a Confederacy of independent nations would not be expected. True wisdom would dictate the principle of equality, as the only certain foundation on which a durable structure could be erected. That such was the principle adopted by the legislators of the Iroquois, is evinced by the equality of rights and immunities subsisting between the sachems of the League. Their authority was not limited to their own nation, but was co-extensive with the Confederacy. The Cayuga sachem, while in the midst

of the Oneidas, could enforce from them the same obedience that was due to him from his own people; and when in general council with his compeers, he had an equal voice in the disposal of all business which came before it. The special privileges enumerated, and some others which existed, were of but little moment when compared with the fact, that the nations were independent; and each had an equal participation in the administration of the government.

At the epoch of the League, the several nations occupied the territory between the Hudson and the Genesee, and were separated by much the same international boundaries, as at the period when they yielded up their sovereignty. From geographical position, or from relative importance, or yet, for the mere purpose of establishing between the nations relationships similar to those existing between the tribes, certain "rules of precedence and national ties were constituted between them. The nations were divided into two classes, or divisions; and when assembled in general council were arranged upon opposite sides of the "council-fire." On the one side stood the Mohawks, Onondagas, and Senecas, who as nations were regarded as brothers to each other, but as *fathers* to the remainder. Upon the other side were the Oneidas and Cayugas, and at a subsequent day, the Tuscaroras; who, in like manner, were brother nations by interchange, but *sons* to the three first. These divisions were in harmony with their system of relationships, or more properly formed a part of it. They may have secured for the senior nations increased respect, but they involve no idea of dependence in the junior, or inequality in civil rights.

When the nations were enumerated, the Mohawks were placed first; but for what reason is not precisely understood. In the councils of the Confederacy they were styled *Dá-gā-e-o-gā*, which became their national epithet. It was a term of respect, and signifies "neutral;" or, as some of the nations render it, "a speech divided." Its origin is lost in obscurity.

The Onondagas were placed next in the order of precedence, and were addressed in council by the appellation, *Ho-de-san-no-ge-ta*. This term signifies "Name Bearer;" and was conferred in commemoration of the circumstance, that the Onondagas bestowed the names upon the fifty original sachems. It was a privilege of some moment, as these "names"

were to descend from generation to generation, upon the successive rulers of the Hodénosaunee.

Next in order stood the Senecas, justly proud of their national designation, *Hon-an-ne-ho-ont*, or "The Door Keeper." To them, as elsewhere remarked, belonged the hereditary guardianship of the door of the Long-House.

The Oneidas occupied the fourth place in the Iroquois order of precedence, and originally had no appellation by which they were distinguished. At a subsequent and quite modern period, the epithet, *Ne-ar-de-on-dar-go-war*, or "Great Tree," was conferred upon them by their confederators. This name was seized upon from some occurrence at a treaty with the people of Wastow, or Boston.

Of the five original nations, the Cayugas were placed last in the enumeration. They were designated in council by the appellation, *So-nus-ho-gwar-to-war*, signifying "Great Pipe." Tradition refers this epithet to the incident, that the leading Cayuga chief in attendance at the council, which established the Confederacy, smoked a pipe of unusual dimensions and workmanship.

The admission of the Tuscaroras having been long subsequent to the formation of the League, they were never received into an equal alliance with the other nations. After their disastrous overthrow and expulsion from North Carolina, they turned towards the country of Iroquois; and were admitted about the year 1715 as the sixth nation, into the Confederacy. But they were never allowed to have a sachem, who could sit as an equal in the council of sachems. The five nations were unwilling to enlarge the number of sachemships founded at the institution of the League. For purposes of national government, however, they were organized like the other nations, with similar tribes, relationships, laws, and institutions. They also enjoyed a nominal equality in the councils of the League, by the courtesy of the other five, and their sachems and war-chiefs were "raised up" with the same ceremonies. They were not dependent, but were admitted to as full equality as could be granted them, without enlarging the frame-work of the Confederacy. In the councils of the League, they had no national designation.

#### LETTER V.

Councils of the Iroquois.—They were in effect the Government—Influence of Public Sentiment—Oratory—Tendency of all Public and Domestic Affairs to these Councils—Of three distinct species: Civil, Mourning, and Religious.

In an oligarchy, wherein the administrative power is vested in the members of the Ruling Body jointly, a Council of the Oligarchs becomes the instrumentality through which the will of this body is ascertained and enforced. For this reason, the councils of the Iroquois are important subjects of investigation. By them were exercised all the legislative and executive authority incident to the Confederacy, and necessary for its security against outward attack and internal dissensions. When the sachems of the League were not assembled around the general council-fire, the government itself had no visible existence. Upon no point, therefore, can an examination be better directed, to ascertain the degree of power vested in the Ruling Body; and the manner in which their domestic administration and political relations were conducted. When the sachems were scattered, like the people, over a large territory, they exercised a local and indi-

vidual authority in the matters of everyday life; or in national council, adjusted by their joint wisdom the affairs of their respective nations. Those higher and more important concerns, which interested the race at large, were reserved to the sachems of the Confederacy in general council. In this council resided the animating principle by which their political machinery was moved. It was, in effect, the government.

The oligarchical form of government is not without its advantages, although indicative of a low state of civilization. A comparison of views, by the agency of a council, would at any time be favorable to the development of talent. It was especially the case among the Iroquois, in consequence of the greater diversity of interests, and more extended reach of affairs, incident to several nations in Confederations. Events of greater magnitude would spring up in the midst of a flourishing Confederacy, than in a nation



of inconsiderable importance; and it is demonstrated by the political history of all governments, that men develop intelligence in exact proportion to the magnitude of the events with which they become identified. For these reasons, the Confederacy was favorable to the production of men, higher in capacity among the Iroquois, than those nations would bring forth, whose institutions and system of government were inferior.

The extremely liberal character of the oligarchy of the Iroquois, is manifested by the "*modus procedendi*" of these councils. It is obvious that the sachems were not set over the people as arbitrary rulers, to legislate as their own will might dictate irrespective of the popular voice; on the contrary, there is reason to believe that a public sentiment sprung up on questions of general interest, which no council felt at liberty to disregard. By deferring all action upon such questions until a council brought together the sachems of the League, attended by a concourse of inferior chiefs and warriors, an opportunity was given to the people to judge for themselves, and to take such measures as were necessary to give expression and force to their opinions. If the band of warriors became interested in the passing questions, they held a council apart, and having given it a full consideration, appointed an orator to communicate their views to the sachems, their "*Patres Conscripti*." In like manner would the chiefs, and even the women proceed, if they entertained opinions which they wished to urge upon the consideration of the council. From the publicity with which the affairs of the Confederacy were conducted, and the indirect participation in their adjustment, thus allowed the people, a favorable indication is afforded of the democratic spirit of the government.

Oratory, from the constitutional organization of the "council," was necessarily brought into high repute. Questions involving the safety of the race, and the preservation of the League, were frequently before it. In those warlike periods, when the Confederacy was moving onward amid incessant conflicts with contiguous nations; or, perchance, resisting sudden tides of migratory population; there was no dearth of those exciting

causes—of those emergencies of peril, which rouse the spirit of a people, and summon into activity their highest energies. Whenever events converged to such a crisis, the council was the first resort; and there, under the pressure of dangers, and in the glow of patriotism, the eloquence of the Iroquois flowed as pure and spontaneous as the springs of their own Mohawk, or the head-waters of Cayuga.

The Indian has a quick and enthusiastic appreciation of eloquence. Highly impulsive in his nature, and with passions untaught of restraint, he is strongly susceptible of its influence. By the cultivation and exercise of this capacity, was opened the pathway to distinction; and the chief or warrior gifted with its magical power, could elevate himself as rapidly as he who gained renown upon the war-path. With the Iroquois, as with the Romans, the two professions, oratory and arms,\* could establish men in the highest degree of personal consideration, "*in amplissimo gradu dignitatis*," known to each respectively. To the ambitious Roman in the majestic days of the republic, and to the proud Hodénosaunee in his sylvan house, the two pursuits equally commended themselves; and in one or the other alone, could either expect success.

It is a singular fact, resulting from the structure of Indian institutions, that nearly every transaction, whether social or political, originated or terminated in a council. This universal and favorite mode of doing business, became interwoven with all the affairs of public and private life. Public transactions of every name and character were planned, scrutinized, and adopted in council. The succession of their rulers; their athletic games, dances, and feasts; and their social intercourse, were identified with councils. In the same manner, the mass of their religious observances were indissolubly connected with these assemblies. The Maple Dance, or "Thanks to the Maple;" the Strawberry Feast, or "Offering of first-fruits to the Great Spirit;" the Harvest Corn, and Green Corn Worship, were only observed through the instrumentality of a council. It may be said that the life of the Iroquois was either spent in the chase, or the war-path, or at the council-fire. They formed the

\* *Duæ sunt artes quæ possunt locare homines in amplissimo gradu dignitatis; una imperatoris, altera orationis boni: ab hoc enim pacis ornamenta retinentur; ab illo belli pericula repelluntur.*—CICERO PRO MURÆNA, § 14.

three leading objects of his existence; and it would be difficult to determine for which he possessed the strongest predilection. Regarding them in this light, and it is believed they are not overestimated, a narrative of these councils would furnish an accurate and copious history of the Iroquois, both political and social. The absence of these records, now irreparable, has greatly abridged the fullness, and diminished the accuracy of our abridged history.

The councils of the League were of three distinct kinds; and they may be distinguished under the heads of civil, mourning, and religious. Their civil councils, (*Ho-dé-os-seh*), were such as convened to transact business, with foreign nations, and to regulate the internal administration of the Confederacy. The mourning councils, (*Hen-nun-donuh-seh*), were those summoned to raise

up sachems and war-chiefs to fill such vacancies as had been occasioned by death or deposition, and also to ratify the investiture of such chiefs, as the nations had raised up in reward of public services. Their religious councils, (*Gä-e-we-yo-do Ho-de-os-hen-dä-ko*), as the name imports, were devoted to religious observances.

No event of any importance ever transpired without passing under the cognizance of one of these species of councils, earlier or later, for all affairs seem to have converged towards them by a natural and inevitable tendency. An exposition of the mode of summoning each of their respective powers and jurisdiction, and of the manner of transacting business, may serve to unfold the workings of their political system, their social relations, and the range of their intellectual capacities.

#### LETTER VI.

The *Ho-de-os-seh*, or Civil Council—Each Nation had the power of Summoning—The Belt, or the Notification—Mode of proceeding—Unanimity of the Sachems—Singular method of reaching unanimity—The Decision—Powers of the Civil Council—Its Dignity and Order—Vigor of the League—Its Prospects at the Era of Dutch Discovery.

The name *Ho-dé-os-seh*, by which the Iroquois designated a civil council, signifies "advising together," or "counseling;" and was bestowed upon any congress of sachems which convened to take charge of the public relations of the League, or to provide for its internal administration. Each nation had power, under established regulations, to convene such a council, and prescribe the time and place of convocation.

If the Envoy of a foreign people desired to submit a proposition to the Confederacy, and applied to the Senecas for that purpose, the sachems of the nation would first determine whether the question was of sufficient importance to authorize a council. If they arrived at an affirmative conclusion, they immediately sent out runners to the Cayugas, the nearest nation in position, with a belt of wampum. This belt announced that on a certain day thereafter, at such a place, and for such and such purposes, stating them, a council of the Confederacy would assemble. The Cayugas retained the belt as the evidence of the message, or rather as the message itself: but sent forward another to the Onondagas, with a similar purport. In turn, the Ononda-

gas, reserving the belt of the Cayugas, sent on runners bearing one of their own, of like import, to the Oneidas. The Oneidas then notified the Mohawks. Each nation, within its own confines, spread the information far and near, and thus, in a space of time astonishingly brief, intelligence of the council was heralded from one extremity of the Confederacy to the other.

It produced a stir among the people in proportion to the magnitude and importance of the business to be transacted. If the subject was calculated to arouse a deep feeling of interest, one common impulse, from the Hudson to Niagara, and from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehannah, drew them towards the council-fire. Sachems, chiefs, and warriors, women and even children, deserted their hunting grounds, and their woodland seclusions, and putting themselves upon the trail, literally flocked to the place of council. When the day arrived, a multitude had gathered together from the most remote and toilsome distances; but yet animated by an unquenchable spirit of hardihood and endurance.

Their mode of opening a council, and of proceeding with the business before it,

was extremely simple ; yet dilatory, when contrasted with the modes of civilized life. Questions were usually reduced to single propositions, calling for an affirmative or negative response ; and were thus either adopted or rejected. When the sachems were assembled in the midst of their people, and all were in readiness to proceed, the envoy was introduced before them. One of the sachems, by previous appointment, then arose ; and having thanked the Great Spirit for his continued beneficence in permitting them to meet together, he informed the envoy that the council was prepared to hear him upon the business for which it had convened.\* The council being thus opened, the representative proceeded to unfold the objects of his mission. He submitted his propositions in regular form, and sustained them by such arguments as the case required. The sachems listened with earnest and respectful attention to the end of his address, that they might clearly understand the questions to be decided and answered. After the envoy had concluded his speech he withdrew from the council, as was customary, to await at a distance the result of its deliberations. It then became the duty of the sachems to agree upon an answer ; in doing which, as would be expected, they passed through the ordinary routine of speeches, consultations, and animated discussions. Such was the usual course of proceeding in an Iroquois council. Variations might be introduced by circumstances.

At this place another peculiar institution of the *Hodénosaunee* is presented. All the sachems of the league, in whom originally was vested the entire civil power, were required to be of "one mind," to give efficacy to their legislation. Unanimity was a fundamental law. The idea

of majorities and minorities was entirely unknown to our Indian predecessors in their day of political prosperity ; and not until this principle was thrust upon them by our government, when they had become dependent, did they relinquish the more congenial principle of unanimity.

To hasten their deliberations to a conclusion, and ascertain the result, they adopted an expedient which dispensed entirely with the necessity of casting votes. The founders of the confederacy, seeking to obviate as far as possible, altercation in council, and to facilitate their progress to unanimity, divided the sachems of each nation into classes, usually of two and three each, as will be seen by referring to the table of sachemships. Each sachem was forbid to express an opinion in council, until he had agreed with the other sachem or sachems of his class, upon the opinion to be expressed, and had received an appointment to act as speaker for the class. Thus the eight Seneca sachems, being in four classes, could have but four opinions ; the ten Cayuga sachems but four. In this manner each class was brought to unanimity within itself. A cross consultation was then held between the four sachems who represented the four classes, and when they had agreed, they appointed one of their number to express their resulting opinion, which was the answer of the nation. The several nations having by this ingenious method become of "one mind" separately, it only remained to compare their several opinions to arrive at the final sentiment of all the sachems of the league. This was effected by a cross conference between the individual representatives of the several nations ; and when they had arrived at unanimity, the answer of the Confederacy was determined.†

\* The following speech of a Seneca chief, (*Go-ne-ska-sa-ah*), at the opening of a council, will furnish an illustration. Addressing the sachems and people around him, he said, "It is proper, in compliance with our customs at the opening of councils, that we should thank the Great Spirit that we are still in health, and able to meet together." Then turning to the individual whom they had assembled to meet, he continued, "Brother : it was appointed that we should meet here this day, to listen to your words. We, therefore, thank the Great Spirit that he has spared our lives, and permitted us to do so. We are ready to listen."

† The Senate of the United States, by a resolution passed June 11th, 1838, committed a great act of injustice upon the Seneca Indians, unintentionally, no doubt ; and prepared the way for their total extirpation. This resolution abrogated their unanimity principle, by authorising a majority of their chiefs to make a treaty with the Ogden Land Company, for the sale of their lands in Western New York. In December of that year, this vigilant company forced a treaty upon the Senecas, under very questionable circumstances. It was well known that 15-16ths of the people, almost the entire nation, were unwilling to sell ; yet the company, having a resolution of the Senate under which to shelter themselves, procured by their own efforts, now resorted to the quick and only expedient of purchasing the votes of a majority of the chiefs. The proceedings, by which this end was finally accom-

The sovereignty of the nations, by this mode of giving assent, was not only preserved, but made subservient to the effort itself to secure unanimity. If any sachem was obdurate or unreasonable, influences were brought to bear upon him which he could not well resist; and it was seldom that inconvenience resulted from their inflexible adherence to the rule. When, however, all efforts to produce unanimity failed of success, the whole matter was laid aside. Farther action became at once impossible. In the manner stated a result, either favorable or adverse, having been reached, it was communicated to the envoy by a speaker selected for the purpose. This orator was always chosen from the nation with whom the council originated; and it was usual for him to review the whole subject presented to the council in a formal speech; and at the same time to announce the conclusions to which the sachems of the confederacy had arrived. This concluding speech terminated the business of the council, and the Indian diplomatist took his departure.

Among the general powers residing in the civil council may be enumerated those of declaring war and making peace, of admitting new nations into the league, or of incorporating fragments of nations into those existing, of extending jurisdiction over subjugated territory, of levying tribute, of sending and receiving embassies, of forming alliances, and of enacting and executing laws. The national sovereignties were silent under the central administration of all those affairs which pertained to the league.

The war against the Eries (*Sag-aneh-gā*), which resulted in the extermination or expulsion of that nation from the western part of this State, about the year 1653, was declared by the sachems of

the Iroquois in general council. The French war, also, which they waged with such indomitable courage and perseverance so many years, was resolved upon in the same manner. Their traditions record other struggles with Indian nations, some of which were engaged in by the Confederacy, and others either commenced or assumed by a nation separately. At the beginning of the American Revolution, the Iroquois could not agree in council to make war as a confederacy upon our confederacy. A number of the Oneida sachems firmly resisted the assumption of hostilities, and thus defeated the measure as an act of the league, for the want of unanimity. Some of the nations, however, especially the Mohawks, were so interlinked with the British, that neutrality was impossible. Under this pressure of circumstances it was resolved in council to suspend the rule, and leave each nation to engage in the war upon its own responsibility.

In the councils of the Iroquois, the dignity and order, ever preserved, have become proverbial. The gravity of Nestor was exemplified by their sages; and more than the harmony of the Grecian chiefs existed among their sachems. In their elevation to the highest degree of political distinction ever reached by any Indian race, except the Aztecs, the clearest evidence is presented of the wisdom and prudence with which these councils watched over the public welfare. Establishing the seat of government, or the council brand, in the central valley of Onondaga, the dignitaries of the league were wont to gather around it as their usual place of convocation, and legislate over the affairs of nearly half of the present Republic. Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and a part of the peninsula of Mich-

---

plished, were utterly objectionable, as is abundantly proved by printed documents, now before the Senate. There were eighty-one chiefs, placing the three classes of chiefs upon a level; and but forty-one needed to the treaty. It is represented that \$200,000 were set apart as the *means of negotiation*; that to ten chiefs they paid \$30,000 in bribes; that others were plied with rum until intoxicated, and then made to sign; that still others were made chiefs by a sham election, and their signatures then taken; while yet others signed the treaty as chiefs who were not so in fact. Several days were consumed in perfecting the work, and the desired majority was obtained. After a long and angry controversy, in which the red-men struggled in vain for justice, the Senate finally ratified it by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The Indians refused to own the treaty, and the government were unwilling to execute it. A compromise, in 1842, was effected, by which two reservations were released from the operation of the treaty, on conditions that the Indians would sacrifice the other two. The Tonawanda and Buffalo reserves were thus sold a second time. The Tonawanda Band, never having signed either treaty, still refuse to deliver possession; and it is a question yet to be decided, whether the Tonawanda Senecas shall be deprived of their homes, without their consent, or without an equivalent paid. The land is worth on an average \$16 per acre, and the treaty allows them \$1 67.



igan, with a portion of the Canadas, constituted the circuit of their possessions. At Onondaga they matured their plans of conquest, and kindled the fires of patriotism. In the execution of an enterprise projected by the council, or in the natural exercise of that warlike spirit which resulted from their growing prosperity, a band of Mohawks, perchance, would be seen upon the hills of New England; while at the same moment the war-shout of the Senecas would be heard in the valleys of the Cherokees; or among the Sioux upon the Mississippi. Their activity was unbounded; their hardihood knew no exhaustion; their fortitude no submission. Adjacent nations beheld their rising empire with terror and alarm, as they encountered the Iroquois upon every war-path, from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and from the St. Lawrence to the Tennessee.

Before the white man had planted his footsteps upon the red-man's trail; or the Old World had knowledge of the New, these boundless territories had been the scene of human conflicts; and of the rise and fall of Indian sovereignties. Isolated nations, by some superiority of institutions or casual advantage of location, spring up with an energetic growth; and for a season spread their dominion far and wide. After a brief period of prosperity they were borne back by adverse fortune into their original obscurity. The reason must be sought in the unsubstantial nature of their political structures. It was the merit of the Iroquois, to rest themselves upon a more durable founda-

tion, by the establishment of a confederacy. This alliance between their nations, they cemented by the stronger and more imperishable bands of the Tribal League. At the epoch of Saxon occupation, they were rapidly building up an empire, which threatened the absorption or extermination of the whole Indian race, between the chain of lakes on the north, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. Their power had become sufficient to set at defiance all hostile invasions from contiguous nations; and to preclude the idea of subjugation. A nationality of character, and unity of interest, had resulted from the relationships by which they were blended together; and above all the Confederacy, while it suffered no loss of numbers by emigrating bands, was endued with a capacity for indefinite expansion. At the period of the discovery, the Aztecs on the South, and the Iroquois in the North, were the only Indian races upon the Continent whose institutions promised at maturity, to ripen into civilization. Such was the condition and prospects of the Indian League, when Hendrick Hudson, more than two centuries since (1609), sailed up the river which constituted their eastern boundary. This silent voyage of the navigator may be regarded as the opening event, in the series, which resulted in reversing the political prospects of the Hodénosaunee, and in introducing into their Long-House an invader, more relentless in his purposes, and more invincible in arms than the red-man against whose assaults it had been erected.

#### LETTER VII.

Succession of the Sachems of the Confederacy—The Hen-nun-do-nu-seh, or Mourning Council—Convened by the Nation which had lost a Sachem—Attendance of the People—Its numerous Ceremonies—Wampum, and its uses—The Succession of Rulers free from Strife—Degree of Social Intercourse—Festivities.

The succession of the Ruling Body, whether secured by election, or by laws of inheritance, is an event of deep importance to the people, whose personal security and welfare are to a large extent under the guardianship of their rulers. It seems to have been the aim of the Hodénosaunee to avoid the dangers of an hereditary transmission of power, without fully adopting the opposite principle of a free election, founded upon merit and capacity. Their system was a modification of the two opposite rules; and claims the merit of originality, as well as

of adaptation to their social and political condition.

It is in accordance with the principles, and necessary to the existence of an oligarchy, that the ruling body should possess a general, if not absolute, authority over the admission of new members into its number; and over the successions where the vacancies are occasioned by death. In some respects the oligarchy of the Iroquois was wider than those of antiquity. The tribes retained the power of designating successors, independent of the oligarchs; while, for the security

of the latter, the number was limited by the fundamental law. It was the province of the ruling body to "raise up" the sachems selected by the tribes, and to invest them with office. In the ancient oligarchies, which were less liberal and much less systematic in their construction, the whole power of making rulers appears to have been appropriated by the rulers themselves.

To perform the ceremony adverted to, of "raising up" sachems and war-chiefs, and of confirming the investiture of such chiefs as had previously been raised up by a nation, the Mourning Council was instituted. Its name, *Hen-nun-do-nu-seh*, signifies, with singular propriety, "a Mourning Council;" as it embraced the two-fold object, of lamenting the deceased with suitable solemnities, and of establishing a successor in the sachemship, made vacant by his demise.

Upon the death of a sachem or war-chief, the nation in which the loss had occurred, had power to summon a council, and designate the day and place. If the Oneidas, for example, had lost a ruler, they sent out runners at the earliest convenient day, with "belts of invitations" to the sachems of league, and to the people at large, to assemble around their national council-fire at *Ko-no-a-lo-ha-la*.\* The invitation was circulated with the same celerity, and with the same forms as in convoking a civil council. These belts, or the strings of wampum, sent out on such occasions, conveyed a laconic message: "the name" of the deceased (mentioning it) "calls for a council." It also announced the place and the time.

The name and the appeal fell not in vain upon the ear of the Iroquois. There was a potency in the name itself which none could resist. It penetrated every seclusion of the forest; and reached every canneshoot upon the hill side, on the margin of the lakes, or in the deep solitudes of the wood. No warrior, wise man, or chief, failed to hear or could withstand the call. A principle within was addressed, which ever responded—respect and veneration for the sachems of the Confederacy.

For these councils, and the festivities with which they were concluded, the *Hodénosaunee* ever retained a passionate fondness. No inclemency of season, nor

remoteness of residence, nor frailties of age or sex, offered impassable obstructions. To that hardy spirit which led the Iroquois to traverse the war-paths of the distant south and west, and to leave their hunting trails upon the *Cohongoronton*† and *Oheeyo*,‡ the distance to a council within their immediate territories would present inconsiderable hindrances. From *Icanderago*,§ and *Kolānekā*,|| among the Mohawks, to *Gā-nun-dā-gwa*,¶ and *Gā-no-wau-ges*,\*\* in the territory of the Senecas, they forsook their hunting-grounds, and their encampments, and put themselves upon the trail for the council-fire. Old men, with gray hairs and tottering step; young men in the vigor of youth; warriors, inured to the hardships of incessant strife; children looking out, for the first time, upon life; and women, with their infants encased in the *gaonseh*, all performed the journey with singular rapidity and endurance. From every side they bent their footsteps towards the council; and when the day arrived, a large concourse of warriors, chiefs, wise men, and sachems, from the most remote as well as subjacent parts of the Confederacy greeted each other beside the council-fire of the Oneidas.

This council, although entirely of a domestic character, was conducted with many ceremonies. Before the day, announced by the belt, arrived, the several nations entered the country of the Oneidas in separate bands, and encamped at a distance from the council-house. To advance at once, would have been a violation of Iroquois usages. Runners were sent on by the approaching nation to announce its arrival; and it remained thus encamped until the Oneidas had signified their readiness for its reception. On the day appointed, if the necessary arrangements had been perfected, a rude reception ceremony opened the proceedings. The several nations in separate trains, each one preceded by its civil and military dignitaries, drew simultaneously towards the council-fire, and were received and welcomed by the Oneidas in a stately manner. Upon the completion of this ceremony, the people arrayed themselves in two divisions. The Mohawks, Onondagas, and Senecas, who, as elsewhere stated, were brother nations to each other, and fathers to the other three,

\* Oneida Castle.  
‡ Johnstown.

† Potomack. ‡ Ohio.  
¶ Canandaigua.

§ Fort Hunter, or Lower Mohawk Castle.  
\*\* Avon.

seated themselves upon one side of the fire. On the other side were arranged the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras, who, in like manner, were brothers to each other, but sons to the three first. By their peculiar customs, if the deceased sachem belonged to either of the three elder nations, he was lamented as a father by the three junior; and it became the duty of the latter to perform the ceremony of lamentation prescribed by their usages, for the deceased, and after that, the ceremony of raising up his successor. If, on the contrary, the departed ruler belonged to either of the junior nations, as in the case supposed, it cast upon the elder nations the duty of lamenting his death as a son, in the customary form, and of installing a successor in the vacant sachemship.

These observances were performed with the accustomed gravity and earnestness of the red-man; and were, in themselves, neither devoid of interest, nor unadapted to impress the mind. The lament was a tribute to the virtues, and to the memory of the departed chief;—the mourning scene, in which, not only the tribe and nation of the deceased, but the Confederacy itself participated. Surely, a more delicate testimonial of affection than our predecessors are usually supposed to have manifested. The ceremony of raising up a successor, which followed, was a succession of musical chants, with choruses, intermingled with speeches and responses. Upon the whole scene, rendered wild and picturesque by the variety of costumes, there rested a spirit of silence and solemnity which invested it with singular interest.

A prominent part of the ceremonial consisted in the repetition of their ancient laws and usages; and in an exposition of the structure and principles of the League, for the instruction of the newly-inducted rulers. In the midst of each division, the chief personages of the elder and junior nations were grouped together. Between the two groups of sachems the wise-man, who conducted the observances, walked to and fro repeating those traditionary lessons, and unfolding those regulations, which had been handed down

from the foundation of the Confederacy. Some of them were salutary and instructive; while the most were indicative of wisdom and forethought. Among the injunctions left by Daganoweda, the founder of the League, there was one designed to impress upon their minds the necessity of union and harmony. It was clothed in a figurative dress, as is the custom of the red-man when he would produce a vivid impression. He enjoined them to plant a tree with four roots, branching severally to north, south, east and west. Beneath its shade the sachems of the Confederacy must sit down together in perpetual unity, if they would preserve the stability of the League, or secure the advantages it was calculated to bestow. If they did so, the power of the Hodénosaunee would be planted as firmly as the oak, and the blasts of adverse fortune would beat upon it in vain.

The laws explained at different stages of the ceremonial, were repeated from strings of wampum\* into which they "had been talked" at the time of their enactment. In the Indian method of expressing the idea, the string, or the belt, can tell, by means of an interpreter, the exact law or transaction of which it was made, at the time, the sole evidence. It operates upon the principle of association, and thus seeks to give fidelity to the memory. These strings and belts were the only visible records of the Iroquois; and were of no use except by the aid of those special personages who could draw forth the secret records locked up in their remembrance.

It is worthy of note that but little importance was attached to a promise or assurance of a foreign power, unless belts or strings were given to preserve it in recollection. Verbal propositions, or those not confirmed by wampum, were not considered worthy of special preservation.† As the laws and usages of the Confederacy were entrusted to the guardianship of such strings, one of the Onondaga sachems (Honowenato) was constituted "Keeper of the Wampum," and was required to be versed in its interpretation.

On these occasions the wise-man, who officiated, interpreted strings from time

\* Wampum is made of various colored sea shells, which are cut into small, well-finished beads. Some of the strings were three feet in length and contained fifteen or twenty strans. Those now in the possession of the Onondagas and Senecas are regarded as sacred. They pretend to be ignorant of their origin and manufacture.

† The English always gave belts to confirm their words. The Americans were seldom in the habit of doing it.

to time, and carried them from one division of sachems to the other. In reply, as many others were subsequently returned with similar forms and explanations. In this manner, with a multitude of forms and ceremonies, were their sachems raised up, consuming the greater part of a day in their repetition. The proceedings were closed with a presentation of the newly-invested rulers to the people, under the names of their respective sachemships, which, from that day forth, they were permitted to assume.

Up to this stage of the Council, neither gaiety nor mirthfulness were exhibited by the old or young. The people were in mourning for the deceased, and rendering the last acts of public respect. When, however, these offices had been performed, and the places left vacant among the rulers had been filled, the seasons for lamentation disappeared, and, with them, the outward signs. The evening was given up to feasting, and to their religious and domestic dances. It was not uncommon to spend several days in these festivities; devoting the days in succession to athletic games, and the evenings to the feast and to the social dance.

The succession, under these simple regulations, was rendered entirely free from turmoil and strife; and became not only an easy transaction, but an imposing, and, to them, instructive ceremonial. Upon the sachems was bestowed sufficient control over the transmission of the sachemships for their own protection; while the still more important power of naming those to be raised up, and of deposing the unfaithful, (which was retained by the tribes,) secured the people from oppression and misgovernment.

A wider dissimilarity than subsists between the institutions of our Indian predecessors and our own, cannot be easily conceived. They are as unlike as the races themselves in their essential characteristics. If, however, a correct impression is desired of the state of society, political and social, in which the Iroquois have existed, and in which they have developed whatever of character they possessed, it must be sought in their customs and institutions; it must be furnished by the practical operation of that stupendous system of inter-relationships by which they were bound together, and from which every act in their social intercourse received a tinge.

The degree of social intercourse be-

tween the nations of the Confederacy was much greater than would at first be suggested. In the pursuits of the chase and of conquest, and in attendance upon Councils, they traversed the whole territory far and near. The distance and rapidity of their expeditions almost exceed belief. A practiced runner would traverse a hundred miles per day, and war parties move one half the distance. Their trails penetrated the forest in every direction, and their main thoroughfares were as well beaten as the highways now passing over the same lines. With their habits of traveling over the whole area of the State, they were doubtless more familiar than ourselves with its hills and plains, rivers and lakes; its wild retreats and forest concealments. Much of their social intercourse, especially between the nations, was around their council-fires. The Councils themselves formed a bond of union, and drew them together instinctively. They furnished the excitements and the recreations of Indian life, as well as relieved the monotony of peace. It was here they recounted their exploits upon the war-path, or listened to the eloquence of favorite chiefs. Here they offered tributes of respect to those deceased sachems who had rendered themselves illustrious by public services; or listened to the laws and regulations of their ancestors, which were explained by their sages in the ceremonial of raising up successors. It was here, also, that they celebrated their athletic games with Olympic zeal; and joined in those national dances, some of which were indescribably beautiful and animated.

Custom required the particular tribe in which sachems had been raised up, to furnish a daily entertainment to the multitude during the continuance of the council. The pursuits of the day were suspended as the shades of evening began to fall, and they all sat down to a common repast, which the matrons of the tribe had prepared. After the business, upon which the council convened, had been consummated, each day in succession was devoted to the simple but diversified amusements of Indian life; the twilight to the feast; and the evening to the social dance. The wild notes of their various tunes, accompanied by the turtle-shell rattle and the drum; the bells, which entered into the costumes of the warriors, and the noise of the moving throng; all united, sent forth a "sound of revelry" which fell with strange accents



in the hours of night, upon the solemn stillness of the woods. This sound of pleasure and amusement was continued from day to day, until pleasure itself became satiety, and amusement had lost its power to please.

When the spirit of festivity had become exhausted, the fire of the Hennundonuseh was raked together; and the several nations, separately, bent their way homeward through the forest. Silence once more resumed her sway over the deserted

scene; resolving into stillness the lingering hum of the dissolving council, and the subsiding notes of merriment. Obscurity next advanced with stealthy mien, and quickly folding the incidents of this sylvan pageant in her dusky mantle, she bore them, with their associations, their teachings, and their remembrances, into the dark realm of Oblivion; from whence their recall would be as hopeless as would the last shout which rung along the valley.

#### LETTER VIII.

Original ideas of Divinity—Hä-wen-née-yu, the Great Spirit—The Gā-e-we-yo-do Hode-os-hen-dā-ko or Religious Council—Summoned by either Nation—Mode of proceeding—Religious Discourses—Beautiful Benedictions—Dancing, a mode of Worship—The Religious Dance—Passion for Amusements—Nothing progressive in Indian Society—Quere, Whether the Institutions of the Iroquois would ever have elevated them from the Hunter State?

The Greeks discovered divinity in every object of external nature; in the elements of earth and air—in the rivulet, the mountain and the sea. Wherever the mind could penetrate the mysteries of Nature and of Creation, divinity was the end of all research—the terminus of all meditation. Following, as they did, the spontaneous suggestions of a vivid imagination, they ascended from the divided elements and features of nature, up to their several supposed divinities. Herein was the first great error of civilized man; originating, too, in the earliest buddings of his intellect. The first suggestions of an unfolding and reflecting mind led it to grasp at Deity in a multitude of fragments, as shadowed forth by the works of creation; rather than to ascend through these evidences up to the real Presence—the indivisible and eternal God.

While in another hemisphere, shut out from the teachings of the former, the Indian, without the aid of knowledge or revelation, ascended from united nature up to the Great Spirit—its sole original and source. His vision did not rest upon Olympus, or other earthly habitations of imaginary deities, but looked above it, towards the realm of the supreme intelligence. The mind of the Iroquois was strongly imbued with religious tendencies. A reverential regard for Hä-wen-née-yu\* was observable in their social proceedings as a race; manifesting itself in

their rules of intercourse. Their knowledge of the attributes of the Deity, as the creator and preserver of nature, was vague and imperfect; and their understanding of his moral perfections still more indefinite. But in the existence of one Supreme Intelligence—an invisible yet ever present being of power and might—the universal Red race believed. His existence became a first principle, an intuitive belief, which neither the lapse of centuries could efface, nor contrivance of man could eradicate. By the diffusion of this great truth, if the Indian did not escape the spell of superstition, which resulted from his imperfect knowledge of the Deity, and his ignorance of natural phenomena, yet was he saved from the deepest of all barbarism, the most demeriting of all despotism—an idolatrous worship.

Resting upon this "luminous principle," the religious faith of the Iroquois admits of a favorable comparison with any of the religions of antiquity not founded upon revelation; although extremely limited in its range, and simple in its worship. The most obvious relations of man to the Great Spirit were alone understood; yet they recognized his superintending care, and were in the habit of acknowledging his beneficence, and of rendering thanks for individual and national blessings. The reciprocal duties consequent upon the family relations, and the obligation subsisting be-

\* Great Spirit. The ā pronounced like ah, as if Hahuenneeyee.

tween them individually, as a race, were, to a considerable degree, recognized and enforced. The manifestations of these religious impressions, and the observance of such simple rites as they suggested, were very naturally through the instrumentality of a council. Indeed, all of their civil, religious, and social affairs tended thitherward, and earlier or later passed through this universal Indian ordeal.

In addition to the religious festivals observed by each nation separately in their seasons, as the Maple Dance, the Strawberry Feast, the Green-corn and Harvest-corn Worship, and the annual Sacrifice of the White Dog, in mid-winter—each of which required a council, and all of which might properly be called religious—the Hodénosaunee were accustomed to summon religious councils, in which the whole Confederacy participated. Such were not of frequent occurrence, but were held in great estimation. After a period of general prosperity, or a sudden tide of good fortune, or an escape from pressing difficulties, it was customary to summon one of these general religious councils, that the confederate nations might in unison render their homage to the Great Spirit for his favoring care and protection. The name by which it was designated, *Gā-ne-o-di-yoh*, *Hó-de-os-hen-dā-ko*, is merely significant of its religious character.

Each nation had power to summon, and to make the requisite preparation for its observances. The attendance of the people, as in other cases, was entirely voluntary; and the numbers were in proportion to the interest aroused by the circumstances in which it had its origin. Its initiatory proceedings were much the same as in the civil and mourning councils; so, also, were the concluding exercises of each day and evening—a repast in common, succeeded by a variety of dances.

After the people of the several nations had gathered together, and the council had been opened, an exhortation from one of their highest religious functionaries was substituted for all other business. To hear their religious instructors was the prominent object of their assembling; and the early part of each day was devoted to a discourse in which their moral obligations were unfolded, and the precepts of their simple religion were enforced.

By presenting, from an unpublished manuscript, a few selections from a discourse delivered before a religious council, a general idea may be given of the nature and value of their religious tenets, and of their principles of morality, as expounded by one of their most distinguished teachers:

"The Onondagas, the Senecas, (the Mohawks were not present,) and our children, (meaning the Oneidas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras,) have assembled this day to listen to the repetition of the will of the Great Spirit as communicated to us from heaven through his great prophet *Gā-ne-o-di-yoh*. \* \* \* In the morning, give thanks to the Great Spirit for the return of day, and the light of the sun; at night, renew your thanks to him, that his ruling power has preserved you from harm during the day, and that night has again come in which you may rest your wearied body." This lesson of an untutored Indian, and professed opponent of the Christian faith, evinces not only a devotional spirit, but also a recognition of human dependence, and of the obligation of thankfulness, which would scarcely have been expected. Some of the precepts put forth on such occasions, clothed, it may be, in figurative language, were mostly of universal acceptance. "We were once in great darkness, but now have received the light. \* \* If you tie up the clothes of an orphan child, the Great Spirit will notice it, and reward you for it. \* \* To adopt orphans, and bring them up in virtuous ways is pleasing to the Great Spirit. \* \* Love each other, for you are brothers and sisters of one family. If a stranger wander about your abode, welcome him to your home, be hospitable towards him, speak to him with kind words, and forget not always to mention the Great Spirit. \* \* Be firm and resolute in doing that which is good. \* \* Parents, teach your children virtuous principles. Children, if you do not willingly submit to the requirements of your parents, you will cause them to feel very bad, and to shed many tears. \* \* It is wrong for a father and mother to hold disputes and contentions over a child. \* \* It is the will of the Great Spirit that the young shall reverence the aged, even though they be as helpless as infants."

The vices were also arraigned, especially that of intemperance; against which their wisest men made incessant

\* Handsome Lake.

and earnest exhortations. The magnitude of the evil was introduced by a figure. "He looked towards the east and saw the smoke of a thousand distilleries, rising and shutting out the light of the sun. \* \* The great prevailing sin among the Indians is intemperance. Taste not the fire-waters of the white people. \* \* Rum-sellers have no flesh on their hands; they are nothing but bones. We entreat you that none of you sell or taste the fire-water. \* \* Women should never talk ill concerning their neighbors. \* \* To be a tale-bearer is very wrong; it causes great evil. \* \* It is wrong to whip children with the rod. If you wish to correct a child use cold water."

It will be observed that the mode of punishment, to which this last injunction refers, rests upon a philosophical principle; and it is known to have long prevailed among the Iroquois. The act of plunging in water allayed the passions which refused to yield to milder applications; "the plunge" thus served the double purpose of holding the wayward *in terrorem*, and if not effective to intimidate, it then served to assuage the "infant fervor" which had swelled beyond the bounds of maternal restraint and the fear of punishment.

An examination of the sentiments contained in the preceding selection, and of their probable origin, is here unnecessary. In the discourses delivered to the people at their religious councils, all the precepts of their slender ethical code, and the peculiar tenets of their faith, would be presented for their renewed acceptance. A portion were doubtless derived from the Bible, while an equally important part were of original discovery and application. Some of these precepts inculcated the highest sentiments of morality and the purest principles of natural religion.

The particular discourse from which extracts have been given, closed with this remarkable benediction, which should be sufficient to preserve the name of its author, Sox-ha-wah, a Seneca, from forgetfulness. "May the Great Spirit bless you all, and bestow upon you the blessings of life, health, peace, and prosperity, and in turn, may you appreciate his great goodness." It will be found, on analysis, to be perfect in its kind, regarding the Deity, or Häwennéeyu, as One Person, as he is by the universal Red Race.

Dancing was regarded, by the Hodénosaunee, as an appropriate mode of worship, and at their religious as well as at their civil and mourning councils, the evenings were given up to this amusement. A belief prevailed among them that the custom was of divine origin. "The Great Spirit knew the Indian could not live without some amusements, therefore he originated the idea of dancing, which he gave to them." In consequence of this universal opinion, the most spirited, intricate and beautiful, of their numerous figures, was styled, "The Grand Religious Dance," (*O-sto-weh-go-wā*.) and it was never performed except in full costume, and at religious councils. Perhaps it would be unsafe to add, with reference to it, that it was the most majestic and graceful dance ever invented; at least, it would be difficult to surpass it, as all assert by whom it has been witnessed in later times. There is a popular belief among the Iroquois, that this favorite dance will be enjoyed by them, in after life, in the realm of the Great Spirit. Order and decorum were manifested on these occasions. Each dance was introduced or announced by a chief in a short address, containing appropriate observations upon its origin, character, and objects. The leader then commenced, followed by others in succession; and it was not uncommon for two or three hundred of both sexes, to be engaged at once in the same figure.

Their passion for such an amusement is not in the least surprising, when it is remembered that it furnished the chief occasion for social intercourse between the sexes. Their customs in this particular were extremely singular. Conversation, or familiar acquaintance before marriage, were almost entirely unknown; even in the dance, in which the women select whoever they please, of those engaged in it, there was scarcely a word of conversation. The council, however, was with them a carnival; a season of successive spectacles and entertainments, in which association, at least, was enjoyed, and much more of actual intercourse than in private life. It was looked for always with eager anticipations, as a season of life and motion.

A religious council usually lasted three or four days, and the order of proceedings each day was but little varied. The early part of each was spent in listening to religious teachings, and the after part was devoted to some of those sports or

games to which the Iroquois, like the red race at large, were extravagantly addicted. At twilight they partook of a repast in common, as was the custom at all councils. Over this evening banquet they never omitted to say grace, which, in their manner, was a prolonged exclamation on a high key, by a solitary voice, followed instantly by a swelling chorus from the multitude, upon a lower note; a deep-toned, and not unmusical, anthem of praise to Hawennéeyu, for his continued beneficence. After the people had allayed their appetites, preparations were immediately made for the dance, the universal evening amusement of the Iroquois, in the season of councils. The passion for this recreation was universal, and unbounded by sex or age; and here was gratified by a full indulgence. On such occasions, the hours of the night passed by unheeded; for with the Iroquois in their festivities, as with more polished society, although

"Et jam nox humida cœlo  
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera  
somnos."\*

Yet neither the admonition of the "setting stars," nor of the fallen dew, were there in the least regarded. Not, perhaps, until the faint light of approaching day illumined the east, did the spirit of enjoyment decline, and the last murmur of the dispersing council finally subside.

This circle of employments and of pleasures was continued from day to day until several nations had given full indulgence to their social and convivial feelings, and also had rendered thanks and homage to the Great Spirit, for the blessings which He had bestowed, and for the acknowledgment of which they had assembled. The council-fire, therefore, was once more covered over by the sachems of the Hodénosaunee, and the Mohawk, and the Oneida, the Seneca and the Cayuga, separated at once upon different trails. In a few days, the multitude were again dispersed in hunting parties, far and wide, between the Hudson and the Genesee, the Mohawk and the Susquehannah.

The influence of the civil, mourning, and religious councils, upon the people, would of itself furnish an extensive subject of inquiry. These councils changed but little from age to age, like the pursuits of Indian life; and were alike in

their essential characteristics, in their mode of transacting business, in their festivities, and in the spirit by which they were animated. From the frequency of their occurrence, and the deep interest with which they were regarded, it is evident that they exercised a vast influence upon the race. The intercourse and society which they afforded, were well calculated to humanize, and soften down the asperities of character, which their isolated mode of life was designed to produce.

There was however, a fatal deficiency in Indian Society, in the non-existence of a progressive spirit. The same rounds of amusement, of business, of warfare, of the chase, and of domestic intercourse, continued from generation to generation; there was neither progress nor invention, nor increase of political wisdom. Old forms were preserved, old customs adhered to. Whatever they gained upon one point, they lost upon another, leaving the second generation but little wiser than the first. The Iroquois, in some respects, were in advance of their red neighbors. They had attempted the establishment of their institutions upon a broader basis, and already men of high capacity had sprung up among them, as their political system unfolded. If their Indian empire had been suffered to work out its own results, it is still problematical whether the vast power they would have accumulated, and the intellect which would have been developed by their diversified affairs, would, together, have been sufficiently potent to draw the people from the Hunter, into the Agricultural State. The Hunter State is the zero of human society, and while the red-man was bound by its spell, there was no hope of its elevation. In a speculative point of view, the institutions of the Iroquois assume an interesting aspect. Would they, at maturity, have emancipated the people from their strange infatuation for a hunter life: as those of the Toltecs and Aztecs had before effected the disenthralment of those races in the latitudes of Mexico? It cannot be denied, that there are some grounds for the belief that their institutions would eventually have ripened into civilization. The Iroquois, at all times, have manifested sufficient intellect to promise a high degree of improvement, if it had once become awakened and di-

\* Virg. *Æn.*, Lib. ii. 9.



rected to right pursuits. Centuries might have been requisite to effect the change. How far these councils, by the spirit which they engendered, and the intercourse which they secured, were calculated to promote such an end, it would be difficult to determine.

With us, however, their institutions have a real, a present value, for what they were, irrespective of what they might have become. The Iroquois must ever figure upon the opening pages of our territorial history. They were our predecessors in the sovereignty. Our country they once called their country, our rivers and lakes were their rivers and lakes, our hills and intervalles were

also theirs. Before us, they enjoyed the beautiful scenery spread out between the Hudson and Niagara, in its wonderful diversity from the pleasing to the sublime. Before us, were they invigorated by our climate, and nourished by the bounties of the earth, the forest and the stream. The tie, by which we are thus connected, carries with it the duty of doing justice to their memory, by preserving their name and deeds, their customs and their institutions, lest they fall into forgetfulness and perish from remembrance. We cannot wish to tread ignorantly upon those extinguished council-fires, whose light, in the days of aboriginal dominion, were visible over half the continent.

---

## THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.\*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

### CHAPTER XII.

SLAWKENBERG'S LIST OF EMANCIPATING BOOKS, [continued.]

4. TULIPOMANIA, the worship of flowers considered: by a votary. Written by Mistress *Æsthetica Bile*, with poetry. A very aromatic treatise.

5. Sic et non, or the paradoxes; a hand-book of doubts for youth. By Slawkenberg.

6. Existence of a Devil: rendered doubtful, from the universal beneficence of the Deity: *Appendix*, cases of death-bed and other repentances traced to atony of the great sympathetic nerve. By Miss Patience Scalpel.

7. The Liar; a century of Orphic songs. By Force meat Pellmell.

8. A treatise of barren strawberry flowers; showing their symbolic superiority over such as bear fruit; also a symbolic parallel on metaphysical nuns.

9. Divine Errors; showing that production is a loss of honor to the producer; creation a sacrifice of self-respect on the part of Deity. This wonderful argu-

ment is by Slawkenberg, assisted in the symbolism by an ex-clergyman.

10. The Nimbus; a book of private rays. By a planter of Pythagorean beans.

11. Symbolic Slides; an easy introduction to atheism. By the Rev. Smoother Downhill.

12. Which way shall we go? an *aside* for clergymen. By Dr. Handover.

13. Eulogium on the dung beetle; in which the author shows the sacredness of labor in the abstract; poem on that indefatigable worker; ode to his sphere, or symbol. By Miss Wealthy Wishwell.

14. The Idler; a series of essays sympathizing with the working classes. By a young ladies' poet.

15. Continuation of the Book of Job; by a mesmerized lady: with an appendix on the art of prophecy, showing by what passes it may be communicated.

16. Cento of barren conceits; by Messrs. Dull and Doolittle.

---

\* Continued from p. 201.

17. Book of Spiritual synonyms, for the use of sceptical clergymen; by Slawkenberg. By the help of this manual the language of one sect may be used to teach the doctrine of another. *Example*—God, in the language of St. Paul, signifies the Creator and triune Source of all being; in the language of a certain modern sect it is a term for Satanic or transcendent pride; by the use of which synonymy we may talk of God and mean the devil. A capital trick for deceiving the vulgar.

18. Choice of a husband scientifically considered; by a maiden of experience. In three chapters: chap. i. physiological preliminary; chap. ii. mental qualities; chap. iii. spiritual qualities. As the choice of a wife or husband is the most important step in life, Slawkenberg thinks that the young of the human species should have their whole attention directed upon it from the first. He agrees with Monsieur Funk, the philanthrope, in thinking that nothing should be left to chance in this matter; but that marriages should be contracted only between parties who have given unequivocal proofs of fitness.

19. Deduction of men from monkeys, grounded on experience. (Author finds nothing in himself which might not exist in a monkey.) By Brainworm.

20. Social privacy a vice; the family a relict of barbarism; proposition for converting towns and cities into vast lodging-houses. The golden mediocrity

attained by leveling the great and encouraging the mean; vice and ignorance a result of the privacy and exclusiveness of families; necessity of providing for children the true cause of all immoralities. By the Man in the Moon.

21. Absence of *care* essential to the formation of a virtuous character. The author indignantly repels the opinion that if all lived luxuriously, the world would become a Sodom; urging on the contrary his own experience; that himself, when poor, was driven to all manner of vile shifts for a living, and acquired therefrom a disgust for, and hatred of, the iniquities of trade; but that now, having a competency, he passed for a very moral citizen. By Dullkofft.

22. Machiavelli's precept for the treatment of conquered cities considered and applied; by the modern Lycurgus. The author observing the rapid progress of the new opinions, looks forward to the time when society shall lie as it were at the mercy of victorious philanthropy, like a city rendered to a conqueror. Then, remembering Machiavelli's precept for the treatment of conquered cities, he goes on to agitate, whether it will best secure their victory to the philanthropes, if they utterly suppress and annihilate existing institutions, setting up others of their own; or if they leave things pretty much as they find them, and only seize upon all places of power and emolument.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE AUTHOR MAKES AN EFFORT TO RESUME THE NARRATIVE OF HIS OWN LIFE.

I forewarned you in my eighth chapter, that by an irresistible bias of nature, I should be led into all manner of vagaries and humors, through the course of this history; though you, doubtless, paid very little heed to the remark, and went skipping along with a hop, step, and jump through my first chapters, as if you had been galloping through a suburb, toward the very heart of the matter, like an impatient romance reader, as you are; but, I promise you, things will not be slighted off in such fashion. Think of the pains I have been at, for your sake, in my selection of topics, and quotations from the folios of that renowned author; of the magnanimous sacrifice of myself, in the belittling comparison of my own

with his, and the interruption of this intrinsic history. To say nothing of my eleventh chapter, which, as you doubtless remember, contained a subtle argumentation against the mechanical deism, done to the trivial palate of such light readers as yourself, in a pickleherring sauce, which cost me infinite self-denial in the employment; for it is necessary to observe that I am naturally of a didactical turn, and abhor everything ridiculous or common. I say, instead of slighting off my sentences in that style, you should have read them slowly, and weighed them wisely; and I will wager all I am worth, that had you done so, your stock of wisdom would have suffered no loss. Observe, for example, what a weight of

meaning lies in the introductory sentence of my twelfth chapter: for though I perceive by the hang of your nether lip, you fancy it a very well established fact, that a tailor's yard is thirty-six inches in length; yet, I maintain upon my reputation, there's not a yard-stick in the universe, that shall not be found to differ by some mensurable quantity of more or less, from your notional thirty-six inches. There is no real exact out-and-out yard-stick—a reflection which will doubtless strike you into a profound melancholy; and you will pass on to consider of the tailor himself, and of his sad excesses and defects; that there is no real com-

plete tailor in the universe; as all men are well aware: then of his occupation, and its significance; then of humanity, and how the body itself is but the form and clothing of the spirit; that this clothing, however ragged, foul or threadbare, will always, in some manner, indicate the quality of the soul that it invests: with the like truisms and profundities into which, if the mood is on you, you are likely to fall. See, then, my hasty sir, what a world of philosophical reflection hung upon that slender slip of a yard-stick. I pray you skip me not over so lightly.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE AUTHOR MAKES A SECOND EFFORT TO RESUME HIS NARRATIVE AND SUCCEEDS, TO THE INJURY OF HIS REPUTATION.

Mr. Yorick's discovery of his treatment of my mother and intentions for myself, inspired me with a secret hatred and disgust, which worked upon my spirits in such a manner, I resolved at length to avoid him and escape his presence. I cherished this resolution, and strengthened it for the space of a year, before the opportunity offered of putting it in execution; during all which time my boyish wits were employed in gathering means toward the enterprise. My father's crony, the barber, with whose name you are already acquainted, (though perhaps, as you might easily forget it, there being nothing specially memorable in the name of Flusky, I may be permitted to jog your recollection,) who interested himself deeply in my affairs, and was by no means an ill-natured man, began very soon to have a suspicion of me and my plans, and, at different times, by various arguments, strove to divert me from them. "I think, Master Yorick," said he to me, on one of these occasions, when we chanced to be together in the back-room of his little shop; "it is in your mind to quit us. Now, for my part, you know I love you, though I've beat you often—that was not our affair, you know. Now, look'y, young gentleman, let me give you a bit of my experience; for, d'y'e see, I'm an old fellow that has seen both sides o' the world; I ha' been a French priest the first half o' my life, and a Lunnon barber the tother half—though I say it; and, as Mr. Yor-

ick always remarks, my first trade was metabolic, and my second was metabolic—being, in a manner, the first o' the church, and the second o' the world—the first priestly, the second courtly and fashionable—a man must rise a little in his business: let be, that's not the point. As I was saying, you have it in mind to quit us. Now, just let me say it, you can't desave me, young gentleman; a priest is not to be desaved by a boy, nor a barber, who knows the world, is not to be desaved by a boy; its out of possibility, as Mr. Yorick would say. Havn't I seen you take many a sixpence out of the till, in the shop here, and pocket it; and have I so much as whispered a word of the matter to *him*? an' don't I know you're no baby nor thief, but only a young gentleman cornered and grovelled, as Mr. Yorick would say, with your principles immature, and longing to be out. And here," added the monitor, handing me a dirty bit of paper, "is a copy of verses to 'Liberty;' and can't I swear by the hand-writing? And what does liberty mean if not license, as Mr. Yorick would say, and license is running away—that's all. Now, my young master you may keep the sixpences, and take as many more as it likes you, for I know he scrimps you, but [for God's sake don't leave us. The world's a wilderness, full of wild beasts and devils. He that quits home and friends, quits all that's good in the world, take my word for it. Mr. Yorick's a hard man, he's a

little of a Tiber'us, a bit of a tyrant, I know, and yet he's rich, and 'll leave you everything. Forty thousand pounds, young master, is not a matter to be run away from on slight consideration," &c.

Imagine to yourself a young gentleman, of a meditative, not to say a proud spirit, and fired with a love of honor, or, at least, of human approbation, detected by a barber in stealing sixpences out of a shop till!—in a word, imagine the extremity of shame. The man who had inflicted my seventh-day chastisement of the rod, whom I had learned from my patron to despise as a tool, and from my own sufferings to hate as a minister of tyranny, becomes, on a sudden, the keeper, the actual master of my honor! Oh, my good friend, I have written it, and it shall not be erased—I was a detected thief, and liable to transportation for the fact. I, who in my dreams had always figured as a man of honor, a poet, nay a hero of great occasions; who had reckoned Tasso and Dante for my friends, and constantly conversed with them in secret; who, in my day-visions, often saw the circle of the glorious ancients beckoning to me, and smiling upon me as a soul worthy of their companionship. In thief, detected by a barber! Misery! misery ineffable!

On farther consideration I took comfort. For observe, your thief is a rogue in the grain, and not a rogue by circumstance. I was a rogue by circumstance, which is great palliation, and somewhat cools the ardor of my cheek.

Flusky had been regularly paid a shilling for beating me, on Saturday night; which he did in my patron's presence, with a sufficient hazel switch, to the number of ten, twenty, or thirty strokes, according to my behavior through the week. This had been done pretty regularly for five years, which put him, as I reckoned, in my debt, for the wages of iniquity, no less a sum than ten pounds making all proper deductions. Now, as the recovery of this sum, by any other than secret means was out of the question, I took the secret way, and had abstracted about half the amount, when the thing happened of which you are aware.

These palliations of my guilt had not force enough on the instant for my self-justification, and the feeling of shame struck me dumb. Without replying, I walked into the street, and after wandering about the city between asleep and awake, (for the effect of shame upon

me has always been to induce a torpid condition of my senses,) I sat down at night-fall on the edge of the wharf by the river, where a small brig lay within a cable's length of the shore. The place was a solitary nook of the city adjoining upon flats deserted by the tide, and, as it seemed, might have been a haunt of thieves, or smugglers; for I saw none but some suspicious-looking persons who stood watching me as I sat, from the doors of a ruinous old store-house, that jutted over the river upon piles. Paying no heed to these or other circumstances about me, I sat for a long time, revolving in my mind the many miseries I had suffered in the house of Mr. Yorick. My regular weekly bastinado; the arguments to which I was witness between the barber and my patron touching my education and discipline, which to this day I shudder to think on; my hard pallet-bed in the fourth story; my miserable diet; the compassion of the neighbors, which they took every opportunity of showing me by gifts and kind words; then, with a feeling of inexpressible rage, I recollected many slighting observations of my patron and the old housekeeper on my mother's quality and condition; with certain lectures of the former on the inheritance of immorality, and the vices that run in families. I believe I had never thought connectedly in my life before; and the effect was a sudden production in me of a new feeling, the desire and resolve to enjoy my liberty from that day forth, let it cost me what sacrifices it might. Among the books of Mr. Yorick's library, to which I had always a free access, (for it was a good point in his system never to discourage or meddle with my reading,) I had taken especial delight in certain chivalrous romances, and in the poems of Tasso which I read in my native language. By these I was soon inspired with ideas of freedom, and a life of enterprise; but the possibility of realizing them had never occurred to me until that moment.

While engaged with these reflections, I saw a boat let down from the stern of the brig, and presently taking advantage of a channel in the flat it approached the wharf where I was sitting, and a stout man who proved to be the skipper (i. e. captain) of the brig, got out of the boat upon the stones of the wharf and climbing up, came behind and laid his hand upon my shoulder.



## CHAPTER XV.

## THE SKIPPER.

I was not a little startled by the touch of the skipper's hand, as you may well imagine, for though not a coward by nature, I had been made one, if that be possible, by education. Nevertheless, I started briskly up and turning about, very briefly demanded his business. He replied gruffly, pointing to the brig that he wanted a hand, and seeing me sitting idle there, he thought I might like a place under him; adding in slang phrase which I hardly understood, a few sentences touching the pleasures of a life at sea, free trade, and fortune to speed you. The brig, he said, would sail that night for the Irish coast, and thence to America, and if I liked, I might work my passage. While I stood doubting, half inclined to go, a second boat followed with two men in it, who came up to us with such an air of resolution, placing themselves one on either side of me, I began to think my going might be no virtue after all, and that I might as well make it easy for myself. And so, betwixt fear and desire, I told the skipper he had found his man: upon which all three laughed in a disagreeable manner, as if at some malicious jest.

The skipper went first in his own boat, and we followed in the other. The shortest of the two men, who was the mate, put an oar into my hands, bidding me use it; which when I failed to do, for I had never been in a boat before, he threatened me with great oaths and foul names; and seeing I did no better for all his swearing, struck me a blow upon the head with the tiller; after which I have no recollection of anything for a week or more; and then, as I remember, we were beating to northward along the western coast of Ireland.

The first time I came on deck, while yet suffering from the effects of the blow, which had stunned and nearly killed me, the skipper came up as I stood leaning over the taffrail, and began to apologize for the injury; said the mate was a drunken rascal; that he himself meant me no harm; that he knew who I was, by the name written on my clothes; had been acquainted with my father, as he called him, and would take me back with him to England if I chose. Seeing that affairs had taken so fortunate a turn, I

began to gather courage, and after thanking the skipper for his good intentions, I said the best service he could render me, would be a free passage to America, and that if he would make same allowance for my youth and ignorance, I would do what I could towards working the vessel, as I did not care to burden him with an idler. He assented very cheerfully, and we were soon on the very best terms, nor did I find his company uninstructional or disagreeable.

After a few days more of hard sailing, we entered at night-fall into a small harbor with a hard name, which I have forgotten, near the northernmost point of Ireland, and after a stay of some hours, during which time the people of the shore brought a great number of casks of spirits to the beach and floated them off in skiffs to the brig, we hoisted sail again with the addition of one man to our complement, and stood off for the American shore. The wind staid fair from the south-east, with open temperate weather, which gave the skipper plenty of leisure for talk, and in the course of our conversations, as was natural for a seaman, he very freely told me his history, expecting mine in return.

The skipper found as much to envy in my fortune as I did in his; for it is incredible how people overlook their own happiness and sigh for that of another. I have sometimes thought it impossible for any man to understand the misery of his neighbor, until he has once tasted it, but all imagine with great ease a pleasure which they have never experienced.

Skipper Shiftwell—yes, that was the name, though, indeed, the poor fellow's name was the worst thing about him—and now I am reminded in some convenient little nook of a chapter, to give you my brief dissertation of names, in which are some curious reflections—Skipper Shiftwell informed me, very particularly, of his birth, education, connections, gains, losses, &c. &c. with a degree of minuteness, which led me at times into a suspicion that he thought I might write his biography. He said he was born of an honest parentage, in a small university town, on the American shore, a circumstance of which I made no account: Shiftwell, however, made a

great deal; for he swore there was no place under heaven comparable with it. He admitted the place was sandy, and that the inhabitants knew very little of the world; but he would add, that if I blamed them for that, I did them a great injustice; for it was not to be expected of a small place. His father, he said, had a farm of about a hundred acres in the vicinity, of which he could manage only about half, and that indifferently; for the low land was a mere sand-bar, and sucked in all the richness he put upon it; and for the hill, why that was a lump of iron-stone, and most part covered with sheep-sorrel. Yet, take it all together, he had never seen a prettier farm in his life—"it lay so snug-like, on the slope, and there was a cold spring-well under the hill, and a crow roost in the bit of pine wood, and whortle-berries on the ridge, and cranberries in the meadow;" and then he would wipe his eyes.

His father, he said, had been a colonel in the army, under Washington, and was killed at Princeton, fighting for pure love and no pay. "His mother would not marry again. He thought her brain a little touched, for she said since he was dead, she would have no husband but her country," and the like insanities.

This poor fellow talked a great deal about his country, which he seemed to rate next in esteem to his parents, his farm and his native village; yet, he had led a roving life, he confessed, from the day he was fourteen years of age, when he went on a smuggling expedition to Spain. But the greatest singularity in his character, was his total ignorance of a superior; he had no more notion of the value of an aristocracy supporting the throne, than you, madam, of the value of your husband's money, or your daughter's blushes.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### PANTOL'S IGNORANCE OF ANALOGIES.

No part of my friend Pantol's treatise of Trades and Occupations, is more agreeable to me than the dissertation on the Analogies of the learned Professions. Now, to confess the truth, and between you and myself, the author does not rightly penetrate the sense of a philosophical analogy, in which particular he discovers a singular inferiority to the all comprehensive Von Slawkenberg. Pantol is a living author, and my friend; indeed, I know not his equal in some parts of learning, but I fancy you would laugh to witness his simplicity in others. To instance, he is totally ignorant of the art of love, and never flattered a woman in all his life, a defect of such magnitude in the eyes of a lady who was his friend, she offered herself to him, and was refused, on the plea that he had too high an estimate of her happiness to permit her to throw away so much devotion; to which the lady replied, that she did it for pity, thinking no one else would. Pantol showed in everything a total ignorance of analogy; he would compare an owl with a German professor, for example, and instead of drawing a philosophical conclusion, would only laugh. His contempt for this method of analogy, was a continual cause of laughter with him; sometimes for days toge-

ther, he would pour out a stream of them, and by the ridiculous light in which himself viewed them, was sure to draw on others to laugh with him; greatly to the injury of the philosophical spirit in conversation.

Of a certain new sect of enthusiasts, who deify Pride, and worship it as the divine power in the soul, he said they were like those Pagans who made a god out of a pruriency. He turned a mere jest on the matter; as if there was not as well a moral, as a sensuous pruriency.

Of the people of New York, he said, that they had taken a constitution from their demagogues for the next twenty years, thinking in their hearts to change it quickly if it proves unsound. This, he said, reminded him of a simpleton, who, buying a horse of a jockey asked the fellow to warrant him. The jockey knowing his customer, said he would do so if he, the buyer, would take him for good and all, to which simpleton replied, "It is a bargain."

Hearing me say that all virtue consisted in self-control, he said that virtue was also a direction given to life by the conscience, as a ship is guided by a rudder; but if there was no motion of the ship it could not be steered, and so of virtue, its power appeared only in action. This

comparison seemed to him but skin deep, and a very good jest.

Being told by some person, that Calvin derived the law of God from the will of God, he asked for a definition of law. No one could give it him. Presently he said, "The Creator must have been in jest or in earnest, when he made his laws. Reasoning in Paley's manner, the probabilities are, he was in earnest. If he was in earnest he had a good end in view. Now, to act in regard of a good end is to act justly; a law is a rule for action in regard of a good end; the will is the end and not the means—law is the means." At which we all laughed very heartily.

Hearing that some Irish laborers had been killed by the caving in of a bank which they were excavating, he remarked, that the Irish were the only nation in the world, who deliberately dug themselves under. Which was a very good jest.

Of the Jesuits he said, they were right in affirming that the end sanctified the means; but for his part, he judged ends by means, and not means by ends; for the contrary was impossible in the nature of things. "If," says he, "I see men plotting to do evil, undermining the authority of law, violating the privacy of families, persecuting, deceiving, and doing a hundred nefarious things, I conclude their *ends* to be bad, because their *means* are so: for mark you, it is out of your power to know the true quality of my ends until you first see the means I use toward them. I, therefore, admit the dogma, that 'the end sanctifies the means,' and, moreover, judge of each man's ends by the *means* he employs;"—which occasioned a burst of merriment in the whole company; for they all knew that Pantol was a great wit.

On another occasion he remarked roundly, that out of a hundred who profess to believe in the immortality of the divine Image in man, ninety-nine thought only of an immortality of the body, as good for cats and asses as for men: Sir, said I, you make us out to be no wiser than we should be. Admiring my penetration, he immediately invited me to dinner.

I began this chapter with speaking of Pantol's Treatise of Trades and Occupations; in which, pursuing his favorite dichotomy, he divides all businesses into two classes, subdividing these upon the

same principle. As my very dear friend, Charles Lamb, has distinguished all mankind into borrowers and lenders, so Pantol separates all occupations into gainers and losers; who continually play into each other's hands.

"Thus if I buy a yard of silk ribbon for two shillings, the shopkeeper is a gainer by so much as I am a loser; but if I pay a clergyman my share of his salary, I am the gainer and he the loser; for as hard money is a better commodity than frail silk, so is it a worse one than divine truth; if the preacher sells me such truth as a commodity for money, I have greatly the advantage of him!" I shall show you presently that Slawkenberg held the contrary opinion; so that between these mighty authorities I am negatived and silenced.

Pantol pursues the topic in his eccentric and irregular way, and falls, by I know not what connection, into a comparison of tailors and lawyers, discovering their analogies. Conversing with Prig, the tailor, who was about leaving the needle for the law, he says: "I told him he was but teaching a dumb goose to cackle; that he was as likely to prick his fingers in the one trade as in the other; that if it took *nine* Prigs to make a man, it would take *three* to make one Attorney Prig; that the two trades did not so greatly differ as he could hope to gain much by the exchange. Do but observe, said I, my penetrating, my shining, my quick, my sprightly, my punctilious, clean-eyed Prig, what a loss of coats and breeks thou'lt be the means of, shouldst thou quit this profession and take up the other. Canst not see with half an eye, my prim, pettifogging Prig, in prospect, what a detriment thou'lt make thy sprightly self? Pettifoggers are not the best, but a pettifogger Prig would be a nuisance. Will any man love thee the better, my tender goose?—will any man find it in his heart to hate thee the more, my surly gander?—for even to be hated would be a matter of consolation to thee. Hast thou failed as tailor, and thinkest to succeed as pettifogger?"

"Prig, who had twice in his life stood for a straw bail, and thrice as a suborned witness, was not so easily abashed or silenced. I see, said he, that being a learned man you despise a tailor; but observe what an injustice I suffer by your contempt! Hath not a Prig ears? hath he not a tongue, lungs? and shall

these parts lie idle? Nor does he utterly desert his functions in passing from the board to the bar, and from clipping of cloths to clipping of cases. Is not the judge a cutter presiding over the square and the rule; and is not a precedent a fashion, and a fashion a precedent?—Nay I will say that lawyers are the tailors of the state, and prisons the h—ll into which they fling their scraps. A pettifogger is but a *sartor* turned, the rags within. Respectability, is it not his sur-tout? I admit it, replied I, and add, that the noses of both have the same expression, contracted by the effect of bad smells; that both are continually busy in taking of men's dimensions; that there is no great difference in the length of their bills; that a tailor can make a king, as easily as can a pettifogger. In conclusion, I advise thee not to quit buckram for parchment; for if one is a stiffener of the breast, the other is no less so of the back."

In this manner would he sport with analogies, playing over their stops in a careless fashion, not without a satisfaction to himself, but never, as I think, with a true insight for their profounder meaning. Recurring to the conversation, I asked him whether pettifoggers should be condemned as a class; a possibility which offered itself when I reflected on the many evils they perpetuate in Society. To this he made no reply for a considerable time; which led me, at first, to think I might have offended him by the question: a gathering smile upon his face soon dispelled my anxiety. I perceive, said he, my good sir, that it is dangerous to sport with analogies before so earnest a man as yourself. If I tell you that the existence of a devil is necessary to your virtue, you will presently conclude, with our transcendental friends, "that a devil is no such bad thing after all." I then inquired whether he would permit the many to be afflicted in order that the virtue of the few might be the more exercised; to this he answered, that it was none of his business; which was, indeed, a fact, for he was just then dissecting a lizard.

Of the humanitarians, and those who cry out in none of the best temper "for the elevation of the inferior classes," he remarked that they considered themselves to be specially appointed on a mission to elevate their inferiors. I then asked him what they meant by the inferior classes; he replied that he knew of none but a

moral inferiority; that, when all is said, the true governing class in society is the religious and the virtuous class; that poverty was an effect of pride, as much as of fortune or of ignorance; and that the solid virtue of the poor was continually lessening their poverty; with a variety of common-places of that order, stale enough for the modern ear;—but the sharpest wits have their dull moods.

I must not lose this opportunity of relating to you in what manner I came first to know Pantol, who is, indeed, my very dear friend. I gave you, in the last chapter, an account of my voyage from England, but said nothing of the termination of it. We came in sight of the American coast on the evening of the thirteenth day. I had, by this time, recovered a good state of body, and made myself serviceable on board the ship. The next morning we came near the shore, and stood off and on with a westerly wind. The land we had come in sight of was a sandy shelf, going back a hundred yards to a kind of dunes, or sand hills, blown up by the winds, and fastened by roots of sedge. Coming in the boat, (for it was here our contraband commodities were to be landed,) we set up a tent on the beach, and a party, of which I was one, were sent inland for wood and water. We crossed over the dunes, and then over marshes swarming with mosquitoes, which gave us great annoyance, and came presently to the feet of grassy uplands, that stretched off on either side, hill beyond hill, in a manner charming to the eye. On all these uplands there were no trees, but only here and there a bush, in which I found nests of birds with the eggs in them; for it was in June that we landed. Leaving my companions at a spring where they were filling the casks with water, I strolled away inland with my gun in pursuit of plovers and other long-legged birds, of which I saw several flocks; but being totally unused to this sport, I was quickly tired, and sitting down upon the sward in a little dell, was soon lost in a kind of dreamy meditation. How long this may have lasted I know not, but on looking up, I saw a tempest gathering in the south, and heard the roar of the breakers on the beach. The wind was blowing fresh from the quarter of the storm, and must have cast the brig on the shore, had she not stood away for the east; the coast on this part of the



continent lying along from north-east to south-west with an even border. Hurrying to the spring I found the party gone, and presently saw that the boat had been drawn up and made fast to the stern. While I stood gazing, those on deck made signals to me which I did not understand, and, soon bearing away under sail, they were diminished to my eyes until the vessel became a white speck against the cloud of the storm.

You may imagine the terrible dejection that fell upon me when I saw the brig sail away; for the region I had lighted on was to all appearance uninhabited; nor did I find for that evening, or through the tempest of the night, any shelter or other traces of a human presence.

About dawn the wind fell and the sun rose magnificently over the sea. I walked over the green slopes that were channelled and matted with the violent rain, and over hill tops purple with the morning light. After going a great distance along the shore, and, as I thought, inland about four miles, I came upon a piece of wood like a copse, but very wild and irregular. To my great joy I saw cattle grazing within the copse, and as I approached them, a figure, which seemed to be that of a herdsman, came out from among the underwood and advanced toward me. Not without astonishment I perceived that notwithstanding the savage wildness of the place, the figure had the dress and manners of a European, and my surprise turned to extravagant joy when he addressed me in very good English with a civil morning salutation. I immediately told my story, to which the stranger, who was evidently no clown, listened with attention. When I had explained the reason of my being there, he made me sit down with him upon the sward, under some hazel bushes, and opening a sportsman's wallet which hung at his side, he took out bread and meat, and a flask of wine, and of these we made a joyful meal.

When we had finished, (and I remember picking out the crumbs that fell into the grass,) we each took a number of good sips of wine. I remarked that it was the first I had tasted in several years; which gave the stranger an opportunity of asking several questions touching my history and voyage; nor did I fail to satisfy his curiosity in every particular, not forgetting to set forth my own accomplishments, or my patron's merits. In very truth, I gave so favor-

able an account of him, suppressing, for I know not what reason, so much of what was injurious, he could not but express his wonder that I had ever quitted so good a master.

When the stranger knew that I had an education, he began to try my scholarship, and put several questions to me in Latin; which, when I not only answered easily, but quoted in reply some choice passages from the poets, he embraced me with enthusiasm, and we spent the rest of that day very happily together, though I confess the singularity of his actions struck me at first with a suspicion of his sanity. He had with him a net of fine muslin for the purpose of entrapping butterflies, which he said were very easy to be caught with muslin. His talk was altogether of these elegant winged creatures, or of beetles; in whom he assured me there exists a wonderful system of organs, not unlike those of a quadruped. I began now to think, not without an emotion of curiosity, that I had met with a savan: and so it proved in the sequel.

Absorbed in this learned pastime we passed a week or more together, scouring the fields and bushes for insects. Sometimes we dragged our nets over the grass and filled them in that way with a thousand lively kinds of creatures. Sometimes we ran madly about, thrashing the air with them like bat fowlers, taking in all kinds of gnats and two-winged flies. We examined the blains and galls of sore trees, squeezing out of them the living causes of their griefs. We raked in the sands of the brooks, or lay for hours upon the brink, noting the habits of water-worms, who build cases for their bodies out of sand, twigs, and bits of leaves. We turned over thousands of stones, and hewed into the hearts of dead trees, bringing to light many gay and singular forms, whose colors live to no eye but the savan's or the woodpecker's.

Following these pleasures through the day, at night we retired to a cottage built of logs, where a herdsman lived with his family, and where we were entertained with fresh milk, brown bread, and fish of the sea.

Under the feigned name of Pantologus, in token of his universal learning, I have introduced you to the person whom I found employed in this manner, and who to this day is my friend; though his present expedition to Asia has deprived me for some years of the consolation of his kindness. Whether I should think of

him as living, and successfully tracing out the tribes of Bucharia, for the confirmation of his theory of the origin of our race, I know not. The world has taken small notice of him, but by its neglect he is not affected: he looks to posterity. In case he should not be heard from by the sixth year of the date of his voyage, his writings are to be given to the world, a sufficient sum having been set apart for that purpose;—this being the fifth year of his absence. I begin already to think his bones may be whitening on the Indian Caucasus, which he vowed to visit as the true Ararat and sacred nursery of the human race. Reaching this point through India, he resolved to follow the migrations of the Teutonic tribes in their dispersion; passing from Cashmere into Thibet; thence descending into Bucharia; thence about the sea of Aral, along the plains of Asia, and to the Black Sea and the Baltic; tracing the route by which those families would have moved, who gave origin to the tribes of Europe.

In expectation of the event, I have already entered into correspondence with a publisher for the issue of his works. They will be contained in *five* volumes folio; which was the number directed by himself. The dimensions of the volumes are very exactly laid down in his instructions. They are to be as *seven* to *five* in the oblong, and printed in *three* different forms of type; the title-pages and preface in Latin, to strike an awe into the unlearned; the text in English, such as it is; for I am sorry to admit of my friend, his worst fault is his style; of which, to say that it is ambitious, obscure and anatomical—a crude assemblage of periods, stuffed with Gallicisms, Latinisms, Germanisms, philosophisms, and dullardisms—is truly to say the least that can be said: so far Pantol, though otherwise courteous and polite, is unhappily no gentleman—he writes a bad style.

Of the contents of these folios I have little to say at present; by and by I may give you some curious extracts. To enable you to form a general conception of their scope, I will just add, that the first folio is a new organon of philosophy, or complete analysis of the human mind, in which are some wonderful developments. The second is a philosophical inquiry into the nature of things in general, which I suspect to be a kind of ponderous satire, though it is not easy, in any part of his works, to tell if

the author be in earnest; a particular in which he resembles his friend and correspondent, the famous and mysterious Teuysfeldroeck; but in other particulars, the Sartor doth not resemble him: nay, their lines of erudition are wholly divergent; for, while Teuysfeldroeck is undoubtedly the philanthropist of these days, Pantol is no less unquestionably the savan. My friend is indeed deficient in the sublime quality of Hope; his aim is to know things as they are, not as what they may become; in which, indeed, I grant a disadvantage; but this is balanced by a happy hatred of man-worship, (with which our German admits himself to have been grievously afflicted in his youth,) and a savantical scorn of speculation, carried to the verge of a fault; so that even his treatise of the mind reads like a bare statement of facts; but I find, on considering the facts as he has placed them, their principles start out of themselves.

His third folio is of literature; or rather, of speech and writing at large; in which, among a number of satirical hits, I find the following:

“Out of the history of letters, I have endeavored, at various times, to extract some tolerable definition of the word *literature*, as distinguished from mere speech, or talking. The result is far from satisfactory. Indeed, I am inclined to suspect that, when all is done, there is no such species as *literature*. Chirography, phonetic, rhetoric, rhythmic, poetic, logic, metaphysic, didactic, physiologic, hermeneutic, tragic, comic, hieroglyphic, with what else may end in *ic*, I find reducible to a definition; but for the very *ic* itself, the soul of these, I cannot compass a statement of it. Literature may be, after all, a mere fantastical term for a library. There is no proper treatise of the matter, nor even a bare exposition of the question, *what is literature?* which, if properly investigated, might yield important results. If the mere delivery of words by writing is literature, it were a proud day for lying puffers and venders of false news. If a pretty handling of words is the matter, fortunate are they who indite bad sentiment at the second hand. If mean wit and gross maxims may set up a claim to be literature, I concede it to provincial dabsters and broken-winded jokers. A pert logician, starting at the prospect of a dispute, tells me of two sorts of tradition, or delivery by writing—the permanent and the perishable.

ble; the former being literature proper, the second, literature by courtesy, as having the ostent and feature without the soul. But this would give great offence. Then he asks whether a literature, consisting wholly of critics, should be set among the permanent or perishable? I would give a hundred golden eagles for an answer to either question, that should be satisfactory."

You will see, by inspection of the above passage, the defect of my friend's intellect; for do but observe with what ease you may arrive at the conclusion he seeks. Take a good fair copy of the works of each of the following authors, *to wit*: Bacon, Milton, Shakspeare; Plato, Sophocles, Homer; Cicero, Virgil, Livy; Montaigne, Rousseau, Voltaire; Luther, Lessing, Goethe; Isaiah, St. Paul, and the author of Job; Calderon, Lope, Cervantes; Dante, Boccaccio, Tasso; Calidas, Vrihaspiti, Menu, and so on through the list; of the authors of each language taking the three best, (I insist upon *three*,) read attentively (at least in a translation) as many of them as your leisure will permit, and I warrant you will find yourself too profitably busy to trouble your head any farther about the matter in dispute.

His fourth volume is of races; an enormous, not to say overladen assemblage of facts relating to man as a *species*, or moving and talking animal. In his chapter of the African tribes, he talks in such a high strain as the following:

"A certain German moralist (Kant, I believe) lays the corner-stone of his ethical system in the following absurdity: '*No just man can use another as a tool*'; this is the first principle of ethics, proceeding on the hypothesis of an I know not what difference between the human and the animal soul. He adds rather doggedly, that '*for a service rendered, or exacted, there must be an equivalent, or there is no recognition of any basis or possibility of right*.' Now, (continues Pantol,) I appeal from this wisecrack to the facts of history and nature. Is it not the very soul of high probity, not so much to employ as actually to seize upon men, and force them into one's service? What is all this miserable twaddle about, '*using a man as a tool*,' \* \* \* when there's not a man of us all, who is not secretly charmed with the idea? Why, is not this same relationship of the tool to the hand that wields it one of a deep not to say a di-

vine significance? The Creator of the world is said to make tools of tyrants and assassins to work out good to the world—nay, the very d—l himself, what is he but a kind of dingy tool, and subaltern? Is not the soldier the tool of his corporal, the corporal of the captain, the captain of the colonel, the colonel of the commander, and he of the king, the ministry, or the party? Why not?—why not? Can you explain the matter, sir? or you, madam? Certainly your *husband* is a very convenient tool; you use him to build your house, buy your elegances, put you at your ease, and for the equivalent, you render him "*woman's rights*," and \*\*\*\*\* *fie!*"

Indeed my friend is very harsh; soured by early disappointment, I doubt—a cross, confirmed bachelor, past the marriageable age, poor in purse, ugly in person, weak in health; all which being taken into the account, not forgetting that he shows the best of tempers in the main, I hope you will find it in your heart to forgive him.

His fifth volume is of religions. By this it appears the author is a Trinitarian, though I confess his treatment of the matter has an air of mysticism, not to say of mystery. Indeed, if it be not coldly received by respectable persons generally, then am I quite ignorant of the spirit of this age. Take the following: "In my first volume I have endeavored to establish a true distinction between the immortal soul in man, and the brutal; I have said that this immortal or personal soul, though an absolute unity in itself, yet consists of three personal elements, or modes of immortality, to wit: Spiritual Love, Spiritual Will, and Spiritual Knowledge, or rather of the substance and sources of these. Now as the Creator made man in his own image, this human divinity is the mystical image of the Divine one." Alas, my poor friend! that thou shouldst have wasted thyself in vain efforts to interpret St. Augustin and the Platonic Christians, when with far less toil of the brain thou mightest have added an improvement to the steam-engine, or written an imperishable treatise of herb-gardening. Not to gainsay the much quoted opinion of my Lord Bacon, wherein he pretendeth to set meditation above invention and the *sources* of the useful arts above those arts; as if one might not see with half an eye that the mind of man was created for the glorious arts, and not these arts for the

mind; nor to weaken his apophthegm, "that as sight is more beautiful than the uses of light, so is the knowledge of things as they are more dignified than the utility of discoveries,"—I yet aver that Pantol might have put his thoughts to better advantage on the gestation of a new system of society, instead of the fishing and fumbling amid the relics of the ancient truth for certain mouldy verities, of no interest to the masses.

Indeed, notwithstanding all his savantical scepticism and declaring of himself "a Progress Man," and "a Reformer," I do profoundly suspect him of a certain conservatism; idiosyncratic, it may be, with himself." His habit of looking into the principles of things, and searching out their pith, enables him to a variety of curious observations, and the

discovery of good in unexpected quarters. But above all I note this in him as peculiar—when he kicks off the old shoe, it is with no intention of going barefoot that day forth; but incontinently he orders one of the same leather, and the same easy fit; admitting all improvements, with due allowance for the season and the fashion. "None but a madman," says he angrily, "will change a good custom, even in a shoe, until he knows a better can be had forthright in its stead. To cashier your tailor or your clergyman, and to burn your breeches or your Bible, in such a biting winter as this is, with no certainty of even a rag to cover your body, or a divine word to comfort your soul, what is it but a mad vanity or a furious improvidence?"

## SONG.

WHEN I was a little tiny boy,  
In the happy vernal time;  
And life was but an idle toy,  
In the fresh hours of prime;  
O then 'twas pleasant far away,  
Where the sweet birds might sing,  
In fields and forests all the day,  
Making the echoes ring,  
To sport among the flowers so gay,  
Throwing the careless hours away.

But Spring has all too short a date,  
And sultry Summer comes;  
They will not for our wishing wait,—  
Spring goes, and Summer comes:  
'Twas pleasant then in shade to lie,  
Through all the sultry day,  
And idly gaze upon the sky  
Where the silver clouds did stray;  
Then watch the closing of Day's eye,  
While he on golden couch doth lie.

Then came the cold November winds,  
In the fall of the leaf so drear,  
And brought a chill to sober minds,  
In the sad days of the year:  
For now the grape dropped from the wall,  
In the gloom of the lessening days,  
And the last few golden apples' fall  
Made sadder still the ways;  
And all the paths were brown and chill,  
And leaves went flitting o'er the hill.

\* See Novum Organon B. 1. 129.



Then Winter came, so blue and cold,  
In the days of sleet and snow;  
The naked woods look sear and old,  
And all things hoary grow:  
In icy caves the waters lie,  
The drift o'ertops the wall,  
And snows come sliding through the sky  
With a whirling whispering fall:—  
O now, 'twas sweet at home to stay,  
And waste in mirth the tedious day.

O Spring of life! O golden time!  
The circle of your sweet,  
From sober fall to happy prime,  
Did always kindly meet:  
From winter's beard to pluck a joy,  
Young hearts are bold enow;  
And summer's rage is but a toy  
To make them braver show:—  
Or frosts below, or fires above,  
Youth turns them all to sport and love.

CYONIDES.

---

#### THE WRITINGS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF R. H. DANA.

THE review of American novelists in the *Foreign Quarterly*, just and fair in the main, was yet guilty of omissions that should have been noticed at the time, and the authors neglected fully discussed by a competent critic. It is not our purpose at present to occupy the whole ground, nor to attempt filling the wide and unseemly gap left by the reviewer—more, we apprehend, from ignorance or inadvertence, than from any desire to suppress excellence, or hide real merit. That duty we leave to the American critic, who can honestly appraise the peculiar talents and unique productions of several among our lighter writers, whose names we might mention, not one of whom is alluded to by the critic: while two serious writers—the one a great painter, and the other a true poet, of unquestioned excellence as writers of prose fiction, Allston in his *Monaldi*, and Dana in certain tales, among prose fictions holding a somewhat analogous rank to that the master-pieces of Heywood and Middleton would sustain in a comparison with the Shaksperian drama—have been passed over without attracting the most casual remark.

This extreme carelessness may furnish some excuse for the critical remarks we are about to make, and for attempting to sketch the features of one of the purest and noblest of our American men of genius.

An equally good reason for such a sketch may be found in the fact of the great injustice done our author by the present race of readers, to whom he is known only by name. Genius and virtue like that of Mr. Dana's should be kept fresh and alive before his countrymen. Such men as he are not given to the world to be left in doubt as to whether they have lighted upon their appropriate sphere, or whether they have not wandered into some stranger orb. Though Mr. Dana has not been a voluminous writer, he has still written abundantly enough, and with adequate power, to reveal to all who can understand him, the purity and nobleness of his aims, and to impress young and docile minds with the wisest lessons of life and duty.

In his literary character, we will consider Mr. Dana as a writer of prose fiction, poet, and critical essayist.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century

since we have seen anything in the way of prose fiction, in print, by the author of the *Idle Man*; during which period so many candidates for public honor, and claimants for a niche in the temple of fame, have been pouring in, that the public eye is well nigh clouded by the sparkling ephemerida, and the public ear confounded by loud clamors and noisy appeals. In the midst of this hubbub, the silent speculative genius of Dana, and the power, the purity, and the classic cast of Dana's writings have passed almost unregarded. Among the thousands who devour James, the tens who study Dana may be easily enumerated. The lovers of historical melo-drama see nothing in simple, undisguised, unaffected, yet most real and vigorous true dramatic painting. Perhaps the American is too much of a philosopher for these readers, who are captivated by detailed narrative, and circumstantial description; though, as a mere writer of tales, full of striking characters, closely crowded with stirring incidents, set in a frame of poetic description, and enshrined within a halo of pure imagination, Dana is in the first rank of novelists. It is wrong to speak of him as a mere tale writer, for his tales are not only as long as certain short novels, (as long and longer than *Rasselas*, *Zadig*, *Candide*, the *Man of Feeling*, or the admirable fictions of Richter, Zschokke, and other German novelists,) but they are so closely woven that they read sometimes like abstracts of longer works. There is nothing to be spared; the utmost economy is observed. Yet, as we said, the evident philosophic character of the author, the basis, indeed, of his poetical nature, as well as the love of speculating upon character, the motives to action, the principles of conduct, may deter the mere readers for amusement, since Dana is manifestly a teacher of men, and is to be estimated rightly only in that character. He has selected prose fiction, we imagine, only as a vehicle for conveying certain pictures of life, portraits of individuals, certain wholesome moral satire, an ideal of contented private enjoyments, and of a life of active, enlightened duty. His invention is probably, therefore, voluntary, not the offspring of ready impulse. Hence a want of the popular manner, and of the "taking" style. He is not a popular writer, and has rightly not aimed at mere popularity. This he confesses and justifies with sense and honesty. His mind

—the cast of a writer's talents—must be popular to render his writings such; yet there is no element of that kind in our author's intellectual constitution. He is too honest to disguise his defects to individuals; too sincere, to please the literary mob. He is sure of the aristocracy of genius, and scholarship, and true worth; the class composed of the wisest and the best—the true aristocracy. To take an elevated example, he, like Milton, will always be read by the choice few, while, like him, he must remain *caviare* to the mass of readers.

We insinuate nothing by way of comparison, between the two; for Milton is first among the greatest, while Dana would be too wise to accept of a place among the greatest at all. He is among the first of the lesser lights—the *Dii Minores* of our literary firmament.

Sentiment, we apprehend, forms the most prominent feature in the genius and writings of Mr. Dana. No mere sentimentalist, our author is emphatically a man of sentiment; no hypocritical Joseph Surface, full of cant and moral pretensions, but a genuine man of feeling, unlike, or rather superior to, Mackenzie's hero, in being besides a true philosophic observer of life and character, a stern self-student, and a powerful painter, according to the stereotyped phrase, of men and manners.

This attribute of sentiment, in the instance of our author, is at one and the same time, a moral and intellectual quality, religious, high-toned, upright, masculine, partaking of the pathetic sweetness of Mackenzie, and the stern dignity of Wordsworth. Apart from this faculty, Mr. Dana is a writer of great purity and power, of much acuteness and elegance in other walks than in those of philosophic sentiment, or of sentimental description; but in those he is a master, and ranks first among his contemporaries and countrymen. He has vast power in depicting the struggles of the darker passions, jealousy, hatred, suspicion and remorse. Paul Felton has touches of Byronic force, and discloses a similar vein to that so fully opened, and with such popular effect, in the works of Godwin and Charles Brockden Brown.

In "Paul Felton," Mr. Dana has exhibited power in depicting passion, as well as sentiment; and the same criticism applies to his "Thornton," though in a much inferior degree. Yet he is most at home in pictures of domestic life;

in describing the charm of home-scenes, in realizing the ideal of conjugal felicity. Strange that the author who, as a man, is so enthusiastic on such a theme, should, as a poet (for he is one, as much in Tom Thornton and Paul Felton, as in the *Buccaneer*), delight in pictures also of gloom, of crime, of remorse.

Sentiment furnishes the key also to the criticisms of Dana. We noticed this in his lectures a few winters since, on the poets and dramatists. He finds this, his favorite faculty, beautifully expressed by the ballad writers and Shaksperian dramatists among the old writers; and by Wordsworth and Coleridge, among the new; and to them he has given his heart. The single critical paper, in the volume of Dana's selected works, on the acting of Kean, is full of it, no less than of acuteness and deep insight into the mystery of art, and which are colored and defined by it, to a point and degree that may be honestly declared as not being very far distant from perfection. The paper is almost equal in its way to Elia's admirable sketches, in the same vein of subtle criticism.

As a writer of sentiment, love in its forms, both of sentiment and passion, (for it varies in different natures, and is the offspring of the affections and of the fancy, according to the individual constitution, mental or moral or sensitive, of the recipient and cherisher of it) constitutes the staple of Dana's invention and speculation; of love, in all of its degrees, he is a delicate limner or a vigorous painter, according as the subject is a delicate woman or a manly man, a quiet retired meditative nature or a stirring ambitious character. The female character has full justice done it by the writer of *Edward and Mary*. Judging from his writings Mr. Dana has been a happy man. Yet he can paint a weak credulous mother, or a dashing heartless woman of fashion, (see *Tom Thornton*), with as subtle skill as he can delineate the fond confiding heart, the clear and nice judgment, the gentle and amiable tastes of a true woman, and a good wife.

A writer, equally excellent in prose and poetry, seems to be regarded as a sort of intellectual bigamist. The narrowness of vulgar judgments will no more allow a twofold excellence than law will allow of more than one wedded wife. It is hence, perhaps, the poetry of Dana has been underrated. His prose

fiction is so powerful and fine, his criticism so acute and searching, his moral writing so deep and subtle, that with most critics his poetry must suffer in proportion. Mr. Griswold has pointed out its principal defect, occasional harshness, (almost inseparable from vigorous earnestness), while he has dwelt justly upon its depth and richness of thought. Mr. Dana is essentially a philosophic poet, with perhaps more of thought than imagination; a reflective rather than a creative genius, we mean in degree and relatively. Most of his poetry is grave, and much of it religious. There is a spirituality about it, highly characteristic of the writer and the man. Domestic life, and childhood, and feminine purity, are his favorite and frequent themes: while he rises at times into the regions of immortality, the consciousness of a divine essence, and the mystery of the future life. Not to speak of the *Buccaneer* at present, Mr. Dana's longest and finest poem, we may offer a brief criticism on the very small amount of verse he has printed, not quite one hundred and fifty duodecimo pages containing all. With the exception of a few lyrical pieces published in *Graham's Magazine*, within a few years, and which, however touching from the circumstances or persons with whom they are connected, give the general reader no adequate idea of the power or capabilities of the writer, the entire body of it is ethical and deeply imbued with the manner and cast of mind, distinguishable in the great English Bards, the elder and later. This is no disparagement; moral verse (of all others) allows most of imitation, and is least marked by nationality: thus we think of Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, in reading Dana; we think of them as fellow-workers on the same field. Dana is no copyist, if he does employ, to a certain degree, the manner of Cowper, which we think we perceive he does, in "*Factitious Life*;" of Crabbe, in "*The Changes of Home*," and of Wordsworth in almost all the remaining pieces in the volume; except, perhaps, in "*Thoughts on the Soul*," which might have been written (all the speculative portion of it; indeed all but a few lines on the second page, in the more familiar vein of later writers,) by Sir John Davies himself, who furnishes a text for the poet. Dana's poem is like the verse of the Elizabethan writer, equally close, full of thought, and austere. The char-

acteristic sentiment of Dana these poems are full of: he imbues all nature with his peculiar feeling and purity, and solemn fancy, as with an atmosphere of meditation and religious musing. Wordsworth has not in England worthier disciples of his school than Dana and Bryant, and they have done something that no other of the followers of the great English poet has ever attempted. Critically to speak of Mr. Dana, he is truly "eldest apprentice in the school of art," over which Coleridge and Crabbe and Wordsworth preside. With the soul and heart of a poet, Mr. Dana has more of the speculative intellect than mere imagination or fancy, not that he is deficient in either. He has indeed a powerful (sympathetic) imagination, at least, but we apprehend his prose is more involuntary than his verse. His muse, we judge, from the elaborate execution of his poems, is first inspired by thought, and then works with *voluntary* power, pouring forth a *premeditated* strain. Our author's longest and most striking poetical attempt is the *Buccaneer*, by far the best criticism upon which appeared in the *Evening Signal*, a daily paper, some years since—the accomplished writer of which should have gone through all of Mr. Dana's writings in the same style and spirit, which would have wholly superseded the necessity of any further attempt of the kind.

MR. EDITOR,—I have written this, chiefly for a friend, to whom I am anxious to introduce the poem. You will see that I have not attempted any critical estimate of this production which yet, in my opinion, is worthy to rank between Crabbe and Coleridge, the story of Peter Grimes and the *Ancient Mariner*. The *Buccaneer* is not simply a local sketch or tale of that historical personage, with incidents to match; but, like every true poem, has a certain well developed interest of human life. It has a fine hidden spirit, if it be properly read, nay studied, when it will be found something different from a wild, exaggerated tale, which it is likely to be set down for after the injustice of a mere perusal.

The poem opens with a prelude of great beauty that contrasts touchingly with the tale of remorse that follows. It is like the fair morning sunshine on the day of battle. Side by side, in the narrative, with the progress of guilt, blooms the fair face of nature, as unconscious, unsympathizing, but stern reprover in her silent antagonism. There is an island, whose dim retirement, "nine leagues away," prepares the mind

for the scene, separated from the ordinary bustle of life, and leads the thought apart to the creation of genius that delights to work by herself. The island is not named, but lies near by us, quite in the same geographical sphere, if we are in the right mood of soul to receive it. As my object is to draw attention to the beauties of the poem, I shall not hesitate to copy a few of the one hundred and eighteen stanzas that form the entire work. But first this perfect picture which, to my mind, is set apart among the descriptive poets.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,  
And on the glassy heaving sea  
The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
Sits swinging silently;—  
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,  
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach!

"And inland rests the green, warm dell,  
The brook comes tinkling down its side,  
From out the trees the Sabbath bell  
Rings cheerful, far and wide,  
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,  
That feed about the vale among the rocks."

We do not know which of the two concluding lines is the finest.

Matthew Lee is not brought before us with the usual advantages of a hero of romance, even of a villain; he has no generous traits to challenge compassion, and with the tenderness of the Jack Sheppard school, relieve the painfulness of guilt by the gentleness of pity. He is a mean, selfish, not a magnanimous villain; his soul is hard and unrelenting as iron; and like that metal receives a sharp, accurate impression from the graver conscience that cannot be erased. The hardness of his character will give strength and firmness to those visions that are one day to haunt him. The monumental horse, the well-defined shape that is to stand before him, is of unmovable marble.

The story is short; not so the passion which, for Matthew Lee and that poor Spanish lady who entrusts herself on his deck, is life-long. There is a momentary picture of warfare:

"The peaks shine clear in watch-fire lights."

A single line that like a glimpse, a flash, reveals a whole picture of Spanish fighting to this day. The lover of the lady dies in defence of his country, yet delivered by Bold Arthur and his knights. The introduction of Spain, the land of romance, and of those chivalric personages, rescues the tale thus early from the prosaic hand of



fact, and prepares the way successfully for the imaginative interest on which the poem is to depend. The lady sails with Lee for a distant shore, as if to escape the land of misfortune, or anticipate the relief of time by distance; embarking her wealth, her retinue of servants, and the white steed on which she rode beside her lord. We cannot omit her farewell to the land in those thoughtful, pathetic lines, which those who have heard Mr. Dana in one of his lectures recite the passage of the old Scotch ballad of Edom o' Gordon, will feel the sorrow of. They are of the true ballad spirit:

"Ye're many waves, yet lonely seems your flow,  
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

By a picture of solitude the reader is prepared for the company of death. Mark the preparation:

"The crew glide down like shadows,

Still as a tomb, the ships keeps on,  
[Nor sound, nor stirring now."

The ship's company wreak their wrath on the servants and then force the door of the mistress.

"——— O God, redeem  
From worse than death, thy suffering,  
helpless child,  
That dreadful shriek again, sharp and wild—  
It ceased—with speed o' the lightning  
flash,  
A loose robed form, with streaming  
hair,  
Shoots by—a leap—a quick, short splash;  
'Tis gone! there's nothing there!  
The waves have swept away the bubbling  
tide,  
Bright crested waves, how calmly on they  
ride."

He passed from the deck like a spirit, as Mercury is represented in Homer noiselessly conducting the shades to Hades. Lee is already the victim of his imaginary fears; he asks:

"And when it passed, there was no tread,  
It leapt the deck—who heard the  
sound?  
I heard none! say, what has it fled?  
Who of you said, ye heard her when she  
fell?"

Now comes the machinery of the poem—the tangible object which is to fasten and centre the fears of the soul. The

horse is to be thrown overboard and become the future minister of conscience:

"Such sounds to mortal ears ne'er came,  
As rang far o'er the waters wide,  
It shook with fear the stoutest frame,  
The horse is in the tide,  
As the waves bear or light him up, his  
cry,  
Comes lower now, and now 'tis near and  
high,  
\* \* \* And through the night they  
hear  
Far off that dreadful cry."

Matthew returns with his ill-gotten gains to the island, and attempts to drown reflection in wine and mirth. But there is no escape on land; conscience lives within, and the sea still surrounds like a great spiritual world, peopling with supernatural furies the island. On the anniversary night, in the midst of his carouse, a red light is seen upon the waters, now not bigger than a star, then like the bloody moon, till it settles into the shape of the ship all on fire; then rises above the wave the horse who follows to Lee's own door:

"Onward he speeds, his ghostly sides  
Are streaming with a cold blue light,  
\* \* \*  
His path is shining like a swift ship's  
brake,  
Before Lee's door he gleams like day's  
gray beak."

The story now becomes half literal, half visionary. Lee is seen to mount the horse whose shadow stands upon the door stone; he is seated with rein of silk and curb of gold, till he reaches the promontory, where he is left gazing like Lot's wife upon the fire sent from Heaven:

"He goes with speed, he goes with dread,  
And now they're on the hanging steep;  
And now the living and the dead,  
They'll make the hurried leap!  
The horse stops short: his feet are on  
the verge,  
He stands like marble, high above the  
surge."

"And nigh, the late ship yet burns on  
With red hot spars, and crackling  
flame,  
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone,  
She burns, and yet's the same.  
Her hot red flame is beating, all the night,  
On man and horse, in their cold phosphor light."

Then follows another of those sweet revealings of nature that we have alluded to:

"Thou mild sad mother—waning moon,  
Thy last, low, melancholy ray,  
Shines towards him—Quit him not so  
soon,  
Mother, in mercy stay!  
Despair and death are with him, and  
canst thou,  
With that kind, earth-ward look, go leave  
him now?"

"O thou wert born for things of love,  
Making more lovely in thy shine  
Whate'er thou look'st on, that's alone  
In that soft light of thine:  
Burn softer;—earth, in silvery veil, seems  
heaven!  
Thou'rt going down!—hast left him un-  
forgiven!"

"The far low West is bright no more;  
How still it is! No sound is heard  
At sea, or all along the shore,  
But cry of passing bird:  
Thou living thing—and dar'st thou come  
so near  
Those wild and ghastly shapes of death and  
fear?"

At morning the horse vanishes and leaves  
Lee standing alone upon the cliff; not  
even the noon-day sun can warm his cold,  
deserted heart, or even pain him; and in  
the meantime his comrades have left his  
house to wander o'er the earth like Cain.  
A second time the horse returns, but not  
the last:

"His spirit heard that spirit say—

'And thou must go with me  
Ay, cling to earth, as sailor to the rock  
Seaswept, washed down in the tremendous  
shock  
He goes!—So thou must loose thy hold  
And go with Death; nor breath the  
balm  
Of early air, nor life behold  
Nor sit thee in the calm  
Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait  
their close  
In life, or death where look'st thou for  
repose?"

Deserted by his companions, he waits  
the third coming of the horse at the ap-  
proach of night. How beautiful is this  
brief picture of sunset:

"Not long he waits. Where now are gone  
Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood  
Beautiful, while the West sun shone  
And bathed them in his flood  
Of airy glory?—sudden darkness fell  
And down they went, peak, tower, citadel."

"On that night while

The darkness like a dome of stone  
Seals up the heavens."

The horse 'treads the waters as a solid  
floor' toward the dwelling of Lee, who  
'waits him at the door.' The horse holds  
him so by his fixed eye that he cannot  
turn; he has given the reins to evil pas-  
sions, and lent his soul to violence, and  
now he must perform the rest of the jour-  
ney on that fearful steed by the light of  
that burning ship. Horse and rider vanish  
together, entering that solemn house of  
darkness, impenetrable as eternity. Morn  
comes to the rest of the world, the spectre  
has done his bidding, and leaves the isle  
to peace and tranquil beauty.  
So ends the Buccaneer.

With all the admirable depth of judg-  
ment and strong sagacity, the rich power  
of illustration and the force and abun-  
dant of thinking they display, on every  
subject he takes in hand, in a style, too,  
so appropriate, we fear Mr. Dana's re-  
views cannot now be adequately appre-  
ciated. Since they were written a marked  
improvement is observable in the public  
taste. For the day, in which they ap-  
peared they were miracles of liberality  
and fairness. And the points then in-  
sisted upon for the first time in this coun-  
try, and which are to be regarded almost  
in the light of discoveries, are held uni-  
versally and in common by all just  
thinkers and critics of fair literary stand-  
ing. The body of cultivated readers is  
now ten-fold what it must have been in  
the early part of this century. Yet, com-  
mon justice demands that what were  
formerly repudiated in Mr. Dana as lit-  
erary novelties, (almost heresies,) should  
be, now that their orthodoxy is admitted,  
set down to his credit. Our author was  
the first prominent literary advocate of  
the merits of Coleridge and Wordsworth  
in this country, in opposition to the Pope  
school of his day, at Boston. He too,  
first gave to Brown and Cooper and  
Irving and Allston, their proper places;  
to say nothing of holding up high and  
pure views and models, which he has  
since realized in his own writings and  
character.

One point worth noticing in Mr.  
Dana's criticism, is the high moral tone  
that pervades them; the depth of senti-  
ment that gives a force and character to  
his simplest judgments.

The critics esthetical views are strong-  
ly tinged with his ethical doctrines,  
and a turn for moralizing, and vein of

speculation runs through all of his critical papers, and forms the basis (as it were) of his critical opinions—with Plato and the highest spiritual philosophy, he seeks to unite, invariably, the good and the beautiful; he is not easy in his disunion, cannot properly admit their severance. Moral Beauty the highest object of our love and admiration is the sole beauty with him. Hence, our critic, like a true Poet, includes in the scope of his admiration, the highest qualities both of writing and manliness; he would not take into his regard, minor and lighter graces, unaccompanied by purity and religion. Milton and Wordsworth he appears highly to relish, but hardly so much Suckling and Prior. The great old Dramatists and Divines he is wholly imbued with, and earnestly loves; yet we hardly suspect he feels anything like a comparatively equal interest in the writers of Charles' days and the Queen Anne writers.

With, perhaps, more soundness in judging of the very highest class of Poetry and certainly, equal liberality and cordial appreciation of the masters of the secondary order, as Crabbe and Cowper, we do not think Mr. Dana equals Lamb, Hunt, or our own fine poetical critic, in the detection of the more subtle and delicate beauties of the minor Poets, nor does he approach Hazlitt in brilliancy and powerful coloring. With the exception of these four writers, we conceive Mr. Dana to be as nice a judge of true poetry [the grand Poets, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, we place out of the question as giving laws to the critics, from their own works,] as any English writer of this century; and far above many professed reviewers and editors of even the first rank. Himself a Poet, and skilled in the mysteries of versification, no less than in the subtle windings of the heart and the affections, Mr. Dana is admirably well qualified to judge of poetry, both as an artist and as a thinker. To say nothing of his original capacity for the office of critic, with a judgment clear and refined, powerful imagination, depth and fineness of feeling, high, healthy moral sentiment, purified by the practice of the manly virtues, and a life of single-hearted purpose, the Poet has, beside the general cultivation of his qualities, mastered the old English literature, and the entire fruitful province of old English poetry, in particular. The structure and elaboration of the author's style proves this; his language and expression

is uncommonly choice and select, full of meaning, perfectly simple and unaffected, and yet, to a scholar's eye full of richness and discrimination; not the finest but the justest terms are used; nor is the manner above, but precisely equal to the matter, the latter is as abundant and copious as the former is refined and judicious.

An antiquary like Ritson, would be delighted to see an author quoted, (Lawrence Minot,) whom we believe, neither he nor Warton had seen, and a poetical student may remark the masterly imitation of Sir John Davies, in the *Thoughts on the Soul*, the motto to which is taken from a similar poem of the poetical lawyer of Queen Elizabeth. Dana has caught the spirit of later writers with exquisite skill, especially of Crabbe and Cowper, whose familiar moral pictures he is well skilled to draw. Much of Mr. Dana's prose (not in his *Tales* so much as in his *Essays and Reviews*,) has all the sweetness and fluent rhetorical amplitude of Taylor and the old Divines, carried sometimes almost to redundancy, or rather an exuberant eloquence, to which we would prefer greater compactness and epigrammatic precision. In direct narrative, our author can be rigidly concise and produce a powerful effect in description, also by a few touches.

The versatility of his style is remarkable, from the easy, popular manner of his review articles, to the stern, compressed and forcible diction of his fictions; and again, from the close and ingenious elegance of his shorter miscellanies to the full and flowing expression of his latest meditative essays.

Mr. Dana has contributed the following body of criticism to the different reviews, and we have set down the articles and the volumes in which they appeared, for the benefit of the present generation of readers and students. Probably a diligent search might unearth much more valuable matter: but all that Mr. D. is willing to preserve in a more lasting form, we have set down on his own authority:—In the *North American Review*, *Old Times*, vol. v. p. 4, 1817; *Allston's Sylphs of the Seasons*, vol. v. 365; *Edgeworth's Readings on Poetry*, vol. vii. p. 69, 1818; *Hazlitt's English Poets*, vol. viii. p. 277, 1819; *The Sketch Book*, vol. ix. 322.

In the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*: edited by Mr. Bryant and in which appeared many of his own and

some of Halleck's noblest efforts:—*Yorktown*, vol. i. p. 241; *Mrs. Radcliff's Gaston Blondeville*, vol. ii. p. 1; *Novels of Chas. B. Brown*, vol. ii. p. 231. In the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*:—*Pollock's Course of Time*, vol. i. p. 516, 1825; *Pamphlets on Controversy*, vol. ii. p. 195, 1829; *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, vol. iii. p. 256, 1830; *Memoirs of Henry Martyn*, vol. iv. p. 428, 1831. In the *American Quarterly Observer*:—*The Past and the Present*, vol. i. p. 33, 1833. In the *Biblical Repository and Observer*:—*Law as suited to Man*, vol. v. p. 3, 1835.

We will run rapidly through these, giving the reader a mere general idea of their tendency and value, and chiefly by way of inducement to a perusal of these articles themselves, which will richly repay the careful reading of some days.

The papers in the *North American*, are with a single exception, admirably just and judicious: full of good sense, acute criticism, and general sympathy. The articles on Irving and Allston are just what such articles should be, doing full and entire justice, without exaggeration or prejudice, in the kindest spirit and with a pardonable feeling of partiality, in the case of the Poet's friend, the fine Painter, yet in no wise disparaging the truth and fidelity of the critic's judgment.

The critique on Miss Edgeworth's senseless plan of poetical readings for children is a biting yet good-natured satire, on the foolish whim-whams of this, in most respects, most sensible woman and lively writer. A paper on Moore, we have seen ascribed to Mr. Dana by Mr. Duyckinck in *Arcturus*, and it is worthy of him—a capital exposition of a great deal of false poetry and heartless verse. The following strikes us as containing so much valuable truth and so effectively developed, that we cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"His voluptuousness appears to be the coldest thing in the world, as remote as possible from sudden and momentary fervour. It has not the spirit of wild careless social frolic, which burns and goes out in a night; the gay and passing frivolity of a mind in idleness. It is the business of his leisure and retirement, the creature and plaything of his imagination. He is at home and most heartily at work when his subjects are licentious. His mind instead of withering seems freest and happiest in fine elaborations of impurity, in soiling what is fair and then garnishing it. He sometimes ventures upon

a loathsome anatomy and exposure; and if he had always done so the mischief would have been less to himself and the reader, as both would have been shortly disgusted. There is no fear that truth will ever do harm. The evil is, that when vice is brought into poetry, its grossness and vulgar sufferings are kept very much out of sight. It is rarely picked up in the streets and placed before you, with all the tokens of decay and dishonour which nature has set upon it. Guilt is associated with kindly feelings and placed in the midst of honourable dangers and sacrifices; it passes through deep intellectual agonies and is made to exert a constant influence upon the happiness of the pure and lovely whose affections it contrives to secure. The licentious appear merely to have thrown off the imprisonment of the staid and narrow prejudices of an earlier age and to come out now into the open world, with free hearts to feast upon its pleasures. The senses and appetites take the place of passion and sentiment, but the old phrases and allusions which were so sweet and heart-breathing with the innocent, are still preserved by the impure. Though they renounce the severer morals and decencies they have still an easy flaunting virtue and romantic devotedness to beguile you with. You will hear of Heaven in their raptures; the eye and smile, and blush are still eloquent. There are unkind wrongs and tender forgiveness, with tears and laments for a mistress in heaven. Even nature with all its coolness and loveliness must minister to impurity. Its fine forms and hues serve as images of personal beauty, its odorous winds for the fragrance of sighs, its holy seclusions for shelter from the eye and sun, and as for evening when poetry and soberness were once allowed to walk forth, as if the hour were theirs, why

"None but the loving and the loved  
Should be awake at this sweet hour."

You would suppose that the world was turning to Eden again as man became the indolent worshipper of love, reposing in cool valleys, and piping voluptuous lays under bowers of myrtle. And all this illusion is managed with exquisite skill and delicacy. Sufficient care is taken to refine and set off the coarsest indulgencies without removing their earthiness, to mingle sensual and poetical joys till they shall qualify each other, that the one may not be too gross, nor the other too pure, to throw over every thing one of Mr. Moore's luxurious twilights, which shall dim or soften whatever is holy or disgusting, and give it at the same time a hue of voluptuousness. It must not be supposed that this love poetry tends to make men coarse by making them impure. It would teach you rather, that, 'vice loses half its evil by



losing all its grossness.' It even countenances shame, though only wrought to keep up a vicious eagerness for pleasure, by a faint consciousness that it is not quite blameless and therefore must be secret. It allows of remorse too, so far as it may remind one vividly of the scenes and excesses he has gone through without strengthening or forcing him to abandon them."

The paper on Hazlitt's British Poets, with a great deal of admirable writing and much exquisite discrimination of characters and of style, is we cannot help thinking, unnecessarily harsh on Hazlitt himself, whose portrait from any other hand we should say had been misrepresented, and so far from flattering Mr. Dana, has done that extreme justice to a portion of his subject, which amounts almost to critical injustice. Such an elaboration of criticism, such justice and accuracy as Mr. Dana proposes, in a series of popular lectures, would fill volumes. Only brilliant sketches were looked for and they were surely furnished. And who had done more ample justice to Coleridge and Wordsworth than Hazlitt himself, in many parts of his writings, albeit he is fully alive to the palpable defects of Coleridge as a critic on some works (in the almost entire department of comic writing, for instance) and as a prose writer, in which he is much below Dana; and although he can detect the barrenness and puerility, as well as the noble simplicity and austere grandeur of Wordsworth's muse. There is notwithstanding, some writing in this paper on Hazlitt, which we claim the reader's thanks for pointing out to him, it is so just and noble and pure:

"The commonest thing has a character to a poetic eye, and makes an individual interest in his heart. He is never solitary, for the desert place is populous with forms and beings to whom he is a brother. In the world too much is open to him from which others are shut out. He knows the movings of our passions and we are startled when he shows us what we are. And all this distinct and intimate reality loses its heavy and lumbering form and is lifted from the world to mingle with airy ideal shapes, and be shone on by the same light which glows on them. He shuts his eyes and a brightness comes up and spreads itself out through his mind and beautiful things float into it, silent as air from the hollow darkness beyond it. But the poet is not a creature all of joyous fancies; he knows as Wordsworth has finely told us:

"—— that there is often found  
In mournful thoughts, and always might be found  
A power to virtue friendly."

The stream of his heart is not always like those of Spring, huddling and rapid and rolling out gladness, but sometimes moves on slow and murmuring like those of autumn sounding a solemn chant with the spirit that is moving above them through the changing and falling leaves. He is fond and he hates,—he is weighed down and lifted up; but it is in a world of his own creating and with beings moulded and quickened in his own mind, that he suffers and enjoys. Not that reality does not come nigh to him. It touches him and is changed to his own mood. He sees and studies the world, but with feelings unknown to other men, and to give life and motion to his lonely visions. His chief joys are in his dreams—he asks for fame, but it is after death—the dust of earth is not in his possession and the things of this world are raised and spiritualized.

"We would not be taken too strictly and holden over fanciful. It is of the nature of poetry that we speak and to what it leads the heart and mind. For no man is at all times a poet, but is often little better than one of us. But though he is pained by the world's crosses, grasps at its honors and may hanker after its wealth; yet what is peculiar to him as a poet consists of beauties and associations which we are proud to understand, and has forms of height and grandeur which it elevates and enlarges us to look upon.

"Humanity would seem strangely made up. We find men with intellect of the second order who only make approaches to genius and who are careful to avoid all loose indulgence in conduct and conversation, but who are yet without those deep and solemn tones, those pure and airy sounds which make secret music in the heart of him who sometimes foregoes them, to give himself up to the indulgences of tainted wit or idle pleasantries. Yet even at such times the character is seen through and we perceive that the man has unconsciously gone out of his individuality—if we may so speak—that he may return to himself again to feel the more distinctly his own peculiar being, and dwell in the midst of those thoughts and sensations which absence has given freshness to. It is from somewhat the same principle that a man of still life and retired feelings now and then goes into the riot and bustle of the crowd with an alacrity and relish that his friends smile and wonder at. But the stir and noise once over and he sits down by the gentle flickering of his fire and quiet, low beating of the flames, and the thoughts and feelings from which he had for a time gone

abroad give him a kindly and cheerful welcome and he takes his seat again amongst them happy and at home. Perhaps, too, it is that something of earth about us which will not let us live forever in the pure region of the mind, but sometimes brings us low that our imaginations may not make us vain, and humbles us with healing sorrow for our weaknesses and makes our very vices the ministers of God."

And here is an exquisite portrait of Crabbe, which has been equalled by only one other American writer,\* and surpassed by no English reviewer, not even Jeffrey:

"If variety of power in a single mind be accounted genius, who among modern poets shall be placed before Crabbe? We do not mean by this, that certain quickness and aptitude for any thing no matter what, by which some men perform pretty well whatever they choose to undertake, or like Bunyan's 'Talkative,' can discourse you what you will, 'will talk of things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past or things to come, things foreign or things at home, things non-essential or things circumstantial.' This is what we call smartness or sometimes dignify with the title of talent. But it is rather a misfortune than a blessing to the man who possesses it and to his neighbors, for he will have an entire part in whatever is done or said, yet all that comes from him is at most but second best. Yet his versatility astonishes the bystanders. What would he be could he condescend to devote his power to a single pursuit! He would be only a second rate man in that. His change is his weakness; a want of a particular bent of mind, arising not from an intense universal love, but a knowing all things superficially and a caring little for any thing. We mean not that variety of powers which makes a man turn poet, politician, divine, artist, mathematician, metaphysician, chemist, and botanist, with the alterations of fashion or whim, but that by which one feels and sees in all its changes and relation the particular object for which nature seems solely to have made him. And this variety has Crabbe beyond any man since the days of Shakspeare. Reading Shakspeare is studying the world; and though we would not apply this in any thing like its full extent to Crabbe, yet we do not hesitate to say, that such a variety of characters with the growth and gradual change in each individual, the most secret thoughts, and the

course of the passions from a perfect calm to their most violent tossings, and all the humour of men, cannot be found so fully brought together, and distinctly made out in any other author since Shakspeare and our old dramatists. Nor is this done by a cold anatomical process or anxious repetition. Though every variation is distinctly remarked, and made visible to us, there is no appearance of labour nor are we left standing as mere lookers on. It is not a dissection of character as has been sometimes said. The men and women are living and moving beings, suffering and acting; we take a deep interest in all their concerns and are moved to terror or deep grief, to gaiety or laughter with them. Notwithstanding there is such a multitude of characters, and none of them, except Sir Eustace Gray, lying higher than the middle class of society or engaged in any but the ordinary pursuits of life, yet no repetition is produced. As in life some have a general resemblance, but particular differences prevent a flat sameness.

"No one is a stronger master of the passions. Peter Grimes, the Patron; Edward Shore, the Parish Clerk—it is endless to go on naming them—take hold of us with a power that we have not felt since the time of our old poets, except now and then in Lord Byron. He is quite as good, too, in playful sarcasm and humor. The bland Vicar, whom 'sectaries liked—he never troubled them;' moved to complaining by nothing but innovations in forms and ceremonies; who extracted "moral compliment" from flowers for the ladies, the fire of whose love burnt like a very glow-worm, and who declared his passion with all the uncontrolled ardor of Slender, who protested to Mistress Anne Page 'that he loved her as well as he loved any woman in Gloucestershire;' the whole story of this once 'ruddy and fair youth,' whose arts were 'fiddling and fishing,' is sustained throughout, and is one of the most delightful, sarcastic and humorous tales ever read. There are the same particularity, clearness and nice observation in his descriptions, but with no marks of the tool. His scenes are just the very places in which his men and women should be set down; or, rather, such as they appear to have grown up in from children; so that the occupations of his people, their character, and the scenes amidst which they live, are in perfect keeping with each other, and brought together just as they should be. And this gives a feeling sentiment and reality to his description. Where else could Peter Grimes have been placed than where he is?

\* N. Y. Review, Vol. 1.

—“When tides were neap,  
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to  
hide,  
There hang his head and view the lazy  
tide,  
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide.”

But we forget that Peter Grimes, for power and development of character unequalled before or since, even by Crabbe himself, and placed in the midst of scenery painted with an originality and poetry which we have scarce seen before, is shut out by Crabbe's earliest and warmest admirers, the Edinburgh Reviewers, because it was thought necessary to write a dissertation under the title of the word “disgusting,” and found convenient to sacrifice him as an exemplification of their principle. They might as well have taken *Macbeth* or *Iago*, for Peter could equally with them cause a poetical dread. Crabbe's versification has been compared to Pope's. There is very seldom a resemblance. It is easy and familiar, when his subject is so, and rises with it. It is infinitely more varied than Pope's, though not so much broken as Cowper's rhyming verse. His language, strongly idiomatic, has no bad words in it, and is very eloquent and poetic when he chooses.

In the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, a religious magazine, ostensibly set up and vigorously conducted in opposition to the growth and predominating literary influence of the Unitarian sect, in that part of New England, four articles, from the hands of Mr. Dana, we may point to, with the strongest assurance of their proceeding from his pen, marked by his characteristic earnestness and power; full of thought and genuine religious feeling, and written in the style most admirably adapted to the topics, that could be selected, perfectly clear, full, and free from all possibility of mistaking the writer's meaning; direct and without a particle of declamation, or a sentence of superfluous logic or extraneous ornament. In general, we may express, and honestly, the highest admiration for the many admirable qualities of head and heart they represent; but, with the deduction of a vein of bitterness, the sarcasm of the manly satirist—perhaps, that hates the sin, while it would console and bind up the broken heart of the sinner—or the very strong disapproval of a sincere and vigorous soul, that has room in its comprehensiveness for the deepest love, the warmest devotion, and the strongest, the most passionate indignation at error and deceit; verging on bigot-

ry and severity towards errors, not willful or perverse—in many cases, the result of constitution, culture, circumstances or temperament, self-deception, and unconscious deceit. The articles are, in the first volume, a review of Pollock's *Course of Time*; in the second, a *General Essay on Controversy*; in 4th, a paper on *Diaries*, under the caption of a *Review of Henry Martyn*; and a paper on the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, in another volume, which we have not been able to procure. Before proceeding to characterize the papers separately, to give the reader a taste of our author's quality—and which brief notices, we trust, may induce students to turn to the volumes themselves, and eventually, we trust soon, induce our enterprising American publishers to collect them all in a suitable volume—we ought to add that we have found more good matters of the kind that might be looked for in such a work in the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, than in almost any similar magazine ever published in this country; much good and strong writing, from practised pens, among the Congregationalists; and, if we do not mistake, some forcible and pointed papers from the most brilliant man, in his denomination, in the United States, and, unquestionably, their most popular speaker, Rev. Dr. Cheever.

The review of Pollock, so far as the estimate of that writer's scope and powers are concerned, (the purely literary criticism of the review,) we cannot but think a little partial, though discriminating his defects very clearly. The writer appears to have so high a regard for the poet's (?) personal character, as to view with tenderness his poetical character. Be that as it may, the best portion of this, as well as of the other critical papers, consists in the essay matter they contain, the general views and incidental speculation to which they give rise. The subject of religious verse is discussed with freedom and force in this paper; the dogma of Johnson abundantly refuted. Not to rewrite what we have expressed with sufficient fullness heretofore, we may emphatically assert, with Mr. Dana, as to the grandeur and true nobleness of all religious verse, that it is the highest form of poetry, and one in which only the very highest minds have ever succeeded even tolerably.

The paper on *Henry Martyn* is almost entirely an essay on *Diaries*, *Journals*,

*Confessions*, and *Autobiographies*. It contains a very just summary of all that can be said against "a man's writing memoirs of himself," to borrow Foster's title to one of his own discourses. It displays very forcibly the temptations of such a practice—how much more is written for the eye of the public, than for the heart of the writer. Such writers, too generally, like Pope in his letters, and indeed most of the letter writers, write at least as much to the public, as to their correspondents. Truly concludes the critic, "a self-examiner with pen in hand, is a very different creature from a self-examiner empty-handed." The papers on *Controversial Pamphlets*, containing some rather caustic personal strictures, is yet worthy of Mr. Dana, though one he would not now reprint, from its personality. It is full of astuteness, penetrating judgment, keen satire and powerful reasoning. On the point of the necessity and frequency of controversy, the writer remarks:

"There is no truth however sacred, none however remotely or immediately useful, that has not, from time to time, stood in jeopardy, and that would not have been beaten down and trampled into the dust, had not its friends heard its call for help and come out. Christ himself inveighed against those who added to the law or explained it away; who more vehement against the same doctrine than the same Paul, from whose words one of the reverend gentlemen has seen fit to write his *Plea against Religious Controversy*. Christianity was at war not with idolatry alone; it was against the false philosophy of Greece and its unknown God," that Paul contended. Why, pray, was he so jealous for the truth? Why could he not have been quiet and have looked down upon false philosophy and idol worship with the same contempt and silence that the proud ones of Greece looked down upon their national idolatry, and with the same forbearance as the philosophers of this day would fain have us to do, upon what we from our very hearts believe to be a false system, and tending to systems yet more false? Why needed he be turning the world upside down? \* \* \* \* \* But Truth is immortal, it is said, and so she is, still she must feed on the true manna. But truth is invincible! and so she is, but she must have soldiers of stout heart and fearless aspect, to go whither she sends, and take ground and stand firm, where she bids them stand. One would suppose, to

hear the late complaints against controversy, that truth had nothing to do but to walk leisurely about in this delightful world, and scent the flowers and feel the fanning breezes and be waited upon and adored by all; alas, poor, naked, persecuted truth!"

The papers furnished by Mr. Dana to the *United States Review*, edited by Bryant, 1826-7, are comparatively slighter than those which pass under his name in the *North American*. They are more properly magazine than review articles, in accordance with the magazine character of the work itself. They are written in an altogether more popular style, and more addressed to the general reader. They discover a leaning towards pleasantry and a spirit of badinage, not so apparent in any other of the critical productions of our author. They are, it is unnecessary to add, perfectly sound and exquisitely judicious. The paper on Brown is much the best criticism on him we have seen, [did not the writer of this draw up a similar article for the *N. American*?] and one of the best pieces of philosophical criticism ever printed in an *American Magazine*.

The *Essay on the Past and the Present*, in the *American Quarterly Observer*, is full of fine thoughts, nobly but a little vaguely expressed. This paper wants the closeness of Mr. Dana's best writing, but is imbued with a fine spirit of reflection and colored with a tender mystical eloquence, uncommonly rare among modern writers. The essay, *on Law as suited to Man*, we have been unable to procure, but we conceive it to be not much unlike a similar production of Mr. Dana's best disciple, in moral speculation and grave writing, Professor T aylor Lewis. We can imagine the high views and lofty aspirations of our ablest teacher of men, who is fitly endowed and empowered to be one of the chief thinkers of a great people; a higher office than that of one of the prominent political leaders or even the Chief Magistrate of the Union.

Minor points in the intellectual character and the literary productions of our author, we have not room for at present. We hope to be able to do justice to them hereafter; as well as to present a view of the life and personal character of one of our ablest, wisest and purest men.



## NOTES BY THE CAMP FIRE.

## THE SURVEYOR AND HIS HORSE.

If the geographical lessons of his youth are not fresh in the memory of the reader, let him procure an Atlas, and turn to the map of the great North American Lakes. How shapeless, how regularly shapeless, in their outline do these inland seas appear. Is there anything real or imagined, that resembles them in form? We have, at times, amused ourselves in tracing, or rather fancying, a likeness of figure in bays, lakes, promontories and continents to animals in various positions. How ridiculous, we hear somebody say, thinking to himself aloud. Was it ridiculous in the Chaldeans, who watched their flocks by night, on the hills of Asia, to arrange the stars in constellations? We affirm that the Northern lakes represent a cluster of Rohan potatoes. Lake Huron, it is true, does not carry a very close resemblance to a potato; yet potatoes may be deformed and mutilated. For instance, the northern end of the vegetable may have been pressed against a rock, during its growth, and the southern portions may have been split by the hoe, in cultivation. This is as near the potatoe as the belt, sword, and one eye of Orion to an armed warrior. We venture to suspect that the man who ridicules our philosophy of resemblances, has himself seen stranger things with less cause. Has he not sat hours before a winter fire, before a grate full of coals, peering into its red depths, descriing castles and faces; warriors and demons; yea, with an especial variety of imps and blue devils? School girls have seen the hair of their lovers in a glowing coal; the face of a dead father, the weeping of an absent mother. Far less imagination is required to make out our potatoe theory.

Applying the same rule to Lake Superior, it comes out a weasel. This is a very respectable lake in every particular; its waters are the purest, broadest, deepest, coldest, and most transparent of any lake, ancient or modern. It is said that even John Bull does not deny this, which "if true," settles the matter as against the world.

Until lately its waters have rolled in solitude from side to side; but in history it is more ancient than the Mississippi. Before Marquette and La Salle floated down the Great River, Mesnard and Allouer buffeted the waves of the Great Lake. It was only *twenty-one* years after the feet of the Pilgrims touched the eastern shore of this continent, that those strange, daring, calmly enthusiastic Jesuits arrived upon the borders of this remote sea.

It was only *four* years after Plymouth Rock was consecrated to futurity, that the tribes of Lake Huron heard the Gospel and saw the Cross. As though they were impelled by an irresistible motive, the Catholic missionaries persevered against every obstacle, until they reached *La Pointe*, then called Chegoimegan. In 1641, Rambault and Jonges founded a chapel at the Falls of St. Mary.

Thirteen years before Marquette saw the Mississippi, the Abbe Mesnard was heard preaching to the Chippeways at the Ance-Kewawenon.

It was from thence, pressing forward on foot to the waters of the Ontonagon, he is supposed to have perished in the labyrinths of the Porcupine Mountains.

*Eight* years before the canoe of Marquette floated out of the "Ouisconsang" River, Father Allouer had established his chapel at Chegoimegan. But the Mississippi has become the channel of commerce, the home of 600 steamers, and thus the names of Marquette and La Salle are rendered immortal. Until lately, the commerce of Lake Superior was carried on in a few Mackinaw boats and bark canoes, carrying provisions and trinkets, and returning with furs. Thus Mesnard, a martyr to discovery and religion, is forgotten.

To particularize, the arched curve of the northern shore of Lake Superior, is the back of the weasel; descending westward to his head, at Fond du Lac, and to his haunches at Michipicaten and White Fish Point. Point Keweno represents a space between the fore-legs and the body. Isle Royal, Cariban and Michipi-

caten are beautiful spots on his side, and Grand Island is one of the toes of the hind foot. Some persons have, in our hearing, recommended the beaver as a fitter animal, but we cannot make the pattern fit. Where shall we place his flowing tail, equal in length to his body. In Tequamenon Bay, say they. But this bay will not contain one quarter of a tail proportioned to such a body—we adhere to the weasel.

The government of the U. States was the first to establish a uniform system of public survey. The whole of its immense surveyed domain has been divided into squares of one mile each, by lines that run due north and south, and due east and west. This is called the system of *rectangular co-ordinates*, first put in operation in Ohio in 1784. By its "meridians," and "base lines," its "ranges" and "townships," the exact position of a resident, or an explorer upon any portion of the public lands, is always known with reference to any other portion of this extended territory, whether 100, 500, or 1,000 miles distant.

This system has required for its execution a new class of men. There are surveyors general, who have charge of large districts, and keep an office at some central point. But the men upon whom the labor and exposure falls are the field surveyors and their subordinates. The surveyor works by contract with the government, at so much per mile. He furnishes his own instruments, provisions and assistants. Each party consists of a surveyor who takes charge of the field work and runs the lines, of two chainmen, one axe-man, and in bad regions two, a man to keep camp and officiate as cook; with one or two packers—the packers are a race analogous to the boatmen of the Ohio, in the days of Mike Fink—whose duty it is to pass and re-pass between the depôt and the working parties, conveying provisions upon their backs. Solitary and alone do these men travel the wild regions of the North and West with the instinct of the Indian; always hardy and cheerful, never so happy as when employed in the depths of the forest.

The surveyor ordinarily carries a tent for each party, and where the country will admit, the packer is furnished with a horse, which is a great advantage. The surveyor, like a general in his campaigns, establishes his magazines on the nearest navigable water, from which sup-

plies are taken, by the packers. The professional surveyor is a man of some scientific, but in general of more practical knowledge. He must be courageous, energetic, and capable of enduring the severest fatigues. He requires a capacity for combination, so directing his parties, and his stores, as to ensure co-operation; to accomplish the greatest results with the least labor, expense, and exposure, and particularly so as to take away the greatest number of chances against a failure of supplies with the consequences that follow. His men have a professional pride which causes them to follow, wherever the surveyor leads, to partake of fate, without murmurs, to exercise patience under hardship, to be good-natured, kind, social, and efficient. If misfortunes occur, if the packer is lost, the horse stolen by Indians, snows and rains fall, or a short allowance is necessary in camp, the true woodsman never despairs. He is all perseverance, confidence, and hope.

If night overtakes him far from the camp, and it becomes too dark or stormy to follow the lines; like a good soldier he borrows no trouble, but coiling himself at the foot of a tree, makes up for the want of his supper by a sound and early sleep. During the past year the surveys have reached the remote parts of Lake Superior. Exploring in those regions we have often pitched our tents with those of the surveyors, and listened with the highest pleasure to their conversation. Sitting around the same camp-fire, covered with the same rough dress, like them unshorn with razor or scissors, for months together, eating bean soup from the same cup, and broiled pork from the same skewer; all restraint was banished, and the evening's talk and fun ran free; would that we had the pen of Irving or of Cooper, to do justice to the simplicity, the force, truth and modesty of the tales of forest life that have fastened our attention so many hours. Many young men of education take the post of chainmen in these parties, either to gratify a disposition for novelty and excitement, or with a view to future employment as surveyors. Among the nobles of the Huron Mountains, which geologists say were thrust up from beneath by volcanic forces, and whose irregular summits stand in cold relief against the sky, we met an M.D. who had taken to the woods for health and amusement. His legs were provided with a pair of pants made of

striped bed ticking, the stripes pretty much obliterated by hard usage, grease-spots, and dirt. A flannel shirt, a pair of badly-rent brogans, a pair of woolen stockings, a canal driver's hat, and a coat of the same material as the pants, constituted his dress. But healthy, and full of animal life, however disfigured may have been his exterior, the M.D. possessed more of the man at that moment, whether physical or mental, than ever before. His reason was stronger, his fancy brighter, memory better, and capacity of acquirement greater than at any former period of life. He had been some months in the district west of the first principal Meridian and north of the Base line of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, back of Grand Traverse Bay. The horse appeared to be his favorite animal and he related many a tale of the sagacity, intelligence and kindness of the Canadian pony which the packers use.

In the fall of 1842, two parties under Mr. Hudson were subdividing lands at the sources of the Manistee River. Winter set in before the contract was finished. After a separation of three weeks they met at a rendezvous in the interior, having brought their work to that spot simultaneously. It was now five months they had been from the settlements buried in the forest of the north, and had seen no whites but those of their own number. For three weeks the two parties had seen or heard nothing of each other, and meeting so opportunely they made the woods ring with shouts of joy, and hurried to embrace each other like long parted brothers. The trees were now stripped of leaves, and snow began to fall. The grass and herbage, upon which the pony had subsisted hitherto, began to perish. His plump form began to shrink, and it was impossible for him to bear the usual burden. The good packer took a share of it upon his own shoulders, and came into camp exhausted, when he threw himself at full length upon the ground and without supper or blanket fell asleep. By the rules of the surveying department the field notes of all the townships named in the contract must be returned before payment can be demanded. None but emergencies beyond the foresight and efforts of the surveyor would constitute an excuse for modifying this rule. A few days of severe weather or a few days of short allowance would not by any means be received as sufficient reasons for abandon-

ing a task; with a plentiful supply of provisions, weather and seasons are laughed to scorn by such men. Everything rested therefore on the packer and his horse.

By the first light of day he and his companion, the Canadian pony, start for the *dépôt*. Rains and snows had raised the streams and filled the swamps. There was neither game for the support of the men, nor time to kill it if there had been. It was necessary to use expedition for other reasons. Their return to the settlements was to be made in open boats along the coast to the southward, and if ice formed in Lake Michigan, how was this to be effected? If not effected how were they to subsist? All these contingencies were fully present to their minds as the packer disappeared in the bush, followed by his faithful pony. Would they reach the *dépôt*? Would they be able to return? If they did, would the animal have strength enough to bear his load, and thus supply the hunger of twelve men for two weeks or more? These questions were seriously but silently studied by those worn and ragged woodsmen, but not with any weak misgivings as to the future. Full of resolution, they betook themselves to their work of running and marking lines upon the leafless trees. They pursued their labors as usual for a week, and began to expect the arrival of provisions from the coast. The packer came not much behind his time, accompanied as usual, by his horse, but with only a partial load. He had been obliged to throw away many pounds of meat, in order to enable the good creature to reach the camp. Enough food was brought, however, to secure the company against want.

No wonder the little Frenchman saw with the deepest sorrow, the decline of his little horse. How many days, how many nights, had they spent together in that broad forest. Like a faithful dog, the pony followed wherever the packer went; came in the morning to receive his load, swam rivers, clambered up the ascent of steep hills, let himself down slippery precipices, and always came at the call. Can it be a matter of wonder that the human heart should knit itself with that of a beast. Here was that confidence, that submission, that usefulness, kindness and devotion which give rise to affection in men towards their subordinates. Hear this unlettered packer, as

he rises from his bed of hemlock boughs in the morning, talking familiarly to his horse, as he would to a companion or a friend; was there not between them a communion of feeling?—on the part of the horse of gratitude for attention and protection—on the part of the man, of gratitude for long-trying faithfulness and brute intelligence. See him pat the sleek and staunch creature upon the neck as he is dismissed at night, well rubbed and cleaned, to graze in the vicinity.

The pony, now released from duty, was suffered to run at random in the neighboring swamps. But the herbage, principally destroyed by frost, did not seem to have a relish. He spent most of the time among the men, and about the camp-fire, weak, sickly, and without appetite. The work of the season was at length finished, but not until winter had fully set in. Preparations were immediately made to quit the country. These hardy chain-men, axe-men, and packers will themselves find no difficulty in reaching the boat, and thence to the settlements; but the poor horse, what will become of him. The party prepare for the trip with alacrity, not by laying in provisions and comforts, as they do in making up an outfit, but by dispensing with every thing that has weight, and is not indispensable on the march. The extra provisions are stowed away in hollow logs, the extra blankets are hid in the same manner, the compass and chain, the axes and hatchets are all put in some secret place, to be in readiness for next season's operations.

But the fate of the old horse is not absent from their minds. No one could be found with the heart to shoot him, and thus end, or rather avoid much of his sufferings. He was now so much reduced that he could not keep up with the company, and the company were too much straightened for time to be delayed on their way to the coast. The surveyor made liberal offers to the man who would volunteer and endeavor to take

him to the nearest settlement. If he should reach the coast, the season was too far spent to expect a vessel that might take him on board, and there the chances of famishing by hunger and cold would be greater than in the recesses of the forest. He must be left. The old creature seemed to comprehend the fate that awaited him, and stuck close to the men. His pack saddle was taken off and hung in the top of a small tree, and sorrowfully the party set out. He neighs after them, and makes an effort to follow. But the little fellow's frame is too weak. He stumbles and falls to the ground, uttering a low and touching moan.

It struck a chord in every heart. Those rugged men turned back in mercy at the call of a brute, but it was impossible to take him forward. They cut boughs from some evergreen trees and made him a comfortable bed. They pulled some coarse grass, laid it near his head, and slowly turning away, left him to a bitter death. But there was a power in the beseeching look of the prostrate and helpless creature, which none could resist. There were wet eyes when they abandoned him to his fate.

The following winter was one of less rigor than usual. In the spring the surveyor returned to continue his work, expecting to find the bones of his pony, stripped of their flesh by wolves. But with what surprise and joy did they hear the well-known neigh, as he came running from a neighboring swamp to greet his long-absent master and friend. The simple-hearted man yielded to the impulse of nature—he threw his arms around the shaggy little neck of the deserted animal, that came fondling around him like a dog, shedding as many tears as he would for the reappearance of a brother who had been, by necessity, abandoned on the edge of winter in the depths of the wilderness. The pony had managed to live all winter in the close thicketed swamps, where occasional juicy shrubs and plants remained not entirely destroyed by the frost.



## SKETCH OF JOHN HAMPDEN PLEASANTS AND HIS TIMES.

THE distinguished position occupied by this lamented gentleman—the heavy blow sustained in his death, alike by the profession, of which he was the pride and ornament, and the country to which he had devoted his talents and energies—and the eventful period in which he lived and acted, claim at our hands a more extended notice than they have already received.

The melancholy occasion invites, too, some serious thoughts upon the press of our country. We are too apt to confine our attention to the unsubstantial puppets which it calls into action, while the true spring which gives motion to the whole is unregarded. We are accustomed to associate the idea of greatest power with those high in office, distinguished by place alone, and rendered more imposing by all the outward manifestations of authority. We are alarmed at the aggressions of chief magistrates, and declaim against the malfeasance of subalterns. We look with anxiety to every motion of that hand which grasps the purse and sword, and watch with jealous scrutiny that power which bids armies go forth—at whose command navies sweep to the uttermost parts of the sea. But within yonder humble closet, is preparing an engine more powerful, perchance more terrible, than ever tyrant shaped! The power which sways materials is trifling to that which regulates the mind. Compared with the editor, even the spell of the orator seems vain and fleeting. Brilliant eloquence may lead to stormy action. The crowd may cry, "Let us march against Philip," but the effect is transient, though intense. On the forum, too, rival copes with rival. The bane and antidote are side by side. Not so with the editor. His paper goes forth, and whether for good or for evil, meets no opposing force. It finds admittance, and gains ready credence within every wall, from the palace to the cottage. It is frequently found, where even the Bible is not, insidiously distilling poison, as did the fiend who sat,

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
Forging distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires."

The close lines of party prevent the

entrance of the Ithuriel of Truth, and the venom has full time and power to effect its object. This is the dark side of the picture. The other is radiant with all the hues of the first promise. Properly directed, the press is the surest guaranty of freedom. To it is given the fearful duty of moulding and directing public opinion, that mighty resultant of the minds of a people. The tyrant may overwhelm every other bulwark; flattery and servility may give a gloss to every crime. But even in the riot of the banquet, the press is the hand-writing on the wall, which announces with silent, but terrible monition, that he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting—that his days are numbered—that his empire has passed away for ever. The press is, in truth, the mainspring of society. Legislative bodies, as a general rule, but register the edicts of this mighty law-giver. Archimedes needed but a fulcrum to move the world. Faust has supplied at once, the lever and the fulcrum, by which the moral universe may be swayed. "Is the press," says an eloquent writer, "to be regarded only as a dexterous combination of springs and screws—or is it to be worshipped as the steward of all the hidden treasures of the mind—as the breaker of intellectual chains—the avenger of injured rights—the moral Hercules, that goes forth, turning the wilderness to fertility, and smiting the monsters of the world?" How impotent is England's greatest premier, with a submissive majority at his heels, in comparison with the Times, the *imperium in imperio*, best entitled to the appellation of sovereign of Great Britain. But it is in our own country that the press is most powerful. It is the republican Warwick, that raises or deposes Presidents at will. With silent power it overthrows the patriot, or elevates the demagogue. Here it proves itself the subtle alchemist of the nineteenth century. In its glowing alembic wondrous decompositions take place. Vice emerges with the front of virtue, and honor, blackened, takes the guise of shame! In view, then, of this mighty power, which gives us laws and rulers, how momentous is its proper direction. Need alike for the jealous eye and bounteous hand—scorn, unutterable scorn, for him who would

degrade this mighty engine to mercenary ends, and disorganizing doctrines—and honor for the living, sorrow for the mighty dead, who would keep it pure and holy for the suppression of vice, the encouragement of virtue, and the full accomplishment of all the sublime destinies of mankind!

John Hampden Pleasants was born in the county of Goochland, Virginia, on the 4th day of January, 1797. His father, the late James Pleasants, was honored by the confidence of his native State, and filled with credit the different posts of Governor, Representative, and Senator in the Congress of the United States. He was animated by that enthusiastic love of liberty, which the then recent struggle with England, and the revolutionary throes of France, were so well calculated to inspire. This he bequeathed to his son, and in giving him the name of one of the greatest defenders of constitutional liberty, seemed to have an almost prophetic knowledge of his future career. John Hampden early evinced those powers of mind, which afterwards rendered him so distinguished, and the facility with which he acquired knowledge induced unfortunate habits of indolence and carelessness, of which he could never entirely divest himself. Still he formed habits of general reading, which were of great value and assistance. His mind became thoroughly imbued with the beauties of the classics, and laid the foundation of that extensive information, and ample historical knowledge which was so beautifully displayed in his after life. In this he was aided and encouraged by his grandfather, who is said to have been one of the best belles-lettres scholars of his day.

In 1815, John Hampden entered William and Mary College, but only remained one session, and in the following year commenced the study of law, in the office of William Wirt, whose brilliant talents were then rewarded by a large and lucrative practice in the city of Richmond. In the spring of 1818, Mr. Pleasants married his cousin, Miss Irvine, and removed to the town of Lynchburg, to practice his profession. It soon became apparent that he was unfitted for a lawyer. Naturally diffident, he was unable to conquer the dread of speaking in public. In addition to this he felt no doubt that he had not that peculiar gift, so necessary to success as an advocate, and he scorned the mediocrity which its absence renders inevita-

ble. Mr. Pleasants, indeed, was singularly lacking in conversational talent. His mind seemed inert until the pen, acting like the prime conductor of the electrical machine, brought forth the brilliant current. To no one could the playful remark of Addison be more justly applied, "that in intellectual wealth, he resembled a man, who, without a shilling in his pocket, might be able to draw on his banker for a thousand pounds." Soon disgusted with a profession unsuited to his tastes and talents, he determined to seek some new and more congenial occupation. In 1820, accordingly, he purchased an interest in the "Lynchburg Press," and in connection with William Duffie, a practical printer, commenced his career as an editor. He soon gave evidences of his singular aptitude for his new vocation. The force and brilliancy of his writings, attracted the admiration of the most distinguished men of Virginia, who urged him to seek that broader theatre which he was so well fitted to adorn. These suggestions were unregarded until a visit to Washington, in 1823, when he witnessed the first symptoms of that mighty conflict for the Presidency, which ensued in the following year. On his return, Mr. Pleasants issued a prospectus for publishing a paper in Richmond, to be styled the "Constitutional Whig." The new paper made its appearance in January, 1824, with a subscription list of two hundred and seventy five names. We do not care to dwell upon the many obstacles which this new design encountered. It is unpleasant at all times, to recur to the trials and difficulties which poverty inflicts upon genius, and more so, to speak of those which genius imposes upon itself. It is but the old story, over which we have so often mourned. The chronicles of our own and other countries have too frequently shown the mind perfect in all other parts, giving way to one fault, an undue love of excitement. Weaker minds, like the baser metals, are liable to corrosion from a thousand agents. One acid alone has power to destroy virgin gold! The new paper struggled for years, with a doubtful existence. Its final success against fearful odds, is the best evidence of the power and perseverance of its founder. Calumny and detraction were busy, and that mighty host, envious mediocrity, with an instinctive aversion to all that is bright and noble, sought to crush that inde-

pendent spirit which, almost alone, stood up against the fearful tide of tyranny and lawless will, that threatened to overwhelm every honored institution of our country. In thus anticipating the history of the "Whig," we have carefully avoided special reference to the unfortunate events, and cruel opposition, which occurred in the earlier stage of its existence. The grave has closed over most of the actors; nor would we, by a single word, turn the thoughts of others to that period. Our sole object is to demand justice to the memory of the deceased patriot, from those who thoughtlessly have endeavored to deprive him of all credit, because of that rashness which they think he exhibited in after years. Let them recollect that it *was* rash for the poor editor to contend, single-handed, with a powerful and triumphant majority. It *was* rash to become the standard-bearer, when the battle "seemed lost and won," when there was little beyond "the resolution of despair," to nerve the arm of the patriot. Something of after rashness may be excused in him, who deserted not his post in the darkest hour—who labored earnestly, watched zealously, through twelve long years of tyranny and misrule, until he saw the sign under which we should conquer, as he who stood by Troy saw the light which told of her downfall.

Great and valuable as were the services of Mr. Pleasants, his life was marked by no events of great interest. He had in truth dedicated himself to his country, and we can best appreciate the power of his mind, and the devotion of his patriotism, by a brief retrospect of the period in which he performed such distinguished labors. The editor has no opportunity of securing renown or affluence, by some splendid single action. Day by day must he labor uncared for, almost forgotten, by the thousands who, prompt to reproach his faults, are slow to reward his excellences. The orator, or the author, selects his own time for an effort of genius; but the editor, bound to the Procrustean bed of daily contributions, must write in every mood, often against every feeling. It is only when we look back at his labors, sufferings, and privations, through a long series of years, that we can do adequate justice to the importance of his services. Let us then take this retrospect of the period in which our subject won so great a reputation, by his

noble support of a great conservative cause, in which were embarked the honor and welfare of the country.

It was the lot of Mr. Pleasants to enter upon his more extended editorial career, at a time when our country was passing through, what the geologists would call, the transition state. The band of noble fathers who had effected our emancipation was fast melting away. Our political institutions were left, lasting monuments of their wisdom and patriotism, as the Cyclopean and Pelasgic remains attest the herculean strength of their builders. To these must necessarily succeed men untried, unsustained by that deep experience, which insured wisdom and caution in our first legislators. The ancient party lines, formed alone upon doubts as to the practicability of our scheme, had been swept away by the entire success, so far, of the experiment. But the watchful patriot soon discovered that new elements were coming into play. The constitution was no longer regarded as the ark of our covenant, which no sacrilegious hand must touch. Men were determined to test the elasticity of our system. Federalist and Republican, were words now without meaning, only retained by cunning strategists for sinister purposes: the one as a broad cloak for their own sins, the other as a term of obloquy for their opponents. The true line of distinction, faintly foreshadowed in the contest between Adams and Jackson, but since then made lamentably apparent, was conservatism on the one hand, and radicalism on the other. These have ever been the points, however disguised by specious names, to which have rallied the friends and foes of Law and Order.

Such was the purity and patriotism of the administration of Mr. Adams, that its enemies were reduced to the most absurd extremities. It seemed that the nation had grown Athenian in its critical acumen, and was greatly shocked by a violation of the rules of rhetoric, on the part of its chief magistrate. Mr. Adams was unfortunate enough to speak of observatories as "light-houses of the sky," and posterity, sitting in inquest, will probably return the verdict that his administration died of a mixed figure; for we can find nothing else worthy of condemnation. Candor compels us to add, that we have wonderfully improved in critical leniency. Catachresis, bombast, and every sole-

cism in grammar and taste, are now not only tolerated, but frequently applauded to the echo.

This, however, was but the complaint which the wolf brought against the lamb. Deeper causes were at work. Radicalism was impatient to lay its hand upon the fair fabric of our system. Mr. Pleasants was one of that small band who felt that the true crisis in our affairs had come. They saw the deep and dark tide setting in, and bravely, but vainly, attempted to arrest its progress. The voice of reason was lost amid the roar of waters. Cunningly did radicalism go to work. Its promises were dealt with lavish hand. Retrenchment and reform—twin brothers—were to clear the way; and honesty, shuddering at a single speculation, was to erect Haman's gibbet for every defaulter. We were taught to expect perfection in some, improvement in all departments of government. These were the pleasant sounds which, added to the glory of New Orleans, induced a too-confiding people to admit to its inner temple a party as little awed in truth by the sanctity of the place, as the soldiers of Napoleon, who stabled their horses in churches, and fashioned vestments from the paintings of our Savior!

The time has not yet come, when men can write or read calmly of that era as our history; and policy perhaps would dictate, that silence were better than the slightest censure of that popular idol, whose apotheosis has so recently occurred. History, however, is forced to violate the maxim: "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" Whilst we grant to General Jackson the merit of patriotism, and of strong natural powers, we are compelled to say that we do not deem the second section a good rule for the presidential chair, nor that bold and reckless daring is excused by love of country, however ardent. We must be allowed to express our preference for that subdued patriotism which is amenable to the laws and constitution of the land, over that furious affection whose kindness kills, and which holds itself bound by no law, accountable to no tribunal. Byron tells us the younger Pitt was

"Renowned for ruining Great Britain gratis!"

and the ultra partisans of General Jackson seem to regard his victory at New Orleans as affording him a perfect license

to deface the Constitution, and undermine that liberty which he claimed to have preserved.

Justice, tardy though it be, may now be rendered to those who predicted with wonderful accuracy, all the evil effects which would flow from the elevation of such a military chieftain to the presidency. How far he stands excused on the plea of bad advisers, it were bootless now to inquire. But it is a question pregnant with interest to our future welfare, to ask how far he was forced to the commission of many high-handed deeds, by the necessity of his situation, and the cardinal principles of the revolutionary portion of that party to which he was indebted for his elevation. In reflecting upon the course of our opponents, it has often struck us that the same remark might be applied, and the same cause assigned, for their disorganizing tendencies, which Napoleon and his annalists have given as the paramount considerations of his wonderful career.

"*My power,*" said Napoleon, "*depends upon my glory—a government newly established has need to dazzle and astonish—when its éclat ceases, it perishes.*" "*His power, without and within,*" says Marshal St. Cyr, "*was founded solely upon the éclat of his victories. The more colossal his power became, the more immeasurable were his projects required to be, that unexpected success should keep up the same wonder in the minds of the people. These principles were well known to Napoleon, and hence it was that he so often did evil, albeit, knowing better than any one else that it was evil: overruled by a superior power from which he fell, it was impossible to escape.*"

"So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds."

It may not be uninteresting to draw the parallel, and show how our pseudo-democracy, forced by this "superior power," have been led to make war in turn upon all the best interests of our country. Victory, though ruin followed in its train, was necessary to sustain them, and a review of our history will exhibit the fact that in the time of a profound peace, a great nation, by the acts of its rulers, was reduced to nearly as low a point as France reached after a hundred sanguinary conflicts. A close inspection of the acts of the Locofoco party will develop this same incessant motion, which enti-



cles them to, at least, one-half their assumed title of *Progressive Democracy*.

They assumed the reins of power, at a time when the country was peculiarly prosperous. We presented the magnificent spectacle of a people united at home and respected abroad; fostering our union, not by cold and formal laws, but by that mutual protection, sympathy, and love, which bind with links stronger than steel. The patriot looked with pride and joy, at the individual and national happiness; and the small remnant of the revolutionary band, to which had been vouchsafed a longer term of existence, hailed with triumph the full accomplishment of their fondest hopes. Such was the fair scene of laughing prosperity, when the shouts of millions announced the approach of a host of self-sacrificing crusaders, who came to take possession of the temple, which it was asserted the heathen had defiled. Hyperbole was exhausted to tell of our prospective happiness. We were only allowed to dread that the nation would expire in a plethora of prosperity, and ecstasy of delight. On came the lengthened train, which promised to effect this wondrous change. In advance appeared that mighty old chieftain whose motto was—

“Regard the body politic as  
A horse, wheron the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He *can* command, lets it straight feel the  
spur.”

His was the fiery will which brooked not of delay—sweeping on like some mountain torrent, which even a pebble could lash into foam. Yet, he was determined to uphold the Constitution, *as he understood it*, to promote the welfare of the country in his own bold, rough way—to reward his friends, crush his enemies, and, converting the country into one vast camp, insure that iron discipline which dares not question the slightest order of the general. Next in authority came the pride of the schoolmen, the great metaphysician of the South, ill at ease, and visibly out of place, but still true to his nature, “with downcast eye, and absent mien,” making laws for Utopia, and settling systems by a syllogism. Then came, vainly seeking with shrunken limb to follow in the footsteps of his chief, the wily Richelieu of the North, the founder and patron of that modern ethical school, which adopts as a text for its thesis the maxim, “all is fair in politics,” and re-

gards any means as sanctified in the pursuit of the *summa bona* of life, a working majority, and a lucrative office. These were the principal figures of the foreground. Behind was seen a host of generous freemen, who had forgotten their caution in their anxiety to reward the victorious warrior, and the rear was closed by a mercenary band of political sutlers, whose principles and integrity were fitly figured in the motto of their banner, “to the victors belong the spoils!” Encamped around the treasury, characterized by one of themselves as the true centre of that cohesive power which binds them together, the work of destruction commenced. It was necessary to give at once some startling evidence of the power of this new administration, whose chief was anxious to verify the declaration, that he constituted the government.

Accordingly, the nation which but a short time before had slept in peace, found itself rudely roused from a happy dream to be startled by the near approach of all the horrors of civil war. The Vice-President had incurred the resentment of his chief—the tariff question afforded a fair pretext—and the latter scrupled not to use his high station for the purposes of private revenge. Halts and gibbets were freely spoken of in connection with the quondam allies. Proclamation and Force Bill came to reassure the friends of States’ Rights, and bewildered by this terrible display, men ceased to oppose a power which had shown itself so willing and able to crush every enemy, from the highest to the lowest. The “eclat” of this achievement was great, and, under its influence, this party marched once more to victory. The conservatives of the country, few in number, and broken in spirit, made but a feeble resistance. Nothing but the animating strains of such men as John Hampden Pleasants prevented the utter dispersion of that small party, with which rested our only hope and safety. One would have thought that the dominant party had reached a point of power which, in crushing all opposition, needed no new demonstration to sustain itself. But fate was inexorable. To stand still was to fall. Overthrow would have been its inevitable portion had events flowed calmly and peacefully. The only safety was in that continued storm from which every man would cower.

We have said that all opposition had ceased. But the Bank still dared to re-

sist the mighty power, and incurred its resentment in refusing to yield entire control of the monetary affairs of the country. The fiat went forth for its destruction. Instantly every lance was in couch, and soon the monster bit the dust. England still commemorates on her coin the victory of St. George over the dragon, and some anniversary eulogist will doubtless suggest, as a substitute for our eagle, the device of General Jackson tilting at the United States Bank. Had this been adopted for the one side, and on the reverse been seen the figure of Justice cowering beneath an uplifted sword, it would have been a fit coin in which to refund the fine imposed by Judge Hall.

Here was a second victory which tended, even more strongly than the first, to confirm that power, whose existence depended upon dazzling acts. The President had declared that a bank was in many respects necessary to the government, and useful to the people; and that if the Executive, that magazine of financial ability, had, in addition to its other vast powers, been allowed the initiative, it would have furnished a scheme free from all Constitutional objections. But admit that the bank was a positive and unmitigated evil—that the sanction of Madison had little weight—that the experience of the country was delusive—was it the part of wisdom to shake so suddenly and violently the whole monetary system of the country? Physicians tell us that even the cancer must be slowly and cautiously removed. But was the gratification of revenge a sufficient compensation for the misery and distress which followed a rash interference with the currency? Did the fleeting triumph of party, based as it was upon a violation of the Constitution, prove an equivalent for the shock sustained by every branch of industry? Was not the assumption of "responsibility" but a poor reward for the melancholy lesson which it taught a fevered community, a lesson which did more than aught else to impair that sacred sense of obligation which, as springing from, we have ever held to be the proudest characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race? These were questions which the conquerors did not stop to ask themselves. "Victory gives no account of herself." But the grand inquest of posterity will make the searching examination, and if some future Gibbon is forced to tell the story of our fall, he will point to this as the

mournful period when a great nation took the first steps in its downward career.

It is a slight consolation, to pause amid all these evidences of tyranny on the one side, and submission on the other, and dwell for a moment on the noble courage of that sturdy freeman, Secretary Duane, who, even under the shadow of the palace wall, dared to obstruct the furious tide. But what availed it? The reed before the torrent is but a feeble type of the rapidity with which he was overwhelmed. The unit, severed for a moment, was soon restored to its arithmetical integrity, by the addition of one who, as David Gellatley said of Bailie McWheele, "had a very quiet, peaceful conscience, one that did him no harm." The deposits were removed—the purse and sword united; and with these sinews of war, all the materials prepared for another and more vigorous campaign, against the welfare of the country. The popularity of this party, and more especially of its great chief, had now reached its culminating point. A dazzling, but hollow prosperity, glittered before us. Wild speculation came to grant unholy wealth, and sap the morality of the country. Men scorned the slow but certain wealth which constant labor brings. All hailed the opening of a royal road to fortune. The potent enchanter, who had called up all this glittering show, looked on with joyous complacency, and ranging himself alongside of Washington, commenced the preparation of his Farewell Address. Before his departure, however, Fate had determined that his own hand should precipitate the ruin, which, sooner or later, was destined to close the scene. In the midst of this gorgeous display came the noted specie circular, whose magic touch at once dissolved the baseless fabric. General Jackson had scarcely announced that he left a great people free, prosperous, and happy, when the next breeze from New Orleans brought the wail of a distressed community. By a very curious coincidence, the spot which had witnessed the glory of the warrior, was the first to feel the errors of his civic career.

Such was the end of the Jackson administration. We have thought it due to the subject of our sketch, to offer a brief and hurried view of the principal acts of this Reign of Terror, that all proper honor might be paid to that valor, and patriotism, which contended so nobly

and unceasingly against the aggressions of wanton and lawless power. In the dark period of his life, when he was speaking, he still bore up against the destroyers, nor wavered in the noble cause. Defeat came after defeat, but it left him, as it found him,

"Pale but intrepid, sad but unsubdued."

Hope, though forlorn, still animated him. His profound knowledge of men and history, told him that in all time tyranny and misrule had worked their own ruin. But he did not wait idly for the completion of the parallel. At every new assumption of power, or violation of law, he indignantly denounced the enemies of his country and her Constitution. Once, the noble efforts of himself and his gallant compatriots of Virginia seemed about to be crowned with success. In 1834, her people, roused by the daring acts of General Jackson, responded nobly to the warning notes of her patriotic son. But the pause was momentary. The end was not yet. The clouds had parted for a moment, only that the tempest might set in with redoubled fury. He might not hope for its entire cessation until there was nothing left on which it could act.

It was something, however, to have gotten rid of the boldest and most daring spirit. We had still much to suffer, but we had less to fear from the Elisha of Democracy, to whom had descended the mantle, "a world too wide" for his diminutive frame. We have been disposed, if not to pardon, at least to pity this unfortunate recipient of democratic favor. Mr. Van Buren's was, in truth, a hard lot. He was forced to bear the odium of many misfortunes, which no human wisdom could have averted. The rash experiments made by his predecessor, perhaps in some cases advised by himself, were now unfolding their fatal fruits. It was impossible for him to prevent the baneful effects of the unhealthy excitement, and over-action, which had prevailed in every department of business. They had acted like those subtle poisons administered by the Borgias in the festive hour—which lent, for a time, rich flavor to the wine cup, gave fresh vigor to the arm, kindled new brilliancy in the eye. But the reaction was terrible as certain—the cheek paled, the eye grew dim, the hand relaxed, and the victim sank a helpless wreck!

Nor would we, except where it received the connivance of himself and his higher

officers, hold Mr. Van Buren to a strict accountability for that laxity of morals which induced such a host of defaulting agents, to "assume the responsibility" of removing deposits to France, England, and Texas; nor yet for the depredations of the speculator and the peculator. The moral sense had been deadened, and the worse part of our natures developed, by the examples of those high in authority in the infraction of nearly every law in the statute-book and the decalogue. A moral malaria had been generated, whose pestilential breath scattered disease throughout the land. Hence came the dark stain of repudiation—the bar-sinister of our escutcheon—the plague-spot of the nation. Repudiation!—that perversion of language, by which a sovereign State, in christening its foul offspring, robbed virtue of one of its brightest terms, and enrolled it as a new epithet in the vocabulary of crime.

But we do blame Mr. Van Buren for that cold and selfish spirit, which, in proclaiming that the "government must take care of itself," exhibited a Turkish indifference to the complaints and sufferings of the country. And above all do we censure him for his faithfulness to that policy which seeks, by continued boldness and recklessness, to overawe its enemies. This was fully developed by that monster in finance, the sub-treasury. We are aware that many in our own ranks were disposed to look favorably on this scheme, and amongst them the distinguished editor of the *Richmond Whig*. The whole monetary system of the country seemed rotten to the core. Anxious to forward their new scheme, our opponents endeavored to profit by their own errors, and denounced the profligacy of all banking institutions, as the seducer upbraids his victim with a fall from virtue. Disgusted and disheartened by this widespread corruption, Mr. Pleasants, like many others, was disposed to discard banks entirely from our system. But he was soon convinced of the utter impracticability of this step, and acknowledged it with that open candor for which he was so distinguished. When reflection brought conviction of error to his noble mind, it found no foolish pride of consistency to bar its entrance, or prevent its utterance. But even if the scheme were practicable we should make but a poor exchange in giving up the security of the private stockholder for the doubtful honesty of the single agent. It is a system based on false principles, and invidious in its



action. It must either be oppressive or a nullity. It cannot be correct in any government, to draw a line between the ruler and the people. One destiny awaits both—a blended interest alone can insure fidelity in the officer, and bring prosperity to the nation. It will be a rare sight in the history of the world, to behold a government, discrediting, by its acts, the currency to which it condemns its people. Yet this was the wretched scheme for whose passage our political sabbath was desecrated, and which a party, lashed into its support, and proudly clasping their chains around them, heralded forth as a second Declaration of Independence. It was a fit conclusion to that folly which had its commencement in the fraudulent delusion of an exclusive metallic currency. And it was with characteristic fidelity to promises, that this party, which had induced us to believe that a stream of gold—reversing the laws of gravitation—would flow up the Mississippi; that every “sunny fountain” would “roll down its golden sands,” to say nothing of a private Pactolus for every neighborhood—should conclude the juggling scene, by proposing to lock up the specie of the country in strong-boxes, thence to be disbursed only to the faithful few who, in accepting her offices, honored their country and profited themselves! An appropriate corollary was furnished in the action of the majority in Congress, who gave unerring indications of their fidelity to States’ Rights, their respect for the broad seal, and their honor for the sovereignty of New Jersey, in the same manner that we are told the pious Japanese, by trampling on its cross, yearly attest their devotion to Christianity!

Beyond the unmitigated corruption of Mr. Van Buren’s administration, these constitute the most striking features—a deficiency to be ascribed rather to poverty of invention than lack of destructiveness—and in some measure to a want of materials upon which to act. The conqueror becomes sated when he has triumphed on every field, and that party might be well content to fold its arms in inaction, after prostrating the currency, commerce and constitution of the country. We are charitable enough to hope that remorse stayed the hand of power from farther deeds of ruin: terror certainly had some agency in producing a cessation of evil. The watchful sentinels who had proclaimed the approach, and then the actual presence of the destroyers, were now for the first time heeded. Foremost among

these was the man whose genius and patriotism we seek to commemorate. With piercing eye had he marked the progress of the disease, and with wondrous skill he laid it bare to the inspection of his countrymen. Indignant at the wrongs imposed upon a confiding people, by an ungrateful party, he exhibited its enormities with an unsparing and unpitying hand. With withering satire he exposed the dishonesty of subalterns, and the connivance of superiors; the general corruption that festered through the body politic; the violation and degradation of State and Federal constitutions. And then with burning eloquence he pleaded for that purity which once was ours—he dwelt with fervor on

“The homely beauty of the good old cause,”

—on that lofty patriotism which looked ever to its country’s good, and that high-toned honor which, in times gone by, had been the vital principle of our republic. Nor did he plead in vain. Roused by unnumbered wrongs, and disenchanted of the spells of their deceivers, the American people hurled from power these political debauchees, who fled, leaving their country, “like a neglected mistress, to perish of the diseases they had inflicted.”

A brighter day seemed to have dawned upon the Republic, and under the guidance of our good President, the patriot trusted we might once more regain the path which leads to prosperity, happiness, and virtue. In the full accomplishment of this, we were doomed to disappointment. Death, for the first time in our history, struck down the chief magistrate, and the alternate appeared upon the stage, as the farce comes to mitigate the horror of the tragedy, and conclude the spectacle of the evening. It is neither our inclination nor intention, to dwell upon the administration of one who, though the acknowledged child of fortune, could not, with any justice adopt the title, (which, according to De Stael, Nicholas of Russia applied to himself,) of being “*un accident heureux*.” It was a sad day for the Republic, when death and unholy ambition came to blast the hopes of a great conservative cause. It was a cruel blow to be thus struck down “in the hour of might” by one whom we had nurtured and trusted. But it is a proud consolation to remember that the devoted attachment of the Whig party to its principles, was brought into bold and beautiful relief, by the dark ground of its misfortunes. We were ready at once to



acknowledge the error of our choice—equally prompt to defend the welfare of our country from the attacks of faithless friends or open foes. In connection with this disastrous event, and suggested by it, we take occasion to notice the charge frequently made against Mr. Pleasants, of being too harsh in his commentaries upon those who happened to differ from his own, or the views of the party whom he represented. We do not undertake to excuse him entirely upon this point. Candor compelled himself frequently to acknowledge, that the warmth of his temperament hurried him into injustice of comment and criticism. But we may safely assert, that the anger of the offended, was never so great as the sorrow of the offender, and a refusal to accept the graceful and feeling apology, which a consciousness of error always induced, might be taken as fair evidence that it was undeserved. There is another part of the charge which has often astonished us. It is contended that Mr. Pleasants frequently forced individuals from the Whig ranks by the bitterness and hastiness of his paragraphs. If such were the case, we can only say, that the connection between these gentlemen and their principles, must have been very slight. That is not the highest order of virtue, which gives way to unjust suspicion;—we should think the thief had but a poor apology, who plead that he had been induced to commit a crime, because its odium already rested upon him. Whilst we rejected the excuse, we should commend the sagacity which had noted so early the proclivity towards evil! Thus it was, that Mr. Pleasants, ever watchful, more readily perceived the symptoms of political putrescence, and hastened to remove the offending matter. He did not, perhaps, come up to the Machiavellian standard of a good party editor—nor was he of that cold and calculating nature which brings everything to the test of political expediency,

'And right or wrong, will vindicate for gold.'

He was, in truth, the Bayard of the press—and when he saw the Whig party menaced by violence without, or treachery within, his whole strength was put forth to repel the one or crush the other. His proud spirit could not consent to parley with an enemy nor temporize with a traitor. Scorning treachery, and the arts of the demagogue, he was at no pains to conceal that scorn. The keen blade of his resentment descended upon the

instant of their discovery, as we read that Saladin slew the traitor, even in the banquet hall! If this utter detestation of deception sometimes betrayed him into error and injustice, we may forgive the fault for its rarity. It stands in striking contrast with that expansive charity which excuseth every excess, and pardoneth all enormities, in consideration of a firm adherence to the Democratic party!

It was under the influence of such feelings as these, that Mr. Pleasants removed to Washington in 1841, and established the "Independent," in connection with Mr. Edward William Johnston. It is a reproach to the Whig party that this paper was not better sustained. The highest order of talent, and the firmest devotion to Whig principles, were manifested in its conduct. Disappointed in his just expectations of success, Mr. Pleasants returned to Virginia.

It must not be supposed that in his attention to federal politics, Mr. Pleasants forgot the claims of his native State. To her he clung with filial zeal and unabated love. Mourning her decline, he strained every nerve to awaken that spirit which should restore her former glory. The increase of facilities of intercourse, improvement and extension of her educational system, the full development of all her resources, mental and physical, these engaged his earnest thoughts, and received his ardent hopes. May we not trust that a few years will witness the accomplishment of all that he labored so long and so well to effect?

On his return to Richmond, Mr. Pleasants resumed the editorial chair of the Whig, but was not regularly employed until the great contest of 1844. It was then that his genius shone pre-eminently. He was animated by a deep and abiding confidence, which he shared in common with the whole Whig party, that the hour of deliverance was at hand, that we were marching to a victory of which neither treachery nor slander could deprive us. But still he labored zealously and indefatigably. Never shall we forget the brilliancy of those articles which, passing from subject to subject, mastered them all, and, as with a pencil of light, showed how much we had to fear from the restoration of one party—all we had to hope from the success of the other. We measure the force of our language when we say that no country, and no age, has ever produced a man better suited, in all the essentials, for the conduct of a public journal. To him was given, in an espe-

cial manner, that skillful generalization which readily seizes upon the strong points of a subject, that happy condensation of thought which, as by the dash of a pen, extracts the substance of an argument, and that pungent and epigrammatic terseness which addresses itself so powerfully to every mind. In pathos and satire he was unrivaled. Happy the statesman who won his admiration—luckless the demagogue, or charlatan, who drew forth his ire. These powers were most conspicuously developed in the contest of 1844. The heart warmed with the recital of the brilliant acts of the patriotic statesman of Kentucky, who had linked his name with the brightest portions of our history; or shared his deep scorn, as he dwelt upon the course of that party which deserted its country for a war-cry and a semblance of principles; whose political opinions, even its religious tenets, were assumed or discarded at will, and “varied to each varying clime,” with a rapidity and facility which has no parallel but in the pious versatility of Napoleon, shouting “Il Allah” beneath the pyramids, and confessing him devoutly at Notre Dame.

The result of that election, proving how powerful is an organization for evil, has made many of his predictions matters of history; and could his life have been spared, with what terrible energy would he have portrayed their fatal fulfillment. In the restoration of this party we have found that

“Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.”

The President, foisted upon us to suit the purposes of the hour, as the beggar of the Arabian Nights was made an emperor for a day, has well sustained the part assigned him. With a policy shaped by the crude dicta of an irresponsible convention, his is truly a war administration—war without and war within—the honor of the country has been maintained by relinquishing a “clear and unquestionable title” to a nation whose bayonets bristle on every strand, and whose canvass whitens every sea—that we might wage a less hazardous contest with a hapless country, which boasts two steamships, and a few thousand ill-clad soldiers. His nationality has been exhibited by the creation of a national debt; and, under his advice, our American Congress, in replacing the colonial system, has restored to England all she lost at Bunker Hill and Yorktown!

Thus far have we traced, imperfectly,

the career of John Hampden Pleasants. If it has been pleasant to recount the incidents of a life devoted to the honor and welfare of the country, how sadly must we approach the closing scene which deprived us of the patriot. Mr. Pleasants continued to edit the Whig until January, 1846. He had been forced several years before, by pecuniary embarrassments, to dispose of his entire interest in that paper, and thus to relinquish its control at the moment when its success should have rewarded his great exertions and his brilliant talents. Adversity however could not check his ardor. He had just perfected his arrangements for the establishment of a new paper at Richmond, in connection with Messrs. Crane and Smith, when the difficulty arose which terminated in his untimely death. Whilst we forbear, of course, to express any opinion as to the merits of that controversy, we are left to mourn in its result the loss of one who, spite the errings of human nature, was the pride of his country and the ornament of his kind—and to express our abhorrence of that savage code of honor which has consigned so much of genius and greatness to the grave. The nation has made numberless sacrifices to this fearful code, but they will not be wholly lost, if a Christian people will unite to sweep from society this relic of a barbarous age, as little calculated to promote its professed object as were the judicial combat and the burning ploughshare, to test the guilt or innocence of the accused.

It is only left for us to record the melancholy fact, that in a rencontre with Thomas Ritchie, junior, John Hampden Pleasants received a mortal wound. He lingered for several days, and expired on the 27th day of February, 1846, after an exhibition of the most noble fortitude, patience and, we believe we may add, Christian resignation. The deep gloom which hung over the city, which had been the theatre of his fame, measured the loss and attested the sorrow of its people. A mighty concourse, in which party and sect were forgotten, assembled to mourn at his obsequies, and drop their tears upon his tomb.

“And fitly may the stranger lingering here,  
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose:  
For he was freedom's votary, one of those,  
The few in number, who had not o'erstept  
The charter to chastise which she bestows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men  
o'er him wept!

## LANDSCAPE GARDENING.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF NOTES BY THE ROAD.

"To make our country loved, our country ought to be lovely." This fine sentiment occurs amid the rich profusion of elevated thoughts that used to flow from the pen and lips of Mr. Burke. His eye was open to whatever was beautiful, both in the material world and in the world of thought. He was not insensible to that rich harmony which exists between the two. Love for objective beauty induced love for what is beautiful or elevated in thought and in purpose. In the bosom of every well-disposed man, we believe that this result will necessarily follow; but, more especially do we believe that the more a country be beautified, the more intense will be the feeling of its people, to guard its honor and to cherish its hope.

The sentiment of Mr. Burke is peculiarly an English sentiment. It is both understood and acted upon. Great Britain is loved by its people, and as it seems to us, in no small measure, for its loveliness. Everywhere the Briton bears about with him that strong and steady and fearless love. He may change his habits, his name, and his nature almost, in the Islands of Australia—he may linger for years under the soft skies of the Cape—he may worry away his stout English frame under the tropical influences at Jamaica; or he may change color, and grow hollow-eyed, and meagre, and irascible under the fierce suns of Hindostan, yet, ever through it all, his thoughts lean homeward, and his heart yearns for that little cluster of islands in the sea, which lingers in his imagination—green and beautiful. This beauty, or this greenness, is something about which his hand, or their hands, have been active—increasing it age by age, year by year, day by day. So it has become the more his own; and so it is, that he loves it and cherishes it the more. He thinks of its great towns lying along the shores, busy with trade, and sending ships to the farthest waters of the ocean;

he thinks of its smoky inland cities—bustling with hundreds of thousands, and making with all their hands clothing for the nations of the world; he thinks of its clustering villages, seated upon plains waving with fruitfulness; he thinks of the roads winding among the hills, so as to conduct the traveler with most ease and comfort from town to village, or from the shore far on to the quiet interior; but, most of all, he thinks of its green hill-sides, on which great ancestral oaks are gathering, and running their roots, broadly and deeply under the smooth grass land, and spreading out strong gnarled branches to shelter flocks of cattle. Most of all, he thinks of wide lawns, stretching out in pleasing sunshine, and of streams gleaming through openings in the wood, and of shaded pathways, and of copses rustling with game, and of cottages nestled in the shade of tall forest trees. He loves to think of these most, since his tastes have led him to their adornment most; and having adorned them, he cannot help but think of them lovingly.

The English are beyond all others a rural people. They love the hunt; no civilized nation loves it so well. They protect it by law, and they have made it venerable and respectable by custom. They love all the athletic sports of the country; above all, they love to adorn their country homes and landscape.

Have they not in this chosen the best way to make their country lovely?

To make a country lovely, it must be beautified; and how shall it be beautified? Cities may be built, with splendid streets opening a wide vista through them; temples or churches may be erected with centuries of toil; or galleries of art may be gathered from more gifted nations—but in these events it seems to us that love for the individual objects, for the streets, for the temples, for the statuary, is separable, and naturally from that of country. Any one or all of the same objects may be

\* A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening. &c. By A. J. Downing. Second Edition.

Cottage Residences, adapted to North America. By A. J. Downing. Part I. New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

easily produced in other lands. The street will offer as fine a vista at St. Petersburg as at Dublin; the temple may have as gorgeous a vaulting at Venice, as on Ludgate Hill; the statuary may stand as well on its pedestal in the gallery of the Vatican, as on its pedestal in Buckingham Palace.

But what will be said of adaptation of wood to a particular lawn, of cottage to cliff, of a sheet of water to a particular belt of copse? Embellish once the natural features of a country, and the embellishment becomes a part of the country's beauty, having an agreement and harmony with its climate, and soil, and outline, that can no more be established elsewhere under the same appearance, than Adrian could transport the vale of Tempe to the edge of the Campagna.\*

Would it not then seem that it is the surest way to make a country lovely, to beautify its natural features?

We notice again how this rural trait in the Briton's love of country, has impressed itself upon his habitual thought. It runs through the whole of English literature—a bright, rich vein, that we would no more wish to see withdrawn or diminished, than the rural beauties themselves destroyed. In British Chronicles of old day it shows itself, in all its ballad poetry, and forms the chiefest charm of much of the writing of our time. Even now, at hand, and under our eye, is this illustrative passage from the passionate poem of the New Timon:—

Behold the sun!—how stately from the East,  
Bright from God's presence comes the glorious priest!  
Decked as beseems the mighty one to whom  
Heaven gives the charge to hallow and illumine!  
How as he comes,—through the Great Temple, EARTH,  
Peals the rich jubilee of grateful mirth!  
The infant flowers their odour-censers swinging,  
Through aisled glades Air's anthem-chorus ringing,  
While, like some soul lifted aloft by love,  
High and alone the sky-lark halts above,  
High, o'er the sparkling dews, the glittering corn,  
Hymns his frank happiness and hails the morn!

He stands upon the green hill's lighted brow,  
And sees the world at smiling peace below,  
Hamlet and farm ———

The Frenchman's country attachment belongs to the gaiety and glitter of cities; he boasts indeed of *la belle France*, but the beauty belongs only to the teeming vineyard, as supplying the luxuries of the capital, and to the sunny heavens as making a warm and gentle canopy for his dance, and his song, and his loves.

The Italian and Spaniard dreams away life under the shadow of gorgeous edifices,—looking upon living pictures and speaking statuary; and the German forgets the music of morning, and the open sky and forest boughs, in the sounds that his art has made so wonderful in the pavilions and the gardens of cities.

The English then being foremost in the possession and exercise of a rural taste, and in being, as a nation, inheritors from them—at least of literature and language,—the inquiry becomes interesting, as to how far their moral taste maintains its existence on this side the water, and what are the means of its promotion and development. Have we thus far, and in this respect, assimilated to the mother country, or to the other nations of Europe? There can be but little doubt, that until within a very recent period, if at all, any regard was had to a cultivation—systematic and general—of the rural features of the country. It was but natural to expect indeed that a new people, clearing their way in a strange world, should direct their first effort to the achievement of position and influence, without any particular regard to a cultivation of those tastes which modify, only insensibly as it were, the general character.

The epoch, however, seems to be approaching, if not already reached, in the older states, where the people are falling back upon the cultivation of such tastes as a means of enjoyment. And the issue between the rural habitude and loves, that come by blood from Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and the gayer and more excitable attractions, which the example of the Continental cities offers to our adoption, is already started.

Are we to be as a people, lovers of cities, with their festivities, their crowds,

\* The Emperor Adrian, in the height of his power, built a vast villa at Tivoli—intending to reproduce in it all the beauties he had seen upon his many travels—among other things the Vale of Tempe. He indeed led a brook, in imitation of Peneus, through a valley, but the beauty of Thessaly is not there.



their habits, their dissipations, or are our stronger desires to rest in the open country, beautified by our hands, and knit to our hearts by that dearest of all English words—home?

As an index of the tide that opinion is seeming to take in these matters, we note with hearty good will the second appearance of Mr. Downing's book upon Landscape Gardening—an index that shows, certainly, a healthy direction. Until the appearance of the first edition of this work, a few years back, we are not aware that any American book existed, which was devoted to the subject of Landscape Gardening. There seemed to be a general apathy in regard to the matter—certainly, so far as one might judge from any literary development.

A few men of taste, in the neighborhood of our cities, and along the shores of our eastern lake and river waters, had indeed at an early period built pretty residences, or laid out lawns, and planted shrubbery. Although they were looked upon admiringly, still they were regarded as elegant extravagances brought home from foreign travel, and not to be criticised except upon economic principles. As wealth accumulated, its possessors sought out means for its manifestation. The English country-seat would naturally occur to a people whose reading was English reading. Unfortunately, in too many instances, the country residence was decided upon, and built without proper consideration of the ends of such a residence, or without any appreciation on the part of its owner of the rural life, and rural beauties, which alone could make it desirable. The consequence was, that splendid city houses began to appear in the depths of the country, and city architecture, which might have been creditable in its place, lost all its own beauties in the novel situation, besides destroying the character of the landscape that lay about it. Possibly some strolling English gardener would be secured for consultation, but the means of judging of the success of his plans were exceedingly limited. Few knew the right standard of comparison, if such existed; fewer still, had such educational ideas of the art, as to be able to judge of a plan *per se*. In consequence, no judgment was held, and the fact that a lawn or a garden, or walks, had been arranged under the supervision of a British eye, was an *imprimatur* of excellence.

It is needless to say what deformities grew out of such a state of things, and how opportune was the appearance of a

work, which would teach whoever read, that the business of improving country estates, and of making them beautiful, was an art; an art simple indeed in its rules, but an art to be studied and reflected upon; and practiced, if practiced at all, with great circumspection, and more than all *con amore*.

Such a work was, essentially, Mr. Downing's. It was a somewhat bulky volume, considering that it was upon a subject before untreated of in the country; but its size did not prevent the millionaire, who had an estate to embellish, from buying it; nor did its style prevent him from reading it. And he would unconsciously find from it, that there existed in respect to the art a certain standard of beauty, and that in so far as he conformed to that standard, his estate would be beautiful; and that in so far as he differed in his arrangements, he would so far fall short of beauty. He would find perhaps, that the long white colonnade which he had so much admired, so far from being in the proposed situation beautiful, would be only a gross deformity.

There chanced to be some very creditably executed wood-cuts in the volume, which presented palpably to the eye the truths that might have escaped the indifferent observer, under the old form of type. Pictures, in the pictorial age, could not have been enlisted to better purpose; and Sir Uvedale Price might have plead for the picturesque in vain, when a mere wood-engraver would turn the taste of the day.

Mr. Downing's book became a fashionable book; happily it did not suffer by the event. It directed fashionable taste, and people talked of lawns, and architraves, and mullions, and proprieties of style, who never heard of Vitruvius or Mr. Brown. Critical remarks along the Hudson began to be guarded by a semblance of connoisseurship, and those who had estates to beautify set themselves to work in earnest, to arrive at that strange *ignis fatuus*—good taste. With Mr. Downing as instructor, they were subjected to certain limits, which even the man familiar with no books but day-books, could readily understand.

Enormities in architecture began to be less rare; in short, every one must have seen the manifest improvement which has taken place within a few years past; and we are disposed to attribute no small share of the credit of this change to the books of Mr. Downing.

His treatise embraces historical notices, a consideration of the beauties of the art, the management of plantations, with description of trees and vines, the management of ground and walks, and finally, observations upon rural architecture and embellishments.

Merely technical landscape gardening is a thing of recent date, and the word is English only, belonging to a comparatively late epoch. But gardening, as signifying enrichment, and cultivation, making beauties of the landscape, is as old as the days when men "dugged a ditch and planted a hedge" in Galilee;—nay, it is as old as Eden itself. And some writer has beautifully spoken of man's yearnings towards that primal garden beauty. The memory of its loveliness has never forsaken him, but hangs like a perfume upon his soul.

In every age, he has contrived counterfeits of Eden; in Babylon, the king made hanging gardens, in which lofty trees grew far over the houses of the city; gardens lay near unto Jerusalem; and not until its city had fallen, did they become the barren places they are now; the towns of Damascus hold a lingering existence yet, and sweep their clustering cypress boughs in the bright waters of Abana and Pharpar.

Though the old villas around Rome are wrecks, and the temple of Adrian has nothing but a tiny brook, and a few tall solitary evergreens, to mark it; though Baia is desolate, and where the stately empress, the guilty mother, sat upon Cape Mysene, in her gardens, looking on her triremes in the bay, there is now nothing but the stout leaves of the agave, and a few wild fig trees—yet the old love of gardens is living; modern villas keep up stately pretensions, and everywhere people crowd over the lawns, and luxuriate in the shade of trees. There never was, there never can be, a people who did not and will not love, in some shape, the beauties of a garden.

Anciently, it appears that most efforts toward the advancement of landscape took geometric forms, though we hardly think that there were not occasional diversions from this method. Certainly some remnants of the old villas about Rome would indicate a great variation from this style. However this may be, we are very loth to consider, with Mr. Downing, the geometric style as an exploded style. It still lives flourishingly

over most parts of continental Europe. Who, that has wandered through the rich alleys of the Prater at Vienna, or of the palace gardens at Potsdam, but cherishes deep and abiding love for the forms of the old school?

The *Jardin Anglais* is essentially irregular, and adapted, of course, to irregular surface. As such, it is peculiarly adapted to English landscape. Its origin as an art, belongs to the age of Queen Anne. It had been shadowed out indeed before. Milton,\* in the time of Charles II., had written of its beauties; and Bacon, before him, had hinted at the possibility of making more beautiful gardens, than by mere knots of foliage and formal avenues.† Every one is familiar with Pope's stinging couplets, in ridicule of Sir Vito's taste, and whoever has a love for the subject, may derive much sound advice from a new reading of his 'Wind-sor Forest.' Addison, too, added his happy irony to the satire, and the result was that Sir Vito's nodding alleys, and the labyrinths of Hampton Court, ceased to be models of the gardening taste.

In those days, Marlborough achieved his victories on the Continent, and had gained the crowning one of Blenheim, when the Parliament of Britain voted him the old park at Woodstock for a heritage. Scott's novel will have made the park familiar to every reader. The old hunting lodge was now to come down, and a palace to be built, and lawns opened, and the work fell into the hands of Mr. Brown. He was a clumsy man, but gigantic in his schemes; and there is now in the park a sheet of water, which might be the Thames at Richmond, placed there by his labors. An elegant bridge of a hundred feet span, was thrown over its narrowest part, and there are summer pavilions in the buttresses, approachable only by marble steps from the water, reminding strongly of Venice.

Mr. Brown's plans were not after the old angular method, but their fault was stiffness and lack of variety. Nevertheless, he acquired a princely fortune, in the practice of his art, and had no considerable rival, until the time of Repton. The works of this last writer upon landscape gardening, with colored illustrations, are among the most beautiful things of the kind existing. Mr. Loudon, a late distinguished Encyclopedist, is the author of the most popular English works in reference to the art.

\* Description of Eden, in *Paradise Lost*.

† Bacon's *Essay on Gardening*.

And here it is, we take up the subject with Mr. Downing; not yielding to him one whit in love of the beauties of which he writes, however much we yield to him in other things. He gives us a chapter upon the essentials of the art. It is a good chapter in its way, and covers the ground, as well as the ground can be covered by maxims and definitions. He gives us as types, the graceful and the picturesque school, each requiring in their development, unity, harmony, and variety. We do not, indeed, consider it essential that the distinction between the picturesque and the graceful should be maintained either in treatise or in practice. Still Mr. D. has clearly stated, and made the beauties of each fully apparent. And he has as clearly demonstrated the necessity for what he terms unity and variety—things which must be comprehended by a man of taste in the matter on mere suggestion, and which, we fear, a man without taste could not be made to comprehend by a folio of demonstrative analysis.

But let us inquire what is this art, essentially thus reduced to nice and determinate laws? What is this *Jardin Anglais*, which has now its representative about all the Courts of Europe; this natural style of English Gardening, which belongs to the little yard by a laborer's cottage, and as much to the estate of his Grace of Athol?

It is exceedingly difficult to define. Mr. D. has wisely avoided the attempt, yet none can leave his book without a very clear idea of what this art of modern Landscape Gardening essentially is. If we were to hazard the trial of defining, we would say it was the art of making natural landscape beautiful. It may be suggested that landscape is by nature beautiful, which is certainly as true as that it can at times be made more beautiful by art, and it is this excess of beauty the art under notice claims to produce, and it is in its production, that it claims a rational triumph.

We might say again, employing the Greek term, that it consisted in the *asthetical*\* arrangement of natural grounds; but after all it is but a silly work to attempt definition of what can be made much more plain by illustration; and hence it is, that we consider the chapter on the beauties and essentials of the art, in the book before us, one of the least

valuable in the volume, and pass from it with pleasure to what the author is pleased to say about woods and walks.

And first of woods and plantations; what can be made of them in adorning our country? In reply, as connected with this art, nearly everything.

Our author, in speaking of plantations, keeps up the distinction between the picturesque and the graceful. Though the distinction is evident, it does not appear to us to be essential to a nice understanding or appreciation of the beauties of woodland.

Discarding then, for the time, this distinction, let us consider what landscape beauties belong to trees, and what are the means of their development upon our surface of country, and with our abundant *sylva*.

At the outset, a very great difference is apparent between the condition of things in England, from which we derive the rules and practices of this art, and the condition of things with us, where, in common with Mr. Downing and every man of taste, we are hoping to see the art engrafted. In Great Britain, the land, and by consequence the management of landscape, is in the hands of men of wealth, whose education induces love for cultivating beauty in nature, and whose means enable them to accomplish it on a grand scale.

With us, on the contrary, the landscape is in the hands of those possessing little wealth, who cultivate the land for a livelihood. At the same time, it must be remembered, that the mere parks in England bear but a small proportion to the amount of surface which is under constant cultivation; and that the nice taste which the English possess in rural matters is as apparent in the management of cultivated property, as in the management of the merely ornamental portions of the estate. The hedges, the gates, the belts of trees, the laborer's cottages with their gardens, all bear impress of the same hand that conducts the approach-way, through its magnificent entrance, over rolling park-land, to the baronial mansion. Nor in the farm-land proper, with all its little beauties, is utility sacrificed to appearance; any one who is familiar with the immense product of their land must be convinced of this. Indeed it is generally true, that where cultivation is highest, there is most of

\* A hard English word, derived from the Greek word, *ἡδοναι*, "to please," or rather, perhaps, from *αἰσθάνομαι*, "delicately to perceive."

landscape beauty. Who has not heard of that view from Richmond Hill—covering the gardens of the neighborhood of the metropolis, with the Thames winding silverly among them? No part of England is more destitute of rural beauty, and in a lower state of cultivation, than a large portion of the county of Durham. The same may be said of the Dartmoor forest in Devonshire, of the heaths of Derbyshire, and of the yet undrained fens of Lincolnshire. Neatness and order are essential to the beauty recognized by the art we are considering, and thorough cultivation is always attended by those elements of beauty. They may exist indeed, as in Belgium and Holland, without the more attractive features of landscape, but in both these cases, it is owing very much to uniformity of surface. Every one will recur, in this connection, to the rich landscape in the neighborhood of the city of Boston, perhaps the most richly tilled district in the Union.

It is then apparent that thorough cultivation is no foe to a pursuit of the art under notice. This fact is of vast importance, in furthering an encouragement of the art in this country. We wish that Mr. Downing had given more prominence to this view of the subject, as influencing in the strongest way those in whose keeping our landscape lies. We wish that he had demonstrated more forcibly the truth, that the order essential to perfect cultivation, is one of the boldest features of the art of making landscape beautiful, and that the unity, and harmony, and variety, of which he speaks, are necessary, every one of them, to a full development of the agricultural resources of any particular district. It is in an economic view that the subject must be presented to our landholders; not in that higher economic view, which recognizes the cultivation of the sentiment of beauty, as one of the noblest pursuits of which the human soul is capable; but there must be such a view of the subject presented as will satisfy landholders that their crops shall be nothing less, though their farm is ten times as beautiful.

And here we come back to that great feature of landscape beauty—wood. Every farmer must have his patch of woodland. It will be most profitably situated near his house; thus he will have a cottage near a wood. For surface he would prefer that it should occupy some steep hill side, some rocky height, or some rough

dell, which would not be available for tillage: could the oldest professor of landscape gardening arrange it better for beautiful effect? Perhaps, however, with a uniform surface, and with no untillable land, he chooses to scatter it about. In that event he will naturally wish a belt to shelter his fields from northern winds. Mr. Repton could not imagine a better disposition. He will wish a shelter in each of his fields for season of pasture, or if his pasture land is distinct, he will wish it to have its quota of shade. For this purpose, he will leave such trees as seem to be strongest, he will leave them upon gentle eminences, he will leave them very certainly about the brook, where his cattle go at noontide to drink, and to bathe their limbs. Could Mr. Creswick fancy a better picture, or Mr. Gilpin ever have contrived a better situation of wood? And those proud old single trees, which the farmer leaves here and there, hoping by and by for ship-knees: are there any more beautiful objects in any landscape? And the thinning of some young thicket, in the hope that the trees may shoot out lateral branches for timber, is it not the very thinning that Mr. Downing would advise upon principles of taste? Indeed it is true that the parks of England are in many instances the most profitable part of a nobleman's estate. And the more the disposition of wood is conformable to the rules of picturesque or graceful grouping, the better timber does it make.

Again, our farmer of small means, will wish his fruit trees. Prudence will tell him to put his orcharding near his door. Perhaps he will arrange it immediately around his house. If he wishes some fruit, he perhaps trains the limbs of a favorite peach or apricot upon the walls of his cottage; it has the same elements of beauty—that yielding fruit-bearer—with the *Gloire de France*, beside furnishing him with grateful supplies for his table. He will plant a cherry at his door, that the birds may be frightened by the noise of his children; perhaps he will plant beside it a favorite apple that he may guard it with care; may be he will have put down a slip of a grape-vine in the rich earth at its root, and the vine grows and clambers from apple to cherry, and hangs down in festoons, that in summer are green with new tendrils playing among the golden and the crimson fruit of the trees, and that in autumn are tense with the weight of purple clusters, when



the fruit trees have nothing but leaves. Is there higher beauty than this laid down in the treatises?

As for sylvan variety, can he not bring home from the wood a laurel (*kalmia latifolia*), and plant it, and after a time a root of privet, or a fragrant clethra (*alnifolia*), or that most sweet of our wood flowers, the azalia? Can he not put out a spruce, or a fir, and will their beauty be less, that he finds them upon his own grounds?

What country presents a richer flora—a richer array of foliage from which to choose? While through all the gardens and pleasure-grounds of England, they cherish with utmost care our beautiful varieties of laurel, from the dwarf, poisonous *kalmia*,\* that infects our pasture land, to the magnificent flowering rhododendron, and the azalias of every color, we leave them in their swamps, and their rough places upon the hills. No sylvan can equal our own, in the varieties of green; and we have an array of frost colors in autumn, which is the wonder of the eastern world. They are all available by the humblest landholder of our country. What more common, or more beautiful, than the red branches of the sumac, or the scarlet-tipped leaves of the maple, or the berries of the bitter sweet vine, or the deep crimson of the winter-bitten ash?

Very little surface will suffice to display all this variety. They may be combined in the half-acre at one's door. There may be the light spray of the birch tree, late starting in spring, but by and by, as the days grow warm, hanging out its graceful buds; there may be the glossy-leaved white-barked poplar, feeling the first gush of southern air, and putting on its white dress, before the snow is gone from under the northern shadows; there may be the ash-tree, blossoming early in heavy red and speckled tufts; there may be the maple, bursting out in spring in flowers, that wear the colors of its last look in autumn; there may be the dogwood, reluctant to bud, and leafing out late, but afterwards redeeming its sloth by broad white flowers, and when they have fallen, turning on a sudden its green leaves into so many tongues of flame; and the oak, latest starter of all, yet retaining its leaves after the color is gone, and rustling its little white storm banners in the middle of winter. Nor shall

the winter be without its green things to tell of greenness coming again: for the fir, or the ivy vine, or the graceful pine, may throw their cheerful shadows over the snow, or may look with an eye of promise into the cottage window—promise of birds—promise of a new time of flowers—promise of warmth again—promise that the nakedness shall not be always, but that God, in his own time, shall bring again "seed-time and harvest."

Whoever is a lover of trees, and cultivates the love, will hardly fail to attain, in the grounds of his residence, to some sort of rural beauty. The old avenue, though in many instances noble, is now nearly discarded; but, however planted, wood must have its charms. And we think we have shown that the natural disposition of agricultural economy would sustain the maxims of writers upon the art.

The great surface of country over which our labor is diffused, forbids at the same time nicety of cultivation, and attention to the more available features of woodland beauty which we have designated. But American farmers are every day learning that the best economy is to cultivate a small farm well, rather than a large farm indifferently; and as this opinion gains ground, we may hope to see more of the beauties developed which belong to our country.

Our author has full and valuable chapters upon the habits of our native forest trees. This is a most interesting subject, and one which possibly we may, at some future time, consider by itself. A word or two, however, now, upon those which may be made profitable, while they will add to the attractions of any country residence.

Foremost among these, is the sugar maple (*Acer Saccharinum*), now extensively cultivated in many parts of the Union, yielding abundant returns. A beautiful tree in itself, it offers in general aspect, when planted in sugar groves, no inconsiderable addition to the rural attractions of any residence. Nor is it essential to its success that it be planted in right lines, or equidistantly; nor will an intermingling of other trees to vary the outline, harm in any way its productive properties.

There is beside, the hickory nut, offer-

\* A small variety, sometimes called sheep laurel, said to be poisonous, if eaten by sheep.

ing its annual tribute, the butternut, the chestnut, and the whole range of forest fruits.

But we will not believe that this kind of reasoning is necessary with most, to prevail upon them to plant trees. Who that has ever thrown off the restraints of city life, for ever so little a space, does not love them, as companions and as friends? Above all, who that has spent, or is to spend, his life-time among rural objects, but regards and cherishes these noblest ornaments of nature? Who has not pleasant recollections of lingering in their shadows, or hopes of stretching himself in the heats of noon-tide under them? "Aye, be sticking in a tree, Jock," said the old laird of Dumbiedikes, on his death-bed, to his son,\* "it will be growing, when ye're sleeping."

Plant your steep hill sides; plant your rocky dells; plant where the plough cannot go, or the scythe. Or, if you are in a wooded country, let your wood stand, where tillage would be impracticable; leave lines of division; leave breastwork against the winds; leave a forest lee for your cottage.

We must not forget vines. They are not much loved among us. Our cottages being of wood, they promote decay where they clamber.

We remember years ago, a favorite old vine, that covered with its twines, every pillar and projecting cornice of a familiar porch. It shaded it in summer, so that it was a pleasant lounging-place in the heats of afternoon, and we came to love its grateful leaves, as we loved the roof that sheltered us. And though its beauty was gone in winter, it came again as soon as summer made it needful, as if Providence had made it watchful of our wishes. But the porch dampened and mouldered under its influence, and the *fiat* went forth to pull down the vine. It was a sad, sad sight, to see them pulling off the tendrils where they had clasped so long; it clung hard, and let go its hold unwillingly, but it had its revenge, for with the vine, the beauty of the place was destroyed.

But fortunately, humanity is now ripening to a proper sense of such beauties, and a little added expense is counted well-bestowed in cherishment of loved and familiar natural objects. The Vandal spirit is dying, and the man who would, without provocation, destroy

beauty even in the natural world, is looked upon suspiciously; he must have a bad heart.

Our country is as rich in vines as in trees. There is that richest of all, the Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis Hederaea*), rarely seen in Europe, but with us waving from the branches of every forest, green as the greenest tree in summer, and glowing like a coil of flame in autumn. There is the English ivy, unfortunately not abundant at the north, but adorning many an old mansion of our middle States. Our author mentions it as growing, unprotected, as far north as Hudson, and we have ourselves seen it above Inverness, in the Highlands of Scotland; there can be no doubt, therefore, that with some care of acclimation, it may be made common in New England. And who that has a home to make beautiful, will not make trial of this ever-green climber?

There are, besides, the honey-suckles, and creepers, and climbing rose, which would make sweet a cottage in a wilderness. Or if the mere economist must see his moneyed profit in the venture—lo, the parent of vines—the grape-bearer! It may hang from his porch, it may climb upon his roof, and it will give shade and beauty and fruit.

No single feature contributes so much to the charm of the English cottages as their vines, and one will hardly find a laborer's home in the rural districts of England, but is, as in the olden day,

Quite o'ercanopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with egglantine.

It is rare to find a country house, of whatever sort, without its climbers. They give it a home air; the care with which the twining tendrils are put aside from the lattice, that the opening window may not harm it; the delicate little aids, of strings or twigs, guiding the vine out of harm's way—all speak for the purity of the humble occupants. When will American ladies add to the graces of their character, by such pursuits? When will they take a pride in adding to the attractions of their homes, by such sweet devices? Nor is country residence essential to cultivation of this branch of art. Very little ground will nourish a trumpet creeper, a monthly honey-suckle, a clustering flowered rose, or a jasmine.

\* Scott's Mid-Lothian.

In making home thus more attractive, will not its joys be purer and higher? Are not such attractions needed in the country, that every-day attention and watchfulness may relieve quietude? And are they not needed in towns, to keep one's soul familiar with the richness of nature's provisions, and to wean from festivities, and to prompt by a voice, uttered in the fragrance of the flowers—to thankfulness?

But we come now to fields, and walks, and water. The arrangements of great parks and lawns will always, in this country, thank heaven! belong to a very few. Not that we do not love them, and have not felt our souls rapt into a strange ecstasy of feeling, in wandering for hour upon hour, under the huge oaks of the Royal Old Park, at Woodstock. Yet we have better things in place of them; and one is, social equality; and another is, just division of property, so that brother is not set against brother; and another is, a simple executive of power, that does not require immense lands to ennoble its functions, nor royal splendor to awe its subjects.

There are, however, many country lions with us, who have broad fields to beautify. Of surface, we have in America every variety; generally, however, of larger and more flowing outline than English surface. We have much exceedingly rocky surface; of this our author says little. But art may step in here, to cast her mantle over the rough face of nature, and the rocks may have their vines, or be covered with the shade of woodland. Alteration of surface, in any considerable degree, seems to us exceedingly hazardous employment. Nature will not be trifled with; attempt to compel her, and she will give you cold looks. She must be won to smiles, like many another dame, by flattering even her apparent defects.

As touching the pursuits of American country residents, it seems proper to inquire how far the practices of agriculture are at variance with the art of landscape gardening, in respect of surface. Ploughed land is not a very pleasant object to the eye, but most farmers retain some portions of their farms always under grass; indeed it is doubtful if grass land, by repeated top-dressings, and occasional harrowings, does not sustain its productive qualities better than by periodical ploughings. It is very certain that some of the richest meadows of

Somersetshire have retained all their fertility, and produced annually the finest crops of hay, without being cultivated for a long series of years. The American agriculturist, who wishes a pleasant scene at his door, may well afford to take the benefit of the doubt, and have around his residence his permanent grass land. Or if it be from natural obstacles unfit for the scythe, nothing can be more picturesque (and we use the word in no technical sense,) than his flocks feeding, or his cattle loitering within sound of home.

In the old way of gardening, terrace upon terrace was to be built; and they have their beauties. Versailles is proof of this, whose terraces and clipped hedges have made the name of Le Notre as famous as that of Louis XIV., his patron. The terrace is oftentimes a pretty addition to a little out-of-town villa, and they may be made to relieve, or cover up, some strange natural defect of surface.

The aim, however, should be with us simplicity, as more adapted to general means of improvement, and safest from empiricism.

Referring back to American farm-life, this simplicity will accord with it in every respect. The house is guarded by no series of terraces and steps—it is upon a slight eminence, and a path conducts, amid trees and shrubs, to the door. The turf, of the softest kind—white clover will furnish the best food for his bees. The shrubs supply honey from their flowers, when the grass is mown. The approach winds easily from the door, avoiding hillock, and tree, and soft ground, graceful in its line, and the easiest for his cattle. The little field it may lie through, with its clump of trees, its inequalities of surface, will serve as pasture ground for some favorite animal. The fence that incloses the patch of shubbery at the door, is a low hedge of thorn, or it is made up of branches of the flowering shrubs themselves, connected by a single barrier of trellised poles.

Ground, in itself, can appear in no way more beautiful than under a rich green sod; extend it as you will, diversify its surface as you will, curtail it as you will, still its chiefest beauty must be its simplest—fresh verdure. It may have its little openings for flowers, its walks trailing over it, the black shadows of trees lying on it, or the more welcome shadow of a great rock, still its greenness is its beauty. To produce this, there must be

richness of soil, the best grasses,\* and for implements, there are needed only the scythe and the roller. At best, we believe it to be impossible in this country to equal the velvety appearance of English lawns, either in point of smoothness or greenness. The difference must be attributed to the moisture and evenness of the island temperature.

Different surfaces will require totally different treatment; our author covers some of these differences under one or other of his two distinctions of style. Still, with whatever of maxim or book illustration, true landscape beauty will assert its rights, and yield itself in smiles, only to a suitor who brings an eye of taste to the wooing. A rolling, comparatively even surface, may be treated literally by rule, and produce rich effects, just as the fisher boy may take a dozen of roach or dace in some open meadow, by following simply the directions of the Angler's Guide. But throw into the surface a bold cluster of rocks, a deep dell, a scraggy thicket, a shelving bank, and the gardener will find his rules playing him truant, and the quickness of his own eye, and the resources of his own imagination tasked to the utmost, and find them yielding him after all broken effect. Just so the fisher boy, wandering by some wild brook, with reel and rod hunting the speckled trout, will find the throws taught him in his book tangling his line in every shrub, and his flies that should skip the ripples, dragging the rough stones: so he will put away his formulas, and try every resource of his ingenuity, and after all, go home with an empty pannier.

Take the walks in a lawn; they are led here and there to show richest views of the mansion, and of the distant scenery; thus, at that magnificent seat of Blenheim, we remember at one time opening on one view, through a long vista of the forest boughs, the thin spire of the Bladon church; at another time, over lake and lawn, and distant coppice, the brown tower of Hammersford; at another, the rich turrets of a proud mansion in the far-off village of Cumnor. For the smooth lawn of the wealthy proprietor, the walk may have perfect nicety, and clipped edges; but take the prim gravelly surface into some wild dell, and turf its edges, and pluck up the wild grass, and put out

exotics, and you have destroyed the charm of the spot. Nature will not bear tamely such affront. You may gather up the fallen leaves, you may lay down a modest foot-way, and throw over the brook a rural bridge, and you may remove the broken branches, but if you would not ruin quite the air of the spot, spare the wild honey-suckles—none of your daffodils can make their places good—spare the white tufts of the anemones, spare the long-leaved blue violet, spare the mosses that speckle the hill side, they are better there than all your cultivated grasses.

In by far too many instances in our country, a great range of gravel walks is laid out, without any proper estimate of the labor necessary to sustain them in order, and, after a few years, the weeds thrust through, and the turf runs over the side—the order that is essential to the effect is gone. The shrubs are untrimmed, the creepers run wild, and you are disagreeably impressed with the poor skeleton of art that nature is trying to clothe. It should, therefore, be a principle with every country improver—and it is not an unsafe principle, whatever be the purpose—to plan no more than can be thoroughly maintained.

Mr. Downing has stated as one grand principle of success, the recognition of art. But there is great art in not being too artful. If there seems no fitness in the dispositions of art, they will prove only burlesque; and so far as fitness is evident, they will charm even the untaught eye. Extravagance is not essential to success in landscape gardening; wealth is not essential. A true taste for the art, can be as truly developed upon a small farm, as in a princely lawn. It is in this which we wish were more fully understood by our landholders. The misfortune is, that whoever thinks himself able to adorn his estate at all, or is afflicted with a whim of taste, imagines he must plant exotics, and have trimmed hedges, a nicely shorn terrace or lawn, and walks of garden precision, and splendid gateways, and vases, and perhaps China pagodas, or some other strangely conceived embellishment. These all may be well enough, for whoever has wealth to sustain the character; but it is absurd to suppose them essential, any one of them; or that, because enough wealth is

\* The grasses commonly known as furze-top, blue-top, and white clover, make the smoothest sod.



not possessed to ensure them, enough is not possessed for pursuing the art.

What, pray, made the landscape beauty in Cowper's old garden, at Olney, and in the orchard, where he walked with Mrs. Unwin, and in the wilderness where the dog was buried, and in the fields of Sir John Throgmorton, from which he used to look over upon the peasant's nest? There were no exotics, no curiously shaven terrace, and even the temple was a rude affair, that a carpenter could make; and the walks in the orchard he laid out himself with his spade; and the rustic bridge, we could make ourselves, as we had mortar, brick and trowel. And what were the walks of Sir Walter at Abbotsford? Mere paths in the wood, with forest saplings crowding on them, so that a crooked tree would make one stoop, and wild flowers in the middle of the way.

What are now the most charming of all walks, that landscape gardening, rich or humble, has created? Not the wide, clean, gravelled paths of the park at Windsor; not the clipped bordered foot-way through the grounds of his Grace of Devonshire, but the quiet foot-paths leading under grand forest trees, or by green hedge-rows—such paths as Shakespeare took over the stiles, and through the daisied fields and the meadows of Avon to visit his Ann Hathaway:—such paths as Thomson took over the hills that lie along the Tweed, through grain fields and pasture land, as he came over from his native village to the old abbey town of Kelso:—such paths as Burns took, when he walked in glory and in joy, along the blossoming hedges, by by-paths to the old bridge of the Doon.

Are not these by-ways, in our country of few roads and great distances, the very means of opening to view much of landscape? And would it unfortunately be derogatory to the dignity of any wealthy proprietor to find these foot-paths were trod by other feet than his own? Nay, ought it not to add to their shame—the knowledge of such use?

There is an undoubted and painful tendency to extravagance in nearly all who attempt, with us, the making of a country residence. If there were less of it there would be more of individual success, and far more of emulation. We wish, from our heart, that rich men were modest enough to be simple. We wish they had less care for show and more for beauty; we wish they cared less for hot-houses

and exotics, and more for cultivating and improving our native shrubs; we wish they cared less for their Scotch gardeners, and depended more upon their own eyes and hands; we wish they cared less for the ridiculous show of gate lodges, and more about simple, tasteful, rural entrances, which would serve some purpose, as samples, at once of beauty and utility; we wish they cared less about shaven turf, and rolled walks, and terraces, and Maltese vases, and more about the spirit of landscape beauty, derivable not from mere maxims, but from a constant study of nature.

Our author gives us a pleasant chapter upon management of water. It certainly belongs to a perfect landscape. But here, again, we are disposed to take a somewhat democratic view of the subject. We love those forms of water which are strictly rural, which are easily adopted by the farmer, which are marked by some agricultural intent, far better than any forms of French *jeu d'eau*. We admire such in their places. Under the palace of royalty, the magnificent St. Cloud, what can be more fitting than those tumbling cascades, dashing over the marble steps? or at Versailles, in the eye of the palace of the great king, what more proper than fountain upon fountain—here a group of Nereids, and yonder, far below, the giant Neptune, his trident flooded with spray, and each of his sea-horses snorting torrents from their nostrils? But these things we must content ourselves for the present with admiring, without imitating.

For ourselves, we had rather possess one little truant, romping brook within our grounds—

Gushing in foamy water break,  
Loitering in glassy pool—

than any vanity of fountains.

The artificial lake is a favorite subject with landscape gardeners, and Mr. Downing's observations in regard to its formation are exceedingly judicious.

Having kept in our eye thus far the more simple means of producing effects upon landscape, let us see what some rural liver may do with such little rill of water as may be at his disposal. Perhaps it arises from some spring on the hill side; in this event he will set about the source a little copse of evergreens, to prevent the too familiar visiting of his herds, or will put a rustic barrier of osier

about it, or twisted poles. Farther down, as it leaps among the stones, or loiters under the root of an old tree, he will gently obstruct its flow, that the pool may serve in the shadow as a cool retreat for his cattle in summer time. Hence he may lead it by little divergent channels, perhaps the mere furrow of a plough, along the upper edge of a green meadow, so that its leakage through the sod shall keep the verdure fresh and strong in the heats of July. If, further on, by some strange good fortune, the separated waters should unite in some dingle, he may check their flow again, and stock his pond with fish, and set his water-wheel below.\* Beautiful and simple are all these forms of water, and beautiful and charming is water in all its forms.

— Fleuves, ruisseaux, beaux lacs, clarrès fontaines,  
Vous fécondiez les champs; vous répétez  
les cieux,  
Vous enchanterez l'oreille, et vous charmez  
les yeux.

And the French love is only imaginary; they scarce have wayside brooks—such brooks as go prattling through all the

pebble-bottomed valleys of New England—as leap across your path in the fields—as make marsh sedges bloom, and make the long, bending rushes whisper.

From our soul we pity the man who does not know them, and who does not love them, and who does not remember the dear ones of childhood; so that, as Bulwer says, “he sometimes forgets himself to tears! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams! they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures.”

Rural architecture forms the subject of one entire volume before us, and no inconsiderable portion of the other. We have however lingered so long upon kindred topics, that it will be now impossible, with our limited space, to treat that subject with the fullness which its importance deserves. Some other month, possibly in the coming summer time, we will conduct our reader a little further into the arcana of country life; and we will discuss roofs, and wainscotings, and walls, and diamond windows, in the same spirit of true love in which we have talked thus far of woods and waters.

## THOUGHTS ON THE RUN.

BY JOHN RAMBLE, ESQ.

FOR a few days past, we have been considering the theory and phenomena of Progress. So entirely has this subject absorbed our attention, and infused into us its own projectile energy, that on divers occasions, we have progressed into the eyes and ribs of sundry pedestrians whom we have met in our rambles. One of them, a short but very fat gentleman, was thereby overthrown, and for several minutes lay upon his back, incontinently trying to catch a little breath wherewith to bless us. As no serious harm was wrought upon him, we were disposed to regard the circumstance as a providential illustration of the subject which en-

grossed us. Truth compels us to say, however, that the fat gentleman himself, seemed to think Providence might have given our studies a different direction.

Our attention was first called to the subject in this especial manner, by the rapid propulsion of our hat, a superb white beaver, which, as we were rusticated the other day, was suddenly lifted from its dignified position, whirled several hundred yards over a public road, and only saved from direct desecration in a duck-pond by our superhuman efforts. Seizing it just at the critical moment, and affectionately brushing its disordered fur, we dropped nearly out of breath at

\* The writer of this paper had occasion some years since to discuss the same subject, and notwithstanding studious care to the contrary, he finds himself at times inadvertently, as at present, falling into the old train of remark.

the foot of a tree, and straightway fell into musing.

It is quite evident, said we to ourself, that this universe was never intended for a motionless affair. Everything, from beavers up to planets, is in motion—progressing in some direction. This seemingly grave and respectable world of ours, which no one would suspect of such lightness, is actually skating off through space with incredible velocity; and all the other members of the family—Jupiter, Saturn, &c.—with all the family connections, near and remote, are engaged in an eternal frolic. It has also been supposed by very wise men, that the inhabitants of this world exhibit a corresponding intellectual and social progress. It must be confessed that our information respecting most of them is somewhat scanty; and that had it not been for the lucky discoveries of Emanuel Swedenborg, we should be destitute of any positive proof concerning the matter. That worthy gentleman, however, has furnished us with many items of information of great interest and importance. The means by which he obtained this information was by personal intercourse with the inhabitants. He says: "It has been granted me of the Lord, to discourse and converse with spirits and angels, who are from other earths, with some for a day, with some for a week, and with some for months; and to be instructed by them concerning the earths from which, and near which they were; and concerning the lives, customs, and worship of the inhabitants thereof, with various other things worthy to be noted." These interviews always took place on this Globe, and occurred between him and such spirits as happened to pass that way, while making the tour of the Universe; for which reasons, some may be disposed to consider their relations as mere traveler's stories, and unworthy of credence. Candor compels us to admit, that some of them have a squinting that way, but in the main, we are inclined to take them as true, both from regard to the discernment of Swedenborg, and the credit of the spirits, whose celestial reputation we should be sorry to question upon light evidence.

Swedenborg declares the spirits of Mercury to be brisk, active fellows, with a huge thirst for knowledge, and who, a great part of the time, are out upon their travels through other worlds in search of it. He declares, also, that for all gross

and material matters they entertain a supreme contempt, while they are greatly addicted to law, politics, and theology—deeming them of the highest importance. Moreover, he informs us that "the spirits of that earth go in companies, and phalanxes, and are thus joined together by the Lord, that they may act in unity, and that the knowledges of each may be communicated with all, and all with each"—a kind of spiritual Fourierism, which we think must strike the reader favorably. From these facts, we might infer what our author distinctly affirms, to wit, that "with the spirits of Mercury there is a constant growth in the science of things," which certainly corroborates our theory of progress in a most remarkable manner. The information which he gleaned, concerning the inhabitants of the other earths—Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, &c.—much of which is exceedingly curious, but which we cannot now allude to more specifically, goes mainly to the same result, and furnishes such an additional corroboration, that, in the absence of all opposing proofs, we shall consider the theory established.

With regard to this "round rolling orb" of our own, we are much better informed. From primeval ages has the human mind been engaged in clearing up its wild domains, cutting away forests and briar-bushes, draining bogs, and planting, at intervals, the immutable landmarks of truth. With grievous toil and labor has this been accomplished, but the progress has been vastly encouraging. Science has grown to a beautiful maturity; Literature, her gentler sister, has refined men; and Art, from the rude incipency of vegetable apron-making, has come to rival in its results, the *chef d'œuvre* of creation, and actually get up machines after the similitude of men, which not only leap and grin with remarkable fidelity to nature, but even articulate; and mainly differ from their flesh-and-blood originals, in being somewhat less given to speculation and intrigue. In short, the race has a steady progress from rudeness to refinement, from savageness to civilization.

It cannot be concealed, however, that there are certain facts which seem to shake this pleasant theory grievously; but we confidently believe them to be like unto an army without ammunition, which, though it may make an imposing appearance, and threaten desperate deeds, is yet easily routed and put to flight.

For instance, one would suppose, if this theory be true, that the great body of the race by this time must be well refined; whereas, in point of fact, at least five-sixths of the swarming hordes are yet fierce, throat-cutting barbarians, quite as rude and untameable as they could have been in the infancy of days. The wild Tartar on the Asiatic plains, pitches his tent just as his fathers did centuries ago. Science and art were strangers to them, and they are equally so to him. His mode of life is the same as was theirs in remotest times. He has learned nothing from them, and he invents nothing for himself. He is a wanderer as they were, and as uncultivated as the rude plains around him, that have never felt the plough nor listened to the songs of husbandry. The naked African, with his bow and lance, looks forth upon the desert, a grim and gloomy savage. Knowledge has never kindled his intellect nor improved his heart. Philosophy has taught him no lessons of life—has added nothing to his manhood. His religion is one of lust and blood. The excitement of battle is his stimulus, and the cry of conflict his music. His soul is as fierce and barren as Sahara, and when some shaft strikes home to his heart, he breathes out his life upon the sands like a beast of prey, glaring with strong hate upon his foe. The darkness of death which settles down upon his vision, is scarcely deeper than that which shrouded his life; and the jackall's cry, ringing out on the night of the desert, is his fitting requiem. The blancketed Indian of to-day is true to the immemorial creed of his fathers. His wigwam is the same rude thing that sheltered them, when the New World broke upon the vision of Columbus. The grim ceremonies of the war-dance remain unchanged, and his hour of surpassing joy is that in which he returns from battle with reeking scalps at his belt. He has heard of civilization, but it has been in the fiery revelation of its musketry. Its kinder and truer voice, which would win him from his savageness, he will not hear; but clings yet to his old heritage of gloom and superstition. His form is of the wilderness, and their change is to vanish together.

In addition to all this, many nations that were once well advanced in civilization seem to have sunk back again into the arms of barbarism. Science has fled from her retreats along the Nile. Old Egypt shines not now as in the days

of her Ptolemies. Her colleges of priests have passed away. The lyre of Memnon no longer greets the sunrise, and the diviner voice of genius is hushed. The Phœnician has forgotten his enterprise; and his sails stretched for distant lands, no longer whiten the sea. The descendant of the thoughtful Chaldean looks with stupid wonder at the heaven above him. Its planets, and "blue glancing stars," are a mystery to him. His brain, pondering upon them in some idle hour, may reel under that mystery; but, degenerate and indifferent, he waits not through the night, with patient watching, to solve it. The lore of his old progenitor has perished, but he heaves no regretful sigh. The calm night looks forth as of old upon the Shepherd plains, but it kindles within him no yearnings for knowledge, no memories of the past. He turns from its gaze with passionless heart, and, beneath some sheltering palm, lies down to his dreams of savage ignorance. Poet and orator, and philosopher, have vanished from Greece. August Athena smiles no more from the Cecropian Hill, the queen of beauty and mother of arts. No Plato of modern growth instructs her youth in philosophy; no Socrates teaches them to revere the gods. Her Demosthenes finds no counterpart in these times. The Solons and Homers, that made her immortal, live not in the race that has followed them, and her heroes, they too are extinct. Once in every age does the genius of her ancient glory revisit her, and, standing one sorrowful hour in the twilight gloom of the Acropolis, watch for some token of rekindling life; but heroes and sages sleep on—their dust heaves not—there is no resurrection! The grim features of desolation alone meet her gaze, and she glides mournfully away!

Now, grave and worthy reader, these are ugly facts; but in despite of them, we still maintain the theory to be intact. That a majority of the race should, up to this time, have remained barbarians, when well considered, will be found neither strange nor inconsistent with the hypothesis stated. Nothing can be done without a suitable preparation. Every one who has a tolerable acquaintance with human affairs, knows this to be true. A man cannot even whistle till he has brought his lips into a position adapted to the exercise. So profoundly penetrated with this fact was a certain Yankee professor of that art, that the first direction which he gave



his class, was, "Prepare to pucker;" which was followed by one adapted to the advanced state of affairs, to wit—"Pucker!" Well did he know that not a soul of them could whistle till he had "puckered." So with these barbarians. They have been all this while preparing for progress. They have never yet whistled the delightful melodies of civilization, but for several thousand years they have been "puckering," and it is but fair to conclude that we shall soon hear their rich tones ringing from the cliffs of Jibel Kumra, and swelling in full chorus from Behring's Straits to the Ural Mountains, and the sea of Ormus. The lips of some of them are even now quivering with nascent harmonies!

As regards those nations who have "advanced backwards," the argument is no stronger. While they have retrograded, others have advanced, and even eclipsed their meridian splendor. Look at us in America! Look at England and France, and Germany—to say nothing of the Auroral light, beautiful and blushing, that streaks the skies of Liberia! Look at the steamboats, railroads, magnetic telegraphs, printing-presses, sub-marine batteries, revolving pistols, pin, button and stocking factories; mowing and reaping machines; grist-mills, saw-mills, oil-mills, spinning-jennies, cotton-gins, and gin distilleries, together with divers other cunning inventions that do adorn our times; inventions which Egypt, and Chaldea, and Greece never dreamed of. Here is progress for you, O ye incredulous and argumentative! Greece may have lost her Plato, but we have our Emersons and our Brownsons, philosophers whom even Plato could not comprehend, and who have advanced where mortals less divine would be "blasted with excess of light." She may have no Solon in this age of her degeneracy; but there is not a village in this great country which has not several of them. There may be no Demosthenes now in her desolate capital, to kindle the Athenian heart with his eloquence; but we have dozens of them at Washington, who, whenever Texas or Oregon is threatened, exclaim with more than Demosthenean emphasis, "Let us march against Philip; let us drub him essentially!" Her bard, "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," may have gone down to "dusty death," but we have a Homer, and he is yet in the freshness of youth. Noble Ahasuerus!

stand forth, for thou art he! The Temple of Belus, too, may have crumbled, with its priestly sages, the learned and patient old Chaldeans; and the monument of Osymandyas, with its golden circle, and earnest star-watchers, may exist no more; yet have we the prospect of a famous Observatory at Washington, some time during the present century; and astronomers do swarm in the land, of exceeding erudition, as their almanacs testify. Witness also our English and French neighbors, of whom it may be safely affirmed, that they know more before breakfast than did those ancient worthies after supper.

But there is another consideration which ought for ever to confound all sceptics, and convince them that this theory of progress has not been lightly taken up; and that is, that the retrocession of civilization in those older nations is by no means final. Like unto youths engaged in the gymnastic exercise of leaping a fence, they have only gone back *pour mieux sauter*; and if their energies are not exhausted by too long a run, they will yet clear hedge and ditch, and land gracefully in the green fields of intelligence and refinement.

Theory aside, however, it must be evident to all who are noting the affairs of this glorious little world, that the present age is one of most rapid progression. The past has furnished none like it. It is an age of ceaseless activity—an age of steam. The engine of thought drives fiercely on, tireless, heeding no obstruction; and ever the mental steam-whistle rings its shrill warning along the track, bidding loiterers beware. That engine drags a long train, too, freighted with sense, and folly, and the novelties of fecund brains. Books are written, read, superseded, and forgotten in a week. Everybody by that time is agape for something newer, something not quite so antique and musty, something that is neck and neck with the age. Theories in science, philosophy and government, are hatched like chickens in a modern ecclaeobion. Many of them die unfledged, but some, with diligent feeding, grow up into goodly fowls, worthy of smoking on the best tables. Boys, long before their chins have bowed to the majesty of razors, become wiser than those who begot them. Right valiantly do they step into the shoes of their fathers, seize whip and rein, and, like that celestial rowdy, Phaëton, drive the old family vehicle till the axle takes

fire. No sooner are they fairly launched into being, than they rush from the cradle, like ducklings from the nest, and plunge into the deep waters of philosophy, where they swim about perfectly at home, much to the amazement of their reverend grandfathers, who stand at the margin "shaking their white aged heads over them," and wondering at their miraculous exploits. One can hardly help fancying this to be the period predicted by ancient seers, in which "the child should die a hundred years old." If this era is not exactly the millennium, it is yet such an approximation to it, that we can see its glories glimmering in the distance, and playing on the hill-tops; art, science, letters, ethics, theology, and politics, are all taking huge strides toward perfectibility. The human mind, which has been sleeping so long in the lap of Delilah, buried in voluptuous dreams, is at length awake; and any one, possessed of a tolerably nice ear, can hear the withs crack as it leaps up in the lustiness of manhood.

Perhaps some who are analytically disposed, may demur to this generalization, and demand that we show definitely wherein this progress consists. Nothing can be easier, but the phenomena are so apparent that we doubt whether the greater part of them will not take the attempt as an affront to their understandings. We profess, therefore, that if we proceed to specifications, it is only for the benefit of the incredulous few, who make it a principle of their creed to believe nothing if they can help it. The world has always had some such fellows in it, and a troublesome set they are. Nothing delights them so much as to attack a theory, and put its inventor to infinite trouble in defending it. Many a fine edifice have they battered down with doubts and hard questions, which would have stood for ever had they let it alone!

There are three items of knowledge which all will admit are of primary importance, to wit: a knowledge of ourselves, of each other, and of the world we live in. If those readers, then, who are so fond of demonstration, will give us their attention, we will show them that this age has developed, and is developing, this knowledge, in a manner, and to an extent entirely unprecedented in the history of the race; and has furnished the means whereby this knowledge may be brought to entire perfection. If we suc-

ceed in showing this, we suppose they will be bound, as candid men, to admit our proposition.

"*Ἦναι, σεαυτὸν*," said the wisest of Greeks; and the advice was excellent, but nearly useless, since no one in his day knew how to improve it; nor, indeed, until this present age, has any infallible means been discovered by which it could be put in practice. It was like advising a man, ignorant of astronomy, to calculate an eclipse. In endeavoring to achieve this knowledge, men have been obliged to rely mainly upon their own consciousness, which is exceedingly deceptive and uncertain. No one, in this way, can arrive at safe conclusions. He may set himself to note with great diligence his own feelings, proclivities and capacities, and yet fail to understand himself when he gets through. For instance, he may conclude that he is a very honest and clever fellow, when, in fact, there is within him a vast amount of undeveloped rascality, which lies coiled away in his heart like a viper in a flower-garden, ready, when provocation shall be offered, to start up and show its fangs. Or, he may judge himself a man of enlarged capacity, upon whom the people would do well to repose the trusts of government; when, really, the management of a plantation would fill the measure of his ability.

With regard to others, the difficulty is still greater. We can judge of them only by external manifestations, which are often mere masks. The real individual is not seen in the smooth public face he wears. Yet are we bound to judge of men as they seem, unless we have some means of detecting what they really are. If they carry at their mast-head the flag of virtue's republic, we must conclude their papers are correct, and that they carry that flag by good right, even though we know it sometimes covers the death's head and cross-bones.

These facts account satisfactorily for the great amount of friction in the machinery of society. Nine-tenths of it is occasioned by men not knowing themselves, and those with whom they are in relation. They thrust themselves into places for which the gods never intended them, and place others in positions for which they have no fitness. The consequence is, that wheels, shafts and bands, in rapid but disordered motion, "grate harsh thunder," and if they do not fly in fragments, at least make a most villainous

clanking. Nothing better could be expected. Individuals of opposite sexes meet, mutually misunderstand each other, and marry. There follow very naturally family jars, (not pickle jars, but something quite as acid,) certain lectures, broken hearts and divorces *a vinculis*. Some, with slender wit, imagine themselves heaven-inspired, write in verse—"Soar aloft on wings of light, and come down on father's wood-pile." Others rush to the pulpit to mend morals, when they should have quietly seated themselves in their shops and mended shoes. Others still, gifted with rare genius for pruning trees, seize the scalpel and hack away with marvellous infelicity at sinews and bones. Many a plumed chief was manifestly intended for a butcher, but, being sent blindfold into the world, by mistake picked up a sword instead of a cleaver. Individuals, whose mission was to mend brass-kettles, and solder old tin, blunder into senates and commence tinkering the government. Hands, made for delving, wander from their duty to finger briefs, and soil the pages of Blackstone. Gifted pettifoggers are constructed into bad governors, and farcical presidents, while true men remain unknown to themselves and the public, in the obscurity of humble life, guiding only the plough when they should be guiding the state. The world has been full of owlish philosophers, who, at best, could but have made respectable pedagogues; of weak kings who should have been subjects, and of quiet subjects whose right it was to be kings. Those, who in reading its history, wonder why its affairs have always been in such a jumble, are here let into the secret. With cobblers in the pulpit, and tinkers in the senate, pedagogues in the chairs of philosophy, and pettifoggers at the head of government, he would be but an indifferent prophet who should predict anything like harmony and order.

Now, had there been, *ab initio*, some absolute test of character, men would never have got so egregiously misplaced. Each one would have perceived at a glance exactly where he was wanted, and gone, as in duty bound, about his proper business. There would have been a harmonious arrangement throughout all its sections and divisions; and, without doubt, this would have been a very respectable and quiet sort of world. The present age has supplied this desideratum. Phrenology unfolds the sublimes

simple truth, that the character of every man is written upon his cranium: and that its surface furnishes an accurate clue to the fibre and fashion of his soul. A man, intellectually and morally, can be as easily gauged and inspected as a barrel of whiskey. Fifteen minutes are sufficient to investigate the most intricate case, and determine whether the individual was cut out for a poet, or a coal-heaver; for an honest man, or a sub-treasurer; for a philosopher, or a fool; for a Brutus, or a Cæsar. Nor is the test difficult of application, though the world has been so long in finding it out. It is a mere matter of sight and touch—an operation for the eye and the finger ends. It involves no acquaintance with psychological or metaphysical subtleties. Any one who can finger a skull, and distinguish between a pea and a pigeon's egg, may be a phrenologist—may read his neighbor like a morning newspaper. Every bump is a standing advertisement, set up by the gods; and the whole together make up the inventory of his stock in trade! This discovery contains the germ of reformation, and the assurance of social order.

The discovery of animal magnetism, also, is another large stride in progress. Let not the reader sneer at our credulity, nor think that we are playing upon his. We predict great things for magnetism, the mysterious sister of phrenology. With closed eye and rigid features, she scans body and soul—distant objects and secret transactions; and, like an obedient slave, lays the fruit of her observations at the feet of her master. At present, however, we cannot dilate upon it. Our limits will only permit us to mention one particular in which we think it destined to important results; and that is, upon the diplomacy of nations. It is possible that some may not at first perceive its connection with matters of such high concern, and may even deem the proposition too ridiculous to be suggested in a grave argument like ours. But let them not judge hastily. For our part, we believe it, as fully as we do that phrenology is destined to grease the wheels of society, so that they will run without creaking.

Every one knows that diplomacy, as at present conducted, is a very secret and perplexed affair. Not only do the respective governments endeavor to keep their subjects in the dark, but it is the object of their diplomatists to mystify

each other, in hope of gaining some advantage; a proceeding not unlike that of two skillful jockies, each of whom is endeavoring to overreach the other. The diplomatic reputation of an ambassador, or minister extraordinary, would be destroyed at once should he let his antagonist into the secret policy of his government. He is expected to be as indefinite as possible, and, at the same time, to leave an impression of remarkable frankness. Being thus mutually be-fogged, they are often sorely puzzled how to proceed, and fear to accept submitted propositions—which perhaps may be fair enough—lest it should be found afterwards that they have conceded too much, or lost an advantage, or involved their government in ultimate embarrassment. To get at this secret policy is “a consummation devoutly to be wished” on the part of the plenipotentiary—especially when affairs are involved and stormy. To employ spies and eavesdroppers for this purpose, or to corrupt those in the confidence of the court, would be dangerous, and, if discovered, would result in the disgrace of the minister and his government. By means of magnetism, however, this object can be most felicitously accomplished, and, at the same time, all danger avoided. Let the minister keep a facile and practiced subject, and whenever there is to be a cabinet meeting, call him to his private apartment, make the requisite passes, put on his spiritual gear, and send him into the conclave. When there, by a strong effort of will, nerved by the greatness of the occasion, and held to its tension by patriotic devotion, let him fasten the attention of the subject upon the actors until the cabinet breaks up, while his confidential secretary notes down the revelations that are made, and with the nicest accuracy secures them all in black and white. We cannot conceive of a more admirable arrangement. Eavesdroppers, even, could such be employed at all, could furnish but inaccurate reports. Agents near the court might be unfaithful, or themselves deceived; but here is an agent under the entire control of the minister, who, without rattling shutters, or shaking locks, glides in among the premiers and privy-councilors, fixes his keen spiritual eye upon them, and brings away, unsuspected, their budget of state secrets! Look to it, ye Richelieus, and Talleyrands, and Peels!

How soon will ye not be the playthings of this scientific omniscience!

This political Ganymede of the ministers, for greater security, should be one of his lackeys, or his favorite page, and in daily attendance upon his person; but even if by some unlucky *contre-temps*, he should be caught at his manipulations, it would in all probability be little regarded, and only subject him to the imputation of being a somewhat curious speculator in mental science. The advantages of such an arrangement are so apparent that amplification is unnecessary. If our minister at St. James was at this time provided with a good subject, he might at once get at the whole British policy, and thus relieve the government and people from distressing doubts, and “thick-coming fancies” which trouble their sleep, and enable us to prepare for whatever action may be necessary. Great as are his talents for diplomacy, we venture to say that one such spiritual interview with Sir John and the Privy Council, would be worth more than all his observation, and official intercourse, during the next year. With these views of the matter we would respectfully suggest to the President and Senate the propriety of ascertaining hereafter that all our accredited ministers, in addition to the usual qualifications, understand the magnetic passes; and also of seeing that they are provided with suitable subjects. All appropriations on the score of these subjects, to avoid suspicion, can be charged to the account of secret service money!

We might multiply proofs *ad infinitum*; but those who are not already convinced that this is an age of progress, would not be, though folios were written. That there are such, we know well; but they are, for the most part, men who have lived in chimney-corners, and know little of the stirring times without, or who, in the silence of studious cells, have become worshippers of the past, and only smile when its familiar forms look in upon their solitude. They are lovers of the moss that grows on ancient monuments; men who would gather the fragments of an exploded dogma as piously as if they were those of a friend; and who would give more for a button from their great grandfather's breeches, than for a full suit of modern cut, turned off with the highest finish of Broadway. Plato informs us that all souls at their creation, were furnished with lodgings in the stars,



where they were to remain until bodies were prepared for them. If we were to judge of these men from their sympathy with the old and bygone, we should say that they were sleepy souls, who had nodded so long upon their celestial roosts, that, when they at length took wing and alighted upon this planet, they were several centuries behind their time! Any attempt to bring them into sympathy with the present would be vain. They were made for an age that has past, and, though they appeared too late to act in it, their hearts still beat with its own peculiar pulse. Like the Greenlander beneath

the tropics, who, when the unwelcome sun beats down upon him, turns towards the North and pants for his icebergs, these worthy but belated souls, turn towards the elder times and sigh for their congenial airs. The regiment in which they were enrolled, mustered, and marched and fought its battle, long before they, were awake: and, inasmuch as they have done nothing since but skirt about the old battle-ground, and write eulogies upon the heroes who fell there, we would suggest, as we take leave of them, that, so far as the world is concerned, they might as well have continued to sleep.

### SECRETARY WALKER'S LAST REPORT.

We have another report from Mr. Walker on the subject of the Tariff in answer to the following resolution of the Senate:—

*“Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury be directed to report to the Senate on what articles embraced in the tariff act of 1846 the duties can be increased beyond the existing rates, so as to augment the revenue, and to what extent the said duties can be increased, and what additional revenue would accrue therefrom. And furthermore, that he be requested to report what articles on the free list may be taxed, and what amount of duty should be laid thereon; and that he also report on what articles, if any, the rates of duty may be reduced below those imposed by the aforesaid act, so as to increase the revenue, the rate of such reduction, and the amount to which the revenue would probably be increased thereby, and whether, in his opinion, any tax which may be laid upon such articles will increase the price of the same to the consumer to any amount; and if any, to what amount.”*

This document, like all others emanating from the same source, displays the most consummate ignorance of the first principles which govern the subject upon which the Secretary undertakes to give advice to the Senate. Instead of examining his subject with statesman-like views, and coming out manfully, and proposing an increase of duties, that would stimulate the industry of the country and augment its power of consumption, so as to insure a demand for foreign productions, commensurate to such power; he goes into comparisons

of the imports in 1845 and 1846 predicting all his reasoning upon the amounts of the different articles imported, upon the rates of duty; as though the quantity of goods imported depended upon such rates, when every tyro in political economy knows, that demand and supply are the great regulators of trade of all kinds, foreign and domestic. He tells us that “in order to reply to the resolution it became necessary to review every item embraced in the Tariff of 1846, to re-examine the imports of each article, with the rate of duty and revenue accruing thereon for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1845, and also to have prepared and considered new tables of a similar character for the fiscal year ending 30th of June, 1846, and to compare the results.” From the examination he deduces the fact, “that the equivalent ad valorem under the imports of 1846 generally approximate more nearly the present rates of duty, than the equivalent ad valorem of 1845;” and that therefore “a smaller augmentation of the present duties will be required to augment the revenue in cases where any duty under the last tariff produced a larger revenue on the import of any article, than the present duties on the same;” and then gives the different rates on certain articles of iron. Pig iron paid in 1845 a specific duty equivalent at the then price to 48 per cent., and in 1846 but 44 per cent.; rolled iron in 1845 paid equivalent to 75, and in 1846 but 53; round or square iron in 1845 paid an equivalent to 56, and in 1846 an equivalent to 51, &c. &c. This he says,

"was in consequence of the enhanced price at the latter period—which brings the duty estimated in 1846 by the imports much nearer the present rates, than the duty estimated in 1845." Hence he says:

*"Unless in cases where there are other data, entitled to higher consideration, which have been presented since the estimates made last year, the department would, as a general rule, in cases where any increase of duty would augment the revenue, estimate a smaller increase of the duties as necessary to produce in such a case the largest amount of revenue; judging from a comparison of the duties under the acts of 1842 and 1846; than when the tables were prepared last year, when the estimates were made by the tables of 1845."* Now divest these details of all their verbiage, and what do they amount to. All the truth they contain, is, that when an article paying a specific duty raises in price in the foreign markets, the specific duty is less, when rated ad valorem, than at the reduced price. Thus if pig iron pay a specific duty of \$20 per ton, costing in England £6 sterling, the ad valorem equivalent will be much lessened if the same iron cost £9 sterling. Surely it required not a lecture from a Secretary of the Treasury, to convince the Senate of this self-evident proposition. But we ask the particular attention of our readers to the proviso which we have italicised, namely *unless in cases where there are other data entitled to higher consideration, which have been presented since the estimates made last year.* That is, unless the exchange or the freight be higher or lower, or the home product be greater or less; or in fine, unless the all-governing principle of trade, the demand or supply should increase or diminish. The Secretary's rule may thus be seen to have vastly more exceptions than examples.

But when Mr. Walker stumbles upon a truth in the affairs of trade, and avows it, he invariably upsets his whole theory, as we shall show he has done in this. For it is susceptible of the most indisputable proof, that so far as revenue is concerned, no calculation approaching to accuracy, when the duties are ad valorem, can be made of the amount to be received, on any one article, from the very fact he has stated, namely, the fluctuation in prices, influenced as they are, and as he admits them to be, by so many causes.

But one fact is worth all Mr. Walker's comparative statements, and we shall

take the liberty to state several, to show that on this very article of iron his proposed ten per cent. additional duty, is a ridiculous proposition, made with a view to manifest a disposition to favor Pennsylvania from political considerations.

The price of bar iron in England in 1839 was £10 sterling per ton, in 1840 it was £9, in 1841 it was £7, in 1842 it was £5. 10., and in 1843 it was £4. 10.

Suppose in 1839 the then Secretary of the Treasury had made his calculations upon £10 sterling per ton and laid an ad valorem duty of 30 per cent., would his revenue have been half as much in 1843 when it had fallen to £4 10. And thus it will always be. No such fall, it is true, is at present anticipated on iron, on account of the railroad mania; but this cannot last many years, and if it should, we know that the manufacture of iron is becoming more and more extensive, and can be increased in England to any amount. Bar iron is now worth £10 sterling, and if it should therefore fall twenty-five per cent., a thing by no means unlikely to happen, then the ten per cent. additional would produce no increase of revenue. And so of cottons and woollens. These latter articles, however, fluctuate much more in the quantities imported, from variations in demand and supply, changes of fashion, &c.

There is no term which so fully expresses the extreme folly of Mr. Walker's proposed alterations in the tariff of 1846, as shown in the report under consideration, as the word *tinkering*, and had not the late election in Pennsylvania resulted as it has, Mr. Walker would not have discovered before this Tariff of 1846 has been three months in operation, that to raise the duty on coal and iron would increase the revenue.

The country has unjustifiably been plunged into a war, and large revenues are required to sustain its credit and enable it punctually to pay the interest on the increased expenditure; the presses in the interest of the government declare the war to be popular; and all parties express themselves willing to place at the command of the Executive means to carry on the war with vigor, and thus, in the slang of the day, to "*conquer a speedy peace.*" Yet the Secretary of the Treasury, instead of manfully coming forward and recommending an increase of revenue sufficient to place the credit of the country where it was when he took office,

has so managed its fiscal affairs, by his tariff of 1846 and the sub-treasury, as to be obliged to resort to an issue of treasury notes; and failing as yet to procure a duty on tea and coffee, openly confesses in this Report that there is great danger of reducing the value of the public securities as they were reduced in the war of 1812.

If Congress believe the war to be so popular, why do they not, at once, take the proper means to revive the public credit? But this is in some degree departing from the object of this article, which is to show the fallacy of the principles laid down by Mr. Walker, who blows hot and cold in the same breath, recommending a higher duty on coal and iron, and a lessened duty of five per cent. on certain manufactures of iron, and upon cotton goods not exceeding in cost 8 cents per square yard. The latter (will the reader believe us?) to produce an increased revenue of *twenty-five thousand dollars!*—scarcely enough to pay one hour's expenditure for the war—no matter at what sacrifice to all concerned, in the United States, in the production of low-priced cotton goods. What a burlesque upon statesmanship is such pettifoggery, if indeed it is not something much worse—a design to injure political opponents. To show the utter incompetency of Mr. Walker to meddle in any way with a Tariff, it is only necessary to say that he predicates the success of the Tariff of 1846, upon its operation since the first of December last—being at the time this Report was made up, about two months; because the receipts into the treasury under it have exceeded those for the same period last year, under the Tariff of 1842. We could excuse the ignorance in one so totally without knowledge, as he has shown himself, of the nature of trade, if it were not accompanied with the unfounded assertion, that the new tariff is advancing the interests of the country!—an assertion, we venture to say, not only without the slightest foundation, but at utter variance with the truth, as will fully appear as soon as the extraordinary state of things brought about by the failure of the crops of grain in Europe, the disease of the potatoe, and the short crop of cotton shall have passed away.

These new phases introduced into the commercial state of the world, have given great activity to trade; particularly the rise in grain, bread-stuffs, and provisions generally. Very large shipments have

been made from the United States, which have given greatly increased employment to our ships, and much better prices to our farmers, for the time being; which will continue probably for some time, and thus the evils of the new tariff may be overlooked. But the end has not yet come! and we caution Mr. Walker and his English friends not to be too confident. The Tariff of 1846 has no more to do with our present prosperity, than the war with Mexico, or the debt which it is fast entailing upon the country. Had there been an abundant crop in Europe, a full crop of cotton, and no disease in the potatoe, we should have seen a very different state of things; and something very different from past experience must occur, if this unnatural state of things shall pass off, and business again find its level, without proving how little the permanent prosperity of a country is promoted by extraordinary prices in a foreign market, creating an unusual demand for its staple productions.

Mr. Walker will find that the home industry of a country is its best reliance, and when he shall retire to private life—which assuredly he will do, as soon as the provisions of the Constitution will permit—he will be made to know that though official station may, for the moment, influence legislation, it cannot overturn settled principles; one of which is laid down by a great writer in favor of free trade called Adam Smith; and we commend it to his followers as being, like the accidental truisms of the honorable secretary himself, wholly subversive of the whole theory he proposes to prop up. We give the quotation in Smith's own words: "Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the land, and thereby still farther to discourage agriculture."

Now, it is a fact well known that the Tariff of 1846 has diminished, and it will continue to diminish, the number of artificers and manufacturers; for the very reason, that, as Mr. Walker states, at lower duties it produces an increased revenue, by supplanting articles made at home with similar importations from abroad.

An appeal to some statistics of past years may not be out of place here, and we shall refer to them with a view to show the results of extraordinary import-

ations beyond the power of the country to pay for.

We commence with 1815, when, according to a table prepared by Mr. Walker accompanying his Report of December 3d, 1845, we *consumed* of foreign merchandize, \$106,457,924. In 1816, according to the same table, we *consumed* of imported goods, \$129,964,444.

Those who are old enough must remember the disastrous effects of these excessive importations, which were not fully realized till 1819, when, among other evidences of the distressed condition of the country, a committee appointed by the legislature of Pennsylvania reported as follows: that there were "ruinous sacrifices of landed property at Sheriffs' sales, whereby in many cases lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth part of their former value; thereby depriving of their homes and the fruits of laborious years, a vast number of industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek in the uncultivated forests of the West, that shelter of which they had been deprived in their native State. An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessities of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season. The overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, most of whom are confined for small sums, whereby the community loses a portion of its active labor, and is compelled to support families by charity who have thus been deprived of their protectors."

By the same table of Mr. Walker, we find the *consumption* of foreign merchandize, in 1835, was \$129,391,247. In 1836, the *consumption* of the same goods amounted to the enormous sum of \$168,233,675. These immense importations were in consequence of the inflation of the currency, consequent upon the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, which prompted the loans made by the *pet* banks, as they were called. The memorable break down, and the suspension of specie payments which resulted, must be fresh in the recollection of all who were in anywise conversant with the business affairs of that period.

In 1839, the same table tells us, we *consumed* \$144,597,607, and the results were little less ruinous. In 1841, at the

close of what was called the "Compromise Act," we consumed \$112,447,096. At that time the duties were so much reduced that the net revenue for the year was but \$15,516,589, and the whole country groaned under the depression of home industry of every kind.

For the fifteen years previous to 1835 the *consumption* of foreign imports had scarcely exceeded \$80,000,000. During the periods of the large importations, which caused the heavy *consumption* stated above—while the foreign goods were coming in—the country wore the fallacious appearance of prosperity, until the catastrophe arrived and the bubble burst.

At each of these periods, as the importations arrived—when the amount of the duties were pouring into the treasury, as they did in all except 1841—the respected Secretaries might have congratulated themselves as Mr. Walker now congratulates himself in this Report—with this difference, that the evil day may be somewhat longer postponed in consequence of our increased exports, should they continue. But as certainly as such over-consumption of foreign manufactures produced the revulsions then experienced, so certainly, under like circumstances will the same thing occur again, sooner or later, under the Tariff of 1846.

The writer of this article does not feel it to be a source of congratulation, that specie is so rapidly, and in such quantities, crossing the Atlantic into the United States—not because when it comes, in the course of a regular trade, it is not desirable—but because that specie which is now coming is not the result of such trade, but arises from the unnatural state of things incident to the extraordinary demand in Europe for grain and provisions of every kind, and the consequent sudden rise in value and increased exportation of them.

It is very much to be feared that the continued heavy drafts upon Great Britain, for specie, will cause a financial crisis there, which will, inevitably, react upon us. There is also great danger that its introduction here will cause an expansion of our currency to the encouragement of speculations; so that when it shall return to England, *as it assuredly will*, we may find it very difficult to go back again to a regular settled state of trade. These, at least, are the views of the writer, who well remembers the trade of the country for forty years, and



painfully experienced the convulsions referred to.

Having, on several former occasions, in the National Magazine, fully reviewed Mr. Walker's principles of Revenue, the writer does not deem it necessary, at this time, to go more at large into them. Nor would he be understood as now mooted the question of Free Trade, or Protection. Causes may occur, and have occurred, under a protective tariff, when these over-importations have taken place, and the result has been invariably the same. The inflation of the currency caused by the loans of the pet Banks, after the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, may be cited as a memorable instance of this; and, therefore, in what we have said on this occasion we desire to be understood as protesting against Mr. Walker's doctrines, *in the wholesale*, believing them to be most destructive to every portion of the business of the country, and not merely interfering with our manufactures. The Secretary goes for the largest revenues at the lowest duties—which can only mean the heaviest importations—while the experience of every individual, and every nation, always has been, that buying beyond the means of payment, *no matter at what prices*, must forever, in the end, prove ruinous to the nation or individual who shall continue in such practice. Mr. Walker must have no very exalted opinion of the intelligence of Senators, when he takes up so large a portion of this Report with the commonest axioms, such as that “the revenue necessary for peace is always inadequate for the extraordinary expenses of war,” and many others—equally self-evident propositions; but we cannot close these remarks without giving Mr. Walker the benefit of a paragraph near the conclusion of this *luminous* Report, which is in these words:

“In submitting at present only the articles mentioned in tables A and B, it is proper to remark that these tables are, of course, only estimates subject to correction by the actual operation of the Tariff of 1846, and that time, together with the results of that act, may indicate other articles upon which duties may be reduced (or augmented if indispensably necessary).”

This is a perfect surrender of the whole Report, as founded upon imperfect data—nay, it is much more: for it shows what the writer of this article has often elsewhere averred; namely, that

there is no fixed point at which the largest amount of revenue can be relied upon at the lowest rates of duties—since the quantity of any article imported varies, not in the rates of the duty assessed, but is governed entirely by other laws—such as the power to consume the quantity made at home, and the many and various causes regulating the all-governing principle of demand and supply. According to the above admission of the Secretary a tariff, founded upon the *ad valorem* plan, has no fixed principle, and may be altered every year without any certainty that the alterations will produce the desired effect.

We annex a list of the proposed alterations of the tariff, in the present Report, and a comparison of the receipts of the customs at some of our principal ports, for the first fifty-five days of the last and present year:

Correspondence of the Courier and Enquirer.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1, 1847.

The following are the articles upon which Mr. Walker estimates that an increase of 10 per cent. duty will give the following revenue as annexed, to wit:

Coal,	\$50,000
Pig Iron,	60,000
Bar Iron, (rolled,)	200,000
Round or Square Iron, as bra-	
zier's rods, 3-16 and 10-16	
inch in diameter,	27,000
Nail or Spike Rods,	500
Sheet Iron, except taggers,	15,000
Hoop Iron,	10,000
Wood Screws,	3,900
Band or Scroll Iron, &c., rolled	
or hammered,	1,000
Spikes, cut or wrought,	1,500
Cloths or Casimeres of Wool,	
exceeding in value \$4 square	
yard,	30,000
White and Red Lead,	1,000
That an increase of 20 per cent.	
on Sugar white, loaf, and re-	
fined, will yield	900,000
That an increase of 5 per cent.	
on Cotton, dyed, printed, etc.,	
exceeding 30 per cent. per	
square yard,	10,000
From Cotton not dyed, exceed-	
ing 30 per cent. per square	
yard,	10,000

Upon the following articles he estimates that a decrease of 5 per cent. will yield an aggregate increase sum of \$30,000, to wit:

Drawing and cutting knives, hatchets, axes, and adzes; locket chisels, sickles, and reaping hooks; plane irons, scythes, spades, and shovels; ploughs, harrows, mattocks, rakes, cultivators, cross-cut and pit saws, gin saws, cut nails.

The same decrease (5 per cent.) is estimated to give the additional sum of \$25,000 on cotton manufactures colored and uncolored, not exceeding 8 cents on the square yard.

Upon the articles of linen and silk the Department gives no estimate, not possessing the requisite data.

The amount of imports, the past year, of iron and manufactures of iron, on which no change is proposed, was the sum of \$5,570,514.

The amount imported, on which it is proposed to increase the duty 10 per cent., \$2,077,898.

The amount imported on which it is proposed to lower the duty 5 per cent., \$63,610.

The following comparison is given of the receipts into the Custom House at the places named, for the first fifty-five days of the last and present year, to wit:

	1846.	1847.
Boston, . . .	\$674,107	\$862,494
New York, . .	1,971,405	2,374,827
Philadelphia, .	299,708	341,003
Baltimore, . .	43,061	89,900
Charleston, . .	41,176	61,892
	<u>\$3,029,457</u>	<u>\$3,730,117</u>

The following is given as the amount of imports and duties for 1846:

Specific, . . .	\$33,617,574	\$12,726,584
Ad valorem, . .	57,980,640	15,707,915
Free, . . .	19,676,778	.....
	<u>\$111,204,992</u>	<u>\$28,434,449</u>

### MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

CONGRESS is now within a very few days of its adjournment, yet no essential progress has been made, since our last review was issued, in the national legislation. The bill authorizing the President to raise ten additional regiments of regular troops, for the prosecution of the war with Mexico, has become a law, but no power has yet been granted for the appointment of the officers to command them. The bill placing three millions of dollars at the disposal of the Executive, to be used in re-opening negotiations for peace, is still under discussion. The Secretary of the Treasury has presented a schedule of desired modifications in the existing tariff, but no action has yet been taken upon it in either house. This extraordinary tardiness in legislation, under circumstances apparently so imperative, must be attributed to the serious dissension in the ranks of the administration party, caused mainly by the introduction of the Slavery question into the Congressional debates. We mentioned in our last the adoption in the House of Representatives of a proviso to the appropriation bill, forbidding the establishment of slavery in any territory which may be acquired by the United States, in the prosecution of the existing war. The question has since come up in the Senate, and has been met promptly and boldly by Mr. CALHOUN, who took the ground that the enactment of any such law would be an act of direct aggression upon Southern rights, and would be resisted by the South, even at the hazard of dissolving the Union. His remarks were apparently only introductory to a more full and elaborate discussion of the whole subject;—but they were evidently well considered, and lacked nothing in clearness, emphasis or cogency. They were answered by Mr. SIMMONS, of Rhode Island; but

the debate can by no means be considered closed. Mr. CALHOUN has taken ground against the further accession of territory; and it is probable that a considerable portion of the administration party will act in accordance with this position, in order to avoid the *abrida scopula* of the slavery controversy. The great body of the people in all sections of the Union, are agreed that with slavery as it exists in the Southern States, neither the Federal Government nor the Northern States have any right to interfere. But with regard to the extension of our territory, and the consequent extension of slavery, there is by no means the same concordance. The North will be almost unanimous against such extension of slavery, though not opposed to an increase of territory;—while the South is desirous of adding territory to the Union mainly, if not entirely, in order to fortify and perpetuate their domestic institutions. Probably the best thing that can be done under the circumstances is, to seek no more territory, and so avoid the contest. And yet there are very many considerate and sagacious statesmen who believe that our government should embrace this opportunity to acquire at least a harbor, and some adjacent country, upon the Pacific coast. It is hardly to be expected that we should bear the expenses of the present war, without exacting some indemnity from Mexico. And under what form, except territory, can such indemnity be paid? These considerations greatly embarrass the solution of the difficulties which surround the present position of our public affairs; and these difficulties will be increased rather than diminished by the termination of the war, although its continuance can only postpone the inevitable crisis. They have very seriously retarded the cause of federal legislation, and have

in fact broken the strength of the administration in Congress.

Of other domestic matters there is little worthy of record. The movements of our army in Mexico indicate a speedy attack upon Vera Cruz and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, under Major-General WINFIELD SCOTT, and we entertain the confident expectation that our troops will be in possession of that important fortress before the end of March. Whether they can hold it in the face of the yellow fever through the hot season, is a more doubtful point. The attempt, however, will probably be made, and then the campaign of next autumn may open by a march to the Mexican capital. Unless negotiations for peace can meantime be undertaken, this seems to be the most judicious step that could be taken. The capture and retention of the castle will of itself strengthen our position in urging negotiations; and, in the event of their failure, will be of decided importance to the effective resumption of hostilities.

The Mexican government is again in ruins. Congress, in order to effect a loan, mortgaged the property of the Church, and evinced a disposition, while declaring the right, to make of it an absolute seizure. This was, of course, resisted with clamor and vigor by the clergy, and they were seconded by Santa Anna. This unlooked-for event had created a new turmoil, of which the issue is not yet apparent. Congress, according to the most reliable accounts, was about to dissolve, leaving the Clergy and the people exasperated, the soldiers unpaid and of course discontented, and Santa Anna in a difficult, not to say perilous, position. Until there shall be in Mexico some stable and permanent government, even if all other difficulties were removed, it will be almost impossible to open negotiations for peace.

Of Literary intelligence we have none to record.

The FOREIGN advices of the month are interesting and important. The new English ministry have carried into full effect their measures for the immediate relief of Ireland—the abrogation of the duty on foreign grain, the suspension of the navigation laws, and the substitution of sugar for corn in the distilleries. These measures were all carried without serious opposition, and on the 25th of January Lord John Russell brought forward his scheme for the permanent improvement of the condition of Ireland. The most important feature of this scheme is that relating to the *waste lands* of Ireland, which are stated to comprise no less than 4,600,000 acres. None of this vast extent of land is at present cultivated. Its owners have neglected it, thinking that the cost of reclaiming it would be greater than its value,

or being satisfied with the rents of their improved estates. The Government has very wisely regarded these lands as the proper field for extending the resources of the Irish people; and purposes, in the first instance, to aid the owners in bringing these wastes into a state of cultivation, or, if this cannot be done, to take into its own hands the task of reclaiming them. If the owners will reclaim them, Government offers to lend them money for the purpose at 3½ per cent. interest for 22 years, to the extent of a million sterling. If the owners will not reclaim, but will sell, their waste lands, Government offers to purchase. If they will neither improve nor sell, then Government will seize them and attempt their reclamation, paying the owners a fixed valuation. When reclaimed, the lands are to be divided into lots of from 25 to 50 acres and sold. In this way, it is believed, a large addition may be made to the cultivable land of Ireland, and a class of small proprietors will be created, which will prove of essential service in the contemplated reformation of the country. The premier seems by no means inclined to despair of the regeneration of Ireland, although he does not conceal from himself or the public the obstacles to be overcome. He reminded the House of Commons that but a short time since the social condition of England and of Scotland was as unpromising as is that of Ireland at the present day; and drew therefrom ground for hoping that the same transformation might yet be witnessed. His propositions were received with almost unanimous favor by Parliament, and seem, indeed, worthy of approbation. Whether the plan will prove effectual for the end proposed may be doubted; but if any action of the Government can be efficacious, this seems certainly to have a good chance of success.

The distress in Ireland still continues, and increases rather than abates. Immense sums for the relief of the sufferers have been raised by private subscriptions in England, and more than \$100,000 has been sent from the United States for the same object. Above £7,000,000 have been expended by the English government in endeavoring to accomplish the same purpose; and yet scarcely any perceptible impression has been made in stemming the vast flood of misery which overwhelms Ireland. Immense quantities of grain have been purchased in this country and on the Continent, by English capital, to supply the deficiency of food, and more than seven millions of specie have already been shipped to the United States in payment of the debt thus incurred. This rapid withdrawal of bullion from the circulation, added to the large sums absorbed by railway speculations, has produced a

severe pressure in the English market, which threatens ere long an overwhelming crisis. The Bank of England has raised its rate of interest; and English consols, which usually afford an excellent test of the state of monetary affairs, have fallen within a few weeks 3 per cent., which is a greater decline than has been known for many years. This country, on the other hand, has escaped a crisis by the receipt of unusual quantities of bullion from abroad. The operation of the Sub-Treasury Law has withdrawn nearly three millions of dollars from the circulation, and had not this been replaced by the specie from Europe, we should inevitably have experienced a pressure equally severe with that which has visited England.

The rumor is mentioned in some of the English papers, that ministers intend to send a Royal Commission of Inquiry to Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Reform in both these institutions is said to be greatly needed; but there is room to fear that government interference in their direction would not be attended with good results. The project of a National Education is vigorously and ably discussed at present, and a good deal of feeling has been excited upon the subject. There would be danger, therefore, of enlisting or encountering deeply-rooted prejudices in any plan of education which could be submitted. And the question is one which ought not to be decided by any party strife, or in the midst of any general agitation. We think it very likely that Parliament will be called upon to make some declaration of principles in regard to the matter; but it is scarcely probable that any general scheme will be brought forward, or that the course of instruction pursued at the Universities will be disturbed. Lord Morpeth declared very explicitly at a public meeting, that the Ministers were not satisfied with the present educational condition of the people, and that they regard its improvement as a duty of the government. Sir George Grey has also declared that an attempt would be made to improve the sanitary condition of the people. Such a measure, should it prove successful, could not fail to have a marked influence on the habits and morals of the people. It seems probable, also, that the system of punishment for crimes, transportation, prison discipline, &c., will receive attention at the present session of Parliament. Government has already suspended all transportation of male convicts during two years, and that those who may remain in England are to be employed on the government works. Some action upon the subject has become necessary, in order to reduce the number of convicts in Van Dieman's land, which already reaches 30,000, and is recruited by about 4,000 a-year.

The entire colonial system of England is also likely to be remodeled, and Earl Grey, the Colonial Secretary, has granted a Constitution to New Zealand, which has elicited ardent and universal admiration.

The foreign Literary Intelligence of the month comprises little of interest. A new Life of JEREMY TAYLOR, by Rev. R. A. Willmot, has been published, which elicits high commendation from the best critical authorities. Another volume of O'CONNELL's speeches has been published, and a continuation of his Life, by his son, is also given. The book is one of little intrinsic value, and is stamped by the *Athenaeum* as the "history of a politician, conceived in the narrow spirit of a monk, and addressed to the exclusive spirit of some pugnacious religious order." Another part of Cousin's History of Moral Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century, has been published, which the author devotes mainly to a criticism of the Scotch School.

Prof. Mädler, of Dorpat, has published a pamphlet setting forth his belief that the centre of the nebula in which our system lies, or of the congeries of stars which form the Milky Way, is in the Pleiades; and that the star *Aleyone* is more likely than any other one to merit the appellation of the "Central Sun." The theory is cited, and used with great beauty and some force by TUPPER, in his "Probabilities—an aid to Faith."

M. F. SHOBERL, in the course of a controversy with the *Athenaeum*, declares that he was the author of the "Life of Frederick the Great," recently published under the name of the poet Campbell, who was hired to lend his name to the work. This is only one of the many tricks which prevail in England among publishers. Book-making has probably become more thoroughly there than in any other country, a trade;—and not one of the most honorable or respectable.

A Turin paper states that 205 journals are now published in the Italian States, where, in 1836, only 171 were issued. The Papal States have the greatest share in this advance. In Austria the number of journals is 159; in Germany, 1,836; France, 1,294; Belgium, 140; Great Britain, 541; Russia, 139.

Among the deaths recorded is that of Mr. Joseph John Gurney, the brother of Mrs. Fry, and widely celebrated for his devotion to the philanthropic movements of the day. Mr. Gurney was one of the first of those who recorded in print his experience of the results of Free Labor in the West Indian colonies;—having undertaken a voyage shortly after the Compensation Bill passed, for the express purpose of observation. We may mention here the death, in Switzerland, of Count Frederick Gonfalonieri—a name which has a sort of



literary interest, as that of a companion of Silvio Pellico during his long imprisonment at the Spielberg.

The Belgian government has applied to

that of France for admission for the members of the Belgian Universities, into the French School recently established at Athens. Consent has been granted.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*History of the Thirty Year's War. Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. MORRISON, M. A. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1847.*

A history, by the faithful and accomplished Schiller, of the Great War of Protestantism against the Emperor and his priests, or of northern and western against southern and eastern Germany, in the period succeeding the Reformation. The work opens with a minute and rather labored account of the policy and position of the house of Austria, and of the political causes of the war, as far as it emanated from the mutual jealousies of the princes and the emperor, on the subject of reformation. Northern and western Germany favored the reformation, because with the power of the Pope they shook off the fear of the Emperor and the influence of the priests, who have been and must be his advisers. The Emperor, finding himself deserted by his nobles, and in danger of Protestantism in his own dominions, (for the Austrians were as ill-disposed toward Rome as their northern neighbors,) permitted the most powerful of his subjects, the Great Duke Wallenstein, to raise an army by his own authority, and, with the title of Generalissimo, to be master of the whole war. Wallenstein, commissioned with unlimited authority, raised several armies which he supported by ravaging the whole country over which he passed. After a series of disasters and successes, contending, with his hordes of licensed robbers, against the powers of western Europe, he began to entertain thoughts of a principality,—to establish himself independently of the emperor. The rise and termination of the career of Wallenstein, the Napoleon of his age, is made the principal topic of this work: on the whole one of the most agreeable histories extant, and full of instruction. Like the other histories of Schiller, it is very free from philosophy, and never wrests a fact to give color to any set of opinions. The most remarkable passage in the book is perhaps the description of the character of Wallenstein, which follows the account of his assassination by one of his own officers:

"Thus did Wallenstein, at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and of the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order than, pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself, having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and, in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, "Hang the fellow," against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. "Hang, then, innocent," cried the inexorable Wallenstein, "the guilty will have then more reason to tremble." Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfil his design. "Now let him go," said the duke, "it will excite sufficient terror."

"His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding raised him above the religious prejudices of his age; and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the Pope as nothing more than a bishop of Rome.

"But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarreled with the Church, Wallenstein must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of monks, he lost at Ratisbon the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honorable name and good repute with posterity."

*The Scripture School Reader, consisting of Selections of Sacred Scripture for the use of schools.* Compiled and arranged by W. W. EVERTS and WM. H. WYCKOFF. New York: Nafis & Cornish.

The idea of this book is a very happy one. It is so aside from all considerations touching the question which has been so acrimoniously agitated among us by irreligious, Atheistical, Pantheistical, or Jesuitical people, whether the Bible, as our fathers have handed it down to us, should be tolerated as a book to be read in our schools. On the ground of this controversy, indeed, the compilation before us would be most acceptable. For the selections are by no means sectarian, or even doctrinal, so far as to relate to the many points in dispute between the various denominations that draw their religious tenets from the Bible. These are merely such as inculcate great but simple principles of morality, virtue, and social conduct, together with those delightful narrative passages, conveying the finest ethical lessons under the guise of story and parable; and those descriptive, prophetic, and lyrical portions, which, beyond question, contain some writings of the purest and loftiest poetry in the world. That such writings as these should be shut out of our schools, for any alleged differences of opinion on certain points of doctrine, is entirely absurd, and injurious to the well-being of a cultivated Christian community. But there is another consideration connected with this volume. The Scriptures, as a whole, cannot conveniently be used as a reading-book in schools. Many parts, from their didactic, narrative, or poetical character, are excellently suited for reading lessons. Others, again, are too abstruse, circumstantial, or obscene, to be of benefit to young minds. But these parts are often so mingled together that the teacher finds it difficult, except in the Gospels, to find connected lessons, calcu-

lated to leave definite and full impressions on the child's mind, which ought to be one of the chief aims in all reading-books. The selections in this compilation are made from all parts of the Bible, but judiciously classified under distinct heads. We hope the book may be introduced into all our schools.

*Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III.* By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. Second series. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1846.

Because a book is written by Lord Brougham, it does not necessarily follow that it is an admirable book, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. In this instance, however, the very skillful and very Baconian author has produced a volume as characteristic as it is elegant and entertaining. The tone of Lord B.'s biographical writing is moderate and discriminative. He seldom or never takes sides, and makes no effort either to exalt or to depress the subject of his narrative. This volume contains a life of Dr. Johnson, with a temperate eulogy, and a sharp criticism of his merits as an author and a man: a remarkable feature of this essay is the very gentlemanly treatment of poor Boswell;—A life of Adam Smith, with a temperate eulogy and an analysis of his great work on Political Economy, very useful, doubtless, to short-winded readers;—A scientific eulogy of Lavoisier, the chemist who discovered the law of the equivalents, &c., and first put chemistry on a philosophical basis: and who was, moreover, not only a chemist, but a man otherwise accomplished, and in life and manners elegant;—A life of Gibbon, with a pretty severe criticism of his style, which is, indeed, the very reverse of his lordship's, being as flowing and magnificent as the latter is dry and proper;—A life of Sir Joseph Banks, who, as all the world knows, was a very notable patron of science and the scientific;—lastly, and followed by a body of controversial notes, a geometrical account of D'Alembert, who, in connection with Voltaire and the King of Prussia, led on the revolution of opinion in Europe, from the first sapping of the awe of church and state, to the ruin of throne and altar; but of D'Alembert his lordship gives only a geometrical account, for the use of savans and lovers of the infallible sciences—namely, the mathematics.

The author of these biographies has long stood before the world as the supposed defender and propagator of the so-called Baconian Philosophy, which exalts utility,

or the desire of the body, above contemplation, or the desire of the soul. Without pretending to investigate the matter, we will only present the reader with a verbatim quotation from the veritable *Novum Organon*, a work for the most part tediously and ignorantly bepraised by narrow mechanical intellects, but in fact abounding with a quite superutilitarian wisdom: "Yet, (to speak the truth,) in the same manner as we are very thankful for light which enables us to enter on our way, to practice arts, to read, to distinguish each other, (and yet sight is more beautiful than the various uses of light;) so is the contemplation of things as they are, free from superstition or imposture, error or confusion, much more dignified in itself than all the advantages to be derived from discoveries." *Nov. Org.* i. 128. But in very truth we are free to suspect our biographer of being no such utilitarian after all; for we find him dwelling often on the pleasures of learning; though this again may be only a wise artifice of sugaring the pill for naughty speculative people.

*The Statesmen of America in 1846.* By SARAH MYTTON MAURY. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

To say the least disrespectful word of this naive little book would be sheer ingratitude in an American; for it is a series of eulogies, of the most flattering order, of the statesmen of this country, by an English lady-Boswell, of a most amiable and super-Boswellish temper. She describes her transient friendships with the "great men at Washington," in a surprisingly natural and lively style, and in the very spirit of a woman's admiration, without a touch of affectation, and with a scrupulous turning of her own vanity to the praise of her delightful heroes; which is the highest reach of magnanimity to be expected of the queen of the lady-Boswells. There is a great deal of exceptionable and ridiculous matter in the book, but it is absolutely too amusing to be quarreled with.

A few extracts will serve to give the reader a notion of this very innocent and very unsuspecting little volume:

"Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Adams are next door neighbors to each other in Washington, and are excellent friends. At a ball given by Mr. Adams, Mr. Buchanan conducted me to pay respects to the venerable host. The Secretary, with all the gentle, kindly courtesy which marks his manner, offered his cordial wishes, and added that he had given directions to be summoned to the House of Representatives, the moment Mr. Adams should begin his promised speech on Oregon. He was accordingly present.

"Of this ball I have some delightful memories of my own to record; for it was there,

and not five minutes after my entrance, that the idea of the present work originated.

"Mrs. Gouverneur (this lady is the granddaughter of President Monroe) reproached me playfully for having omitted to call upon her. I replied that I spent all day and every day at the capitol, hearing and seeing the distinguished men assembled there. And then, said she laughing, you will go home to England, and write a book, and abuse them and all the rest of the Americans, 'Never,' said Buchanan, on whose arm I leaned, 'never, I answer for her. If she puts pen to paper it will be to do us justice.' It was then my turn to speak, and to accept this generous challenge;—and to show, I quickly added, that an English woman has the sense to appreciate your virtues, to admire your greatness, and to return with gratitude your affection, permit me to offer to you, Mr. Buchanan, the dedication of such a book. 'Beautifully said,' returned the Secretary, 'and I accept it with the greatest pleasure, as a proof of your regard; but what will become of your dear friends, Calhoun and Ingersoll?' 'Mr. Buchanan,' I replied, 'the Secretary of State is the representative of the Americans in foreign nations, and therefore my guardian and my friend will both approve my choice.' This was the first time that the actual conviction ever suggested itself to my mind that I should write a book."

Mrs. Maury's description of Calhoun is the only good one we have ever seen; but it would be unfair to the author to give the pith of her book in a notice of it. The following is from her conversations with that philosophical statesman:

"'Mr. Calhoun,' said I, speaking of America, 'you' [that is, the American Republic, not Mr. Calhoun. *Ed.*] 'are a great experiment.' 'We are more,' said he, 'we are a great hit.'"

"'Will the Atlantic and the two Pacific States be divided into separate republics?' 'They cannot be; the Mississippi, a great inland sea, will keep them united. The union is indissoluble.'"

"'I have eight sons in England.'"

"'Bring them all here; we are an exalting nation; let them grow up with the country; besides, here they do not want wealth. I would not be rich in America, for the care of money would distract my mind from more important concerns.'"

Here follows a capital reason for *free trade* for the South, *quotha!* but their food is our poison.

"'Give the planters Free Trade,' said Mr. C., 'and let every planter be the parent as well as the master of his slaves, &c. &c.; let industry and morality be taught them, and the planter will have reason to be satisfied; he will always obtain seven or eight per cent. upon the value of his slaves.'"

Morality is indeed a valuable commodity! The talk proceeds:

"Mr. Calhoun has great respect for such external forms as promote order and dignity; and I believe it was he who established the rule, that the members of the Senate should be addressed by their distinctive appellation of 'Senators.'"

"He said, 'We Americans are the most excitable people on earth; we have plenty to eat and drink, so we seek war for sport, that we may exhaust ourselves and our exuberance.'"

"He said, 'I refused the mission to England because peace was to be made here.'"

"From a singular coincidence of circumstances, I had the happy fortune," says our author, "to convey to Mr. Calhoun the testimonies offered to his worth by many leading men."

"The President declares that you possess his perfect confidence and his highest personal esteem. Buchanan pronounces you preeminent in talent and virtue. Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Benton, Mr. Hannegan, have all expressed for themselves and their respective parties, the highest encomiums that men can utter of each other."

Mrs. Maury has missed a great deal in neglecting her German. We conceive her to possess every element of a first-rate transcendental eulogist, lacking only the fashionable *tone*, which is the esthetic guttural; the puritanic nasal and the English labial having long since gone out of date.

*Lubé's Equity Pleadings; second American, from the last London edition, with notes and references to American cases.*  
By J. D. WHEELER, Counsellor-at-Law.  
New York: Banks, Gould, & Co.

This is a book of great use to a young solicitor who is just entering upon the practice, supplying to some extent, in Equity, the place which is, in Law, filled by Stephens, *On Pleading*—the best book ever written on that subject.

In the preface to this edition, Mr. Wheeler has set forth some of the distinctions between the practice in Courts of Common Law and Chancery, which will be interesting even to unprofessional readers, and tend to dissipate the prejudices existing against the latter tribunals. His notes, too, are, in the main, judicious; though there are some errors which indicate a theoretical, rather than a practical knowledge of his subject; but which we have not space to give in detail; nor would it be within our province to furnish that elaborate notice which it will doubtless

receive from some of the journals devoted to jurisprudence.

**MUSIC OF THE MONTH.**—The principal musical attraction during February has been the Opera, which has played *Linda* and *Lucia*, by Donizetti, and *Nina*, by Coppola, interchangeably. The music of *Nina* did not please as well as either of the others, not having so much beauty, force, or individual character. The only concert of any note was given by Madame ABLAMOWICZ, at the Tabernacle, on the 23d. This lady is a vocalist of much merit; she has a *great* voice, though not a rich or affecting one; good, though not graceful, execution; and a style, studied, but not very refined; in short, she sings extremely well, but with a natural hardness that renders her great cultivation of but little avail in affecting the hearer. She was assisted by Herr Dorn, the great horn player; he has acquired almost miraculous command over his difficult instrument, on which, as our musical readers know, the natural notes are the mere harmonies of a ruling tone, and very slight changes in the lips and bell hand produce different notes. He runs scales, makes trills, &c., and modulates into new keys with only the aid of valves. He has also great command of tone, and plays like an artist; but the horn is not fit for solos containing rapid movements, and all the skill in the world cannot make it *speak quick* enough for them. The opera singers also assisted Madame A. BARILI, the prima donna, is young, has a timid manner, and sings very well indeed, without much passion, and with a voice that sometimes *sharpens*. She has good execution, is well studied, and altogether a charming little *artiste*. She is no actress as Pico is, but her awkwardness is not obtrusive. BENEDETTI, the tenor, is the most finished singer of the company; he has truth, cultivation, conception—every quality of a vocalist in great perfection. BENEVENTANO, the basso, is faulty, delivering his voice in spasms, and tearing it to tatters by overdoing. All of these singers are obliged to task their voices at the opera in singing against an orchestra, which is, in the modern fashion, too brazen and too loud. They have all great merit, and it is owing to that as much as to their music that the opera is so well patronized. Their influence upon the taste of our singers cannot but be beneficial, and we heartily rejoice, on that account, in their general popularity.